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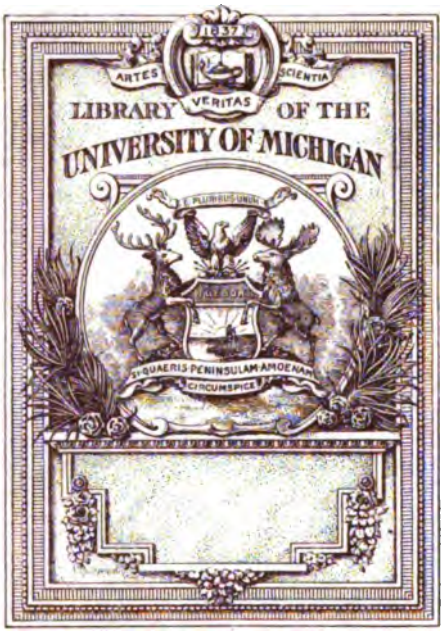

THE GIFT OF
Prof. A. Stanley

THIRTY STERLING SONGS

BY THE GREAT MASTERS

SELECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

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AND

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Boston

ALLYN AND BACON

1906

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PREFACE.

It is an American trait to insist on having the best of everything, and only the best. In music we patronize the world's leading opera singers, pianists, and violinists at any cost, while the minor artists find it more profitable to remain in Europe. One branch of the divine art presents an unfortunate exception. Our school music is for the most part far from being the best of its kind.

In the literature classes in our schools the students are introduced *directly* to Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Ruskin, and the other great masters of style and thought, to the students' immense advantage. But the music books are, for the most part, filled with inferior songs and second-hand arrangements, apparently on the erroneous assumption that the best songs of the great masters are too difficult to sing or understand, when they are, in truth, often as simple as folk-tunes, and much more likely than inferior productions to make an immediate and deep impression. The aim of the *Thirty Sterling Songs* is to do for music what has already been done for literature, by bringing the students into direct contact with nearly a dozen of the greatest song writers, representing seven different countries, — Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, Poland, Norway, and America.

As the time allowed for music in our secondary schools is more limited than it ought to be in view of the importance of this art as a healthful recreation and refining influence, it is obvious that the quality of the music supplied is of infinitely more consequence than the quantity. It has, therefore, been decided, after due deliberation, to limit the number of songs in this collection to thirty, but to make sure that each of them is a work of genius, — every bar a bar of gold.

Apart from the quality and the appropriateness of the material, the distinguishing feature of this collection lies in the comments on the songs and their makers. An experience of a quarter of a century as a critic and lecturer has convinced me that most persons enjoy music doubly if they know something about it and its composer. For this reason concert-givers often supply their audiences with programmes containing notes on the pieces performed. In a school book such notes seem essential. In preparing those for the present volume, we have tried to avoid the dry facts that may be found in any musical dictionary, and to supply instead a few biographic touches that will give the

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student an interest in the composers as actual persons, and will make him eager to know more about these composers and their works.

"Nothing so awakens an interest in music as helping to make it," was one of the maxims of that great conductor and missionary, the late Theodore Thomas. The *Thirty Sterling Songs* are therefore intended to be sung in unison by the whole class. In some cases, as in the *Erlking* and *Loreley in the Forest*, the interest of the students can be increased still further by dramatizing the songs, as explained in the introductory note to the *Loreley*, assigning the several characters in the poem to different groups of singers. These two songs and several others are rather difficult, but the remainder are within the capacity of the average school class. Every song in this collection has a melody that is easily seized and remembered. It is needless to say that the piano part should always be played by the best pianist in the school, be she teacher or pupil; for in these songs the instrument plays quite as important a rôle as the voice. The pianist should be careful to observe the expression marks; to use the sustaining pedal correctly and as much as possible for the sake of fulness of tone; she should play neither too soft nor too loud, and, above all, she should know what she is playing about. It is quite as important for the pianist as for the singers to know and to follow the text, especially in such dramatic and romantic songs as those of Liszt and Schumann just referred to.

For the translations used in this volume (with a few exceptions) I have secured the coöperation of Miss Jessie F. Smith, head of the English department at the Wadleigh High School in New York City, and Miss Hildegarde Hawthorne.

HENRY T. FINCK.

JANUARY, 1906.

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THIRTY STERLING SONGS.

I. THE WILD ROSE.

(Heidenröslein.)

Poem by Goethe. *Music by Schubert (1797–1828).*

FRANZ SCHUBERT is the greatest of all song writers. Some of the immortal masters who came before him — Bach, Handel, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven — might have written songs equal to his best had they tried; but they preferred to put their best musical thoughts into oratorios, operas, sonatas, and symphonies, and it remained for Schubert to infuse so much genius into a short song of two or three pages as to make it equal in rank to any one-hour symphony or four-hour opera; for works of art are not to be measured by their length, any more than flowers are by their size. He was the most prolific of all composers; although he lived only thirty-one years, he wrote over a thousand pieces of instrumental and vocal music. Among them are five hundred and sixty-seven songs. Not all of these are first-class, but the best of them have seldom, if ever, been equalled by the great composers who came after him, all of whom learned their most valuable lessons by studying his songs. Schubert's father was a teacher in a primary school, in a suburb of Vienna. He had a small salary, and ten children to support, wherefore he could not afford to buy music paper for little Franz, who in his school days already felt an irresistible impulse to write music; but a classmate kindly provided him with paper. For three years Franz helped his father, and then he turned to music as his profession. Though he wrote so much, he got so little for his compositions that he could hardly keep body and soul together. The Viennese did not then know what a great man he was. His death at the age of thirty-one was the greatest loss music ever suffered — a loss the more deplorable in view of the fact that he might have lived many years longer if he could have afforded to leave the city, as he wanted to, in the summer in which he caught the deadly typhoid fever.

The Wild Rose was written when he was only eighteen; he was teaching school then, yet in that one year he found time to write one hundred and forty-two other songs. *The Wild Rose* is as simple and dainty as one of those folk-

songs which originate among the common people of all nations. The words of the folk-songs are based on a legendary or historical event or on some incident or feeling of common life, and are handed down from generation to generation, though they may never be written out. Unaffected simplicity is the characteristic of both the words and music of these songs; *The Wild Rose*, like them, must be sung without affectation, yet with tenderness. Be sure to retard where the *rit.* is marked, and to resume the regular pace at the *a tempo.*

II. HARK! HARK! THE LARK.

(Horch, horch, die Lerch.)

Poem by Shakespeare. ***Music by Schubert.***

SCHUBERT composed immortal songs as easily as others write letters. One day, while sitting with some friends in the garden of a tavern near Vienna, he picked up a volume of poems, including the "Hark! hark! the lark," from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline.* Hardly had he read it, when he exclaimed that a lovely melody had come into his head, and wished he had some music paper. There was none, but one of his friends drew a few staves on the back of the bill of fare, and Schubert immediately jotted down the complete song, piano part and all. It is often called "Schubert's Serenade"; but as there is another song which goes by that name, and as a serenade is really an evening song, while this is an *aubade*, or morning song, it is better to use the title, *Hark! Hark! the Lark.* It is a glorious song, with which not only singers, but pianists like Liszt and Paderewski, have won some of their triumphs. The only thing to be regretted is that it is so short and has only one verse. The German edition has two additional verses by Reil, but they fall so far below the level of Shakespeare's verse that it is better to repeat the music once or twice with Shakespeare's lines, as David Bispham, for example, does in the concert hall.

III. WHO IS SYLVIA?

(Was ist Sylvia?)

Poem by Shakespeare. ***Music by Schubert.***

As a rule, Schubert's songs, like others, are good in proportion to the excellence of the poem to which they are wedded. It is therefore not to be wondered at that this is one of his best, as it is a setting of a poem from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* As in all of Schubert's songs, the melody flows as spontaneously as water bubbles from a spring. Note the charming echoes and imitations in the piano part, whenever the voice rests a bar. It is by attending to such details that we learn how to listen to music.

IV. THE LINDEN TREE.

(Der Lindenbaum.)

Poem by Wilhelm Müller. *Music by Schubert.*

In the year before his death, Schubert set to music a group of twenty-four poems by Müller, which constitute the most wonderful and touching song-cycle in existence. It is known as *The Winter Journey*. Most of the songs are as woe-begone as the lamentations of Job, and Schubert himself said they had affected him more deeply than any of his other songs. The one which his friends liked best was *The Linden Tree*, which is less melancholy than the others. It is as simple as it is melodious, and an English critic has justly remarked that if it were not known who composed it, it might easily be taken for a folk-song.

V. FAITH IN SPRING.

(Frühlingsglaube.)

Poem by Uhland. *Music by Schubert.*

There are fashions in music as there are in clothes, and fashionable tunes are soon cast aside for new ones. Not so with the master songs. *Faith in Spring* was composed as long ago as 1820, yet it is as fresh and beautiful to-day as ever; it has none of the frills that soon become wearisome, but it is as simple, as chaste, as eternal, as a folk-song. Theodore Thomas used to say that Schubert was the greatest of all melodists; and musicians are beginning to realize more and more that Thomas was right. Liszt called Schubert "the most poetic musician that ever was."

VI. THE ERLKING.

(Der Erlkönig.)

Poem by Goethe. *Music by Schubert.*

If a vote were taken as to which was the greatest song ever composed, *The Erlking* would probably receive more ballots than any other. The marvel of it is that Schubert was only eighteen years old when he created it, and that he wrote it down as fast as his pen could travel over the paper. The Erlking is the king of the elves, or goblins; "A fiend," in the words of Scott, "who is supposed to dwell in the recesses of the forest and thence to issue forth upon the benighted traveller, to lure him to his destruction." He prefers children

as victims, and Goethe's weird ballad tells the story of a father who rides late through night and wind, holding in his arms his child, who sees the Erlking, while the father takes the apparition for a streak of mist. The Erlking coaxes the terrified child to go with him, and the father tries to soothe his boy. Three times the child cries in alarm; the third time is when the Erlking seizes him, and he cries in anguish, "My father, my father, now grasps he my arm!" Here the song has a shrill, thrilling, heart-rending dissonance such as had never before been heard in music. It is the death-cry of the child. And all this time the piano has marvellously brought to our minds the storm, and the galloping of the horse. A miracle of genius is this song, a musical fairy tale, an opera, a tragedy, condensed into a few pages. In schools, it is a good plan to distribute the parts of the father, the son, the Erlking, and the narrator, having each sung by a different group of singers. Schubert himself sanctioned this manner of performance.

VII. THE ALMIGHTY.

(Die Allmacht.)

Poem by J. L. Pyrker. *Music by Schubert.*

Of Schubert's best-known religious songs, it may be said that *The Young Nun* is the most dramatic, the *Ave Maria* the most popular, and *The Almighty* the most sublime. For its equal in grandeur one would have to go to the choral works of Handel and Bach or the operas of Wagner; it seems to require a number of voices to reveal its full majesty, solemnity, and splendor; and it is not surprising that Liszt arranged the song for solo, chorus, and orchestra. Schubert was pleased by the deep impression his religious songs made on all, and he wrote to a friend, "I think the reason of this is that I never force myself into devotion or compose hymns or prayers unless I am really overpowered by the feeling; that alone is real, true devotion."

VIII. ALONE.

(Sonntagslied.)

Poem by G. Klingemann. *Music by Mendelssohn (1809–1847).*

If Schubert wrote two of his best songs — *The Wild Rose* and *The Erlking* — when he was only eighteen, Mendelssohn was even more precocious, for he was only seventeen when he composed one of the finest orchestral pieces in existence, the overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Four years later he received the offer of a professorship of music at the university of Berlin, but

declined it. Four years before his death he founded the Leipsic Conservatory, which for many years remained the most famous high school of music in the world. Mendelssohn's first name was Felix, which means *happy* or *lucky*, and he was well named, for never did a musician have a happier lot than he. From his childhood to his death he was the darling of the whole musical world, especially in England, where Handel alone was equally popular. This accounts for the absence in Mendelssohn's music of the sad, pathetic, tragic moods that we find so often in the songs of Schubert and others. His songs are all sunshine, even where the poem is cloudy and sombre, as in the song *Alone*, which is one of his most tuneful and buoyant inspirations.

IX. THE MAIDEN'S WISH.

Poem by Witwicki. ***Music by Chopin (1809–1849).***

THIS Chopin song has been made famous in America, being sung very often by the great opera singer, Marcella Sembrich. It is as simple as a folk-song, and nothing could be more gay and melodious. Many of the songs sung by the peasants of Poland are attributed by them to Chopin, but only seventeen are certainly known to be by him. His father was a Frenchman, but the Poles claim him as their own, and justly so; for his mother was Polish, and from her he inherited the love of Poland and its music which betrays itself in most of his works, even though they were written in Paris, where he spent the greater part of his life. In nearly all of them there is a tinge of sadness, recalling the unhappy fate of his native country. *The Maiden's Wish* is one of the few exceptions. Chopin used to be underrated because he wrote only short songs and piano pieces; but we are more sensible now. Rubinstein called Chopin "the soul of the pianoforte"; and France's greatest composer, Saint-Saëns, has said of him that he "revolutionized the divine art and paved the way for all modern music."

X. REQUEST.

(Bitte.)

Poem by Lenau. ***Music by Franz (1815–1892).***

IT used to be supposed that Robert Franz (whose father's name was Christoph Franz Knauth) chose his name by way of indicating that his songs combined the qualities of the two greatest song writers before him, *Robert* Schumann and *Franz* Schubert; but Franz was too modest a man to do such a thing. His father himself dropped his last name, Knauth, in 1847, for busi-

ness reasons. At the same time, it is true that Franz's songs have many of the best qualities of Schubert's and Schumann's. Still more are they imbued with the spirit of the music of Bach, the deepest of all musical thinkers, who, although he died in 1750, is still the master of masters. These were the teachers of Franz; yet his songs are unique — unlike any others. They are delightfully melodious, not only in the voice part, but in every part of the harmonic accompaniment. Franz's life was made unhappy by an affliction like that of Beethoven — deafness. The shrill whistle of a locomotive started it in 1848, and for the last sixteen years of his life he was entirely deaf, and had to give up the positions by which he earned his daily bread. His songs were too good to win popularity at once; but he was saved from the poorhouse by a fund of over twenty thousand dollars, raised for him by friends in Europe and America. Among Franz's two hundred and seventy-nine songs none is more touching than *Request*, to know which by heart means an education in the best that music offers in harmony and melody, besides being a source of endless delight.

XI. THE ROSE COMPLAINED.

(Es Hat die Rose sich Beklagt.)

Poem by Bodenstedt (Mirza Schaffy). ***Music by Franz.***

THE first great composer and critic who wrote enthusiastically about Franz was Schumann. He printed an essay, which he closed with the words, "Were I to dwell on all the exquisite details, I should never come to an end; true music lovers will discover them for themselves." *The Rose Complained*, which is, perhaps, the most popular of all Franz songs, is full of such exquisite details. Franz once said to a friend that he did not believe that the melody of a song should always "hover over the accompaniment like a butterfly," but should also appear in the pianoforte part, and that only thus could a poem's possibilities of musical expression be exhausted. In this song about the rose bewailing its short life, the chief melody is, as it should be, in the voice part; yet the piano not only begins it, but at the end brings, as it were, an echo of the melody, without the voice. Richard Wagner held that music and poetry can express deeper and more subtle feelings when united than when single. Of this truth the present song affords a striking illustration, especially in the fourth full bar (not counting the opening fraction of a bar), where the two dissonant C's exquisitely voice the rose's complaint. The pianist should play this bar a few times to the class, emphasizing the two dissonant notes and lingering on them a moment.

XII. MARIE.

Poem by Gottschall. *Music by Franz.*

When Franz had composed his first dozen songs he sent copies of them to Mendelssohn, who wrote Franz a long letter, in which he said, "May you give us many, many more works like this, as beautiful in conception, as refined in style, and as original and euphonious." Liszt became so enthusiastic over the songs of this master that he repeatedly exclaimed, "Robert Franz is, after all, the greatest of our lyric composers!" The famous teacher of Jenny Lind, Manuel Garcia, who celebrated his hundredth birthday in March, 1905, has expressed his admiration of Franz's songs as specimens of the real *bel canto*, or beautiful song. Of this "beautiful song," *Marie* is an excellent illustration. It has a broad, flowing melody, easy to sing, and effective; and besides that, it has a piano part in which every note is melodious. The bass, for instance (play it on the piano), has a melody of its own, distinct from that of the voice, yet related to it. It is this weaving together of melodies that constitutes what is called polyphonic music, of which, next to Bach, there is no greater master than Franz. Learn how to listen to music by attending to such details.

XIII. DEDICATION.

(Widmung.)

Poem by Wolfgang Müller. *Music by Franz.*

When Franz was a boy nothing gave him more pleasure than attending divine service and listening to the old chorals, or, better still, playing them himself on the organ, whenever he could get permission to do so. These solemn, sublime strains made a deep impression on him and remained with him all his life, helping to give the same majestic character to many of his own songs. *Request* is an instance; *Dedication* is another. Both, with sacred texts, might be sung in church, quite as well as in school or in the concert hall. They are songs welcome everywhere and always, stirring the soul as few songs stir it. Beginning softly, eight bars from the end the music of *Dedication* rises to a splendid climax. It is well known that Richard Wagner did not care much for the music of his contemporaries, but that of Franz was an exception. In 1857 Franz was in Switzerland and visited Wagner, who showed him his library, which contained, besides the works of Bach and Beethoven, nothing but the songs of Franz. Wagner sang some of his favorites, including the *Dedication*, and Franz, in telling the story, exclaims, "And how he did sing, declaiming them with the greatest pathos, quite dramatically!"

XIV. THE ASRA.

(Der Aſra.)

Poem by Heine. *Music by Rubinstein (1829–1894).*

ANTON RUBINSTEIN was generally held to be, next to Liszt, the greatest pianist of the nineteenth century. He was by no means content with this fame, however, but had the ambition to be ranked as one of the greatest composers. Two of his symphonies — the *Ocean* and the *Dramatic* — brought him near this goal. His operas were less successful, partly because he refused to learn a lesson from Wagner. Yet Russia has, with the exception of Tchaikovsky, produced no greater master than Rubinstein. Rubinstein's piano pieces are deservedly popular, and among his one hundred and fifty-five songs there are many gems. The most precious of these is *The Asra*, which is one of the finest songs in existence. Its melody is delightfully fresh and spontaneous, and, like the poem, it has the genuine Oriental atmosphere, especially in the quaint, melodic intervals, to which the words, "of love we perish," are sung. Such a use of exotic (outlandish) intervals is what the critics call "local color" in music.

XV. THE DEWDROPS GLITTER.

(Es Blinkt der Thau.)

Poem by G. von Boddien. *Music by Rubinstein.*

RUBINSTEIN used to say that the Russians looked on him as a German, while the Germans regarded him as a Russian. The preceding song, *The Asra*, is quite unlike German music, whereas others of his productions might have been written by such composers as Schumann, Franz, or Jensen. One of these is *The Dewdrops Glitter.* It is a spring song, and must be sung quite slowly. The pianoforte part is of great beauty, being rich in harmony and thrilling in its changes. The last six bars, which should be played loudly and triumphantly, are of special interest and importance, — like the proverbial postscript in a woman's letter, — a brilliant, musical idea that seems to have occurred to the composer at the last moment.

XVI. THE KING OF THULE.

(Der König von Thule.)

Poem by Goethe. *Music by Liszt (1811–1886).*

THE history of music contains facts stranger than fiction. One of them is that Franz Liszt, after the whole world had acclaimed him the greatest pianist of all times, ceased playing in public thirty-nine years before his death. The most popular of the Italian composers, Rossini, similarly gave up writing

operas, also, by an odd coincidence, thirty-nine years before the end of his life. But, whereas Rossini's sole motive for giving up his specialty was indolence, Liszt became, after he stopped playing, one of the most industrious, prolific, and original composers, creating new varieties of orchestral and vocal works. Liszt was born in Hungary, and many of his pieces suggest the wild gypsy music of that country, which he often heard as a boy; but in his songs, of which there are over sixty, he belongs, on the whole, to the German school. He even goes beyond the Germans in making the voice and the piano follow the thought, or meaning, of the poem, line by line and word by word. One of the most popular of his songs is *The King of Thule*, based on Goethe's famous ballad. It is melodious, expressive, dramatic, and, like the other songs of Liszt, seems more beautiful the oftener we hear it. Note, as an interesting detail, how the music illustrates the sinking of the cup, by gradually descending to the low bass notes.

XVII. A FLOWER THOU RESEMBLEST.

(Du Biſt wie eine Blume.)

Poem by Heine. ***Music by Liszt.***

Of all the poets, Heine is the favorite of the song composers. When Challier printed his bibliography of songs, in 1886, there were already more than three thousand musical settings of Heine's poems, Goethe's coming next with seventeen hundred. And among Heine's poems the favorite has been *A Flower thou Resemblest;* at the date given, it had already had one hundred and sixty different settings, and the number now probably exceeds two hundred. Among the settings are several gems, but the most precious of them all is Liszt's — a song of celestial beauty and tenderness, provided it is sung and played as marked, *Lento molto con expressione*, "slowly, with deep expression," and very softly, except where the *cresc.* indicates a gradual swelling in the volume of tone for four bars. Apart from its incomparable beauty as a poem and a piece of music, this song, indeed, is a revelation of the magic power of expression; and Liszt has carefully indicated its details. It is the expressive, emotional quality of Heine's poem, its sincerity and depth of feeling, that have made it the favorite of the men and women who write music. Liszt's harmonies and modulations have the same power of stirring the soul that Schubert's have.

XVIII. THE LORELEY.

(Die Lorelei.)

Poem by Heine. *Music by Liszt.*

THE Loreley is a cliff on the Rhine, near St. Goar, which used to be dangerous to boatmen during storms. Hence arose the legend that on the top of this cliff, four hundred and thirty feet above the river, there sat a siren, a maiden who had suffered great hardships, and who, to revenge herself, lured the men with her song till they forgot to ply the oars and were wrecked on the rock. Liszt took the splendid poem in which Heine relates the fate of a boatman and made a regular miniature opera of it, in which every detail of the text is mirrored in the music, as in a Wagner opera. The dreamy opening bars are followed by a vision of the calmly flowing Rhine; then we see the siren combing her golden hair, and hear her entrancing song. As the boatman gazes and listens, the water becomes rougher and rougher, the pianoforte depicts the storm in tones and suggests the infatuated man's fate; then the music becomes slow and quiet again, as the poet muses, "And this the Loreley has done with her melody." This song should not be attempted unless there is an expert musician at the piano.

XIX. LORELEY IN THE FOREST.

(Waldesgespräch.)

Poem by Eichendorff. *Music by Schumann (1810–1856).*

THE enchanting Loreley does not spend all her time on her high rock, luring skippers in the Rhine below, as in the Heine poem which Liszt set to music. In this poem by Eichendorff she haunts the forest on horseback, and woe to the man she meets! She warns him to seek safety in flight; and if he lingers, he falls a victim to her witchcraft. Robert Franz once said that Schumann's music to this poem was "a piano piece pure and simple, with a superadded vocal part." This is true in so far as the piano part is of the utmost significance; yet the voice part is no less important if sung in such a way as to bring out all the romantic, lurid details of the poem. The composer of this song, Robert Schumann, was one of the leaders of the German romantic school of music. He prepared himself for the career of a concert pianist, but was compelled to give up this plan because he disabled one of the fingers of his right hand by an experiment that he believed would make it independent of the others. From one point of view this was lucky, for good pianists are more abundant than good composers, and Schumann thenceforth devoted himself entirely to composing.

XX. THE LOTOS FLOWER.

(Die Lotosblume.)

Poem by Heine. *Music by Schumann.*

DURING the first ten years of his activity as a composer, Robert Schumann wrote only for the piano. Then he suddenly discovered the fascination of writing songs. "I can hardly tell you," he wrote to a friend, "how delightful it is to write for the voice, as compared with instrumental composition, and what a tumult and stir I feel within me when I sit down to it. I have brought forth quite new things in this line." This newly awakened enthusiasm led him to compose more than a hundred songs in the year of his marriage — an event which had been long delayed by the opposition of the bride's father, who was afraid Schumann would be unable to support her. One of the best of these early songs is *The Lotos Flower;* it reproduces charmingly the atmosphere of the poem, which tells of the flower that turns away from the fierce rays of the sun, dreaming of the night, when it may yield its fragrance to the beloved moon.

XXI. O SUNSHINE!

(An den Sonnenschein!)

Poem by R. Reinick. *Music by Schumann.*

IT has been said that in some of Schumann's songs we have "melodies projected in bold and soaring lines." *O Sunshine* has one of these bold and soaring melodies, which uplifts the soul like a patriotic song. It must be sung with enthusiasm and a considerable volume of sound, but not too fast.

XXII. MOONLIGHT.

(Mondnacht.)

Poem by Eichendorff. *Music by Schumann.*

THIS song is marked *con tenerezza*, which means that it must be sung from beginning to end with tender expression, appropriate to its theme, — the breezes sighing over the meadows and the corn gently waving in the fields, on a moonlit night.

XXIII. MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

(Mein Herz iſt im Hochland.)

Poem by Burns. *Music by Jensen (1837–1879).*

LIKE Weber and Chopin, Adolf Jensen fell a victim to lung trouble long before he had given to the world his whole message. He is one of the leading German song writers, but is not yet as well known in America as he will be some day. Schubert and Schumann helped to form Jensen's taste and style, and in the later years of his life he became an ardent admirer of Wagner. Jensen looked on the opportunity to hear the first performance of Wagner's opera, *Die Meistersingers*, as the great event of his life, and made a special trip to Munich for the purpose; but the performance was postponed and he could not remain, his purse being empty. One would expect such a man's music to be intensely modern and emotional, and that is what Jensen's music is. He wrote many excellent pieces for the piano, but his chief claim to immortality lies in his one hundred and sixty songs. Thirty of these were written to poems by Burns, Moore, Cunningham, Scott, Tennyson, and Felicia Hemans. Of these English songs he was particularly proud; in 1877 he referred to them as his "last and grandest excursion in the land of song." *My Heart's in the Highlands* is the first of seven settings of songs by Burns included in Jensen's *Opus 49*. All are good, this one particularly so by reason of its buoyant spirits. It is the real mountain air we breathe in it. It must be sung with great dash and energy.

XXIV. CRADLE SONG.

(Wiegenlied.)

Poem by Karl Simrock. *Music by Brahms (1833–1897).*

JOHANNES BRAHMS, who was born at Hamburg and died in Vienna, wrote one hundred and ninety-six songs, many of which have become popular. Some musicians give to him nearly as high a rank as to Bach and Beethoven. The German critic, Louis Ehlert, wrote: "Brahms neither dazzles nor does he conquer by assault. Slowly but surely he wins all those hearts that demand from art not only excitement, but also that it be filled with sacred fire and endowed with the lovely proportions of the beautiful." Although some of his works are extremely complicated, he could also write in a simple strain, as this *Cradle Song* proves. It seems the more remarkable a piece when we know that Brahms was a bachelor. But he loved children dearly.

XXV. LOVE SONG.

(Minnelied.)

Poem by Hölty. *Music by Brahms.*

THIS is the most inspired of the songs written by Brahms. It bears out what Mr. James Huneker wrote: "His music throbs with humanity, with its richest blood. He is the greatest contrapuntist after Bach, the greatest architectonist after Beethoven; yet in his songs he is nearly as naïve, as manly, as tender, as Robert Burns." Some of Brahms's music is dry, but this *Minnelied* is certainly overflowing with feeling, and it makes those who sing or play it acquainted with the very essence of Brahmsism, which some consider as important a thing in music as Wagnerism.

XXVI. THE PRIMROSE.

(Mit einer Primula Veris.)

Poem by J. Paulsen. *Music by Grieg (born 1843).*

EDWARD GRIEG, like many other modern composers, received his musical education in Germany, wherefore it is not surprising that his earliest pieces and songs betray the influence of German masters, notably Schumann. The Polish Chopin also impressed him deeply; from Chopin he learned how to write beautifully for the piano. But when he returned to his native country, Norway, Grieg discovered in the folk-music of that mountainous and romantic land so much that was unique and delightful that the study of it gave his genius an entirely new bent. Many musicians and amateurs believe that he did little more than arrange the northern peasant songs and dances for the pianoforte, but this is a great mistake. Among his piano pieces there are several collections of such arrangements, but the other pieces, numbering about a hundred, are entirely his own, and among his superb songs there is only one that is borrowed. To understand and admire Grieg is to be very much up-to-date. He is not only wonderfully fascinating in his melodies, but his harmonies and modulations are as original and as modern as Wagner's and Liszt's, with a physiognomy of their own. One of the most melodious of Grieg's songs is *The Primrose*, which is worth more than a thousand of the comic opera tunes that everybody sings and whistles for a few weeks and then forgets. Hearing this flower-song for the first time is like coming across a blossom one has never seen before, so unlike is it to the songs of all other masters.

XXVII. ON THE WAY HOME.

(Auf der Reiſe zur Heimath.)

Poem by Vinje. *Music by Grieg.*

BESIDES the family affections, there is no feeling so strong in most hearts as the love of one's native country. Patriotism has impelled men to the noblest of actions, and homesickness has inspired many immortal works of art. Pre-eminent among these works of art is this song of Grieg's. The words are written by A. O. Vinje, a peasant by birth, who endeavored with his prose works to enlighten the people of Norway, and these gave him a national importance. His poem, which gives expression to the feeling of one who has been away from home, and returns to see again the familiar fertile valleys and the snow mountains, and to hear his mother tongue once more, struck a deeply responsive chord in Grieg's heart. The whole song is of indescribable beauty, while in the last four bars, in which the composer is overwhelmed and made speechless by the flood of emotion aroused by the memories of his youth, music comes to the aid where words fail. These final bars are a fervent and glorious outburst of feeling, for which few parallels exist in the whole range of music.

XXVIII. A SUMMER EVENING IN NORWAY.

(Am ſchönſten Sommerabend war's.)

Poem by J. Paulsen. *Music by Grieg.*

A TRIP through Grieg's songs is like a tour of Norway. The poems bring before our eyes the fjords, the mountains, the water-falls, the picturesquely dressed women and men of that romantic country; while the music is as bracing and stimulating as the mingled sea and mountain air, yet nearly always with a tinge of sadness, which results from the long, dreary winter nights, when the sun is not seen for months. In this poem by Paulsen we make the acquaintance of a Norwegian maid tending her goats, knitting, and dreaming, on a summer evening; the sun has set, but the rocks and the water are still suffused with a bright light. Grieg's music is a duplicate of the poem, the mood of which it would inspire in us even if we did not know the words. Its rare beauty grows on us with repetition, till we are haunted by it day and night.

XXIX. OH, BEWARE.

(Sieh dich vor.)

Poem by Otto Benzon. *Music by Grieg.*

When Grieg was still a student at the Leipsic Conservatory, he had a severe attack of pleurisy, which destroyed one of his lungs. For more than forty years he has therefore been more or less an invalid. While this has prevented him from writing operas and symphonies, which require long, concentrated effort, it has not in the least affected the quality of his work. His body may have been ill, but his soul was always strong and healthy. Love of his wife (who is a great singer), his home, his art, sustained him in his efforts to write immortal music. Grieg was nearly sixty when he wrote *Oh, Beware*, yet it is as strong, as vigorous, a song as if it had been composed by a young man of thirty. The harmonies may seem odd at first, but familiarity will breed intense admiration. To learn this song by heart is to receive a thorough education in modern harmony. The poem, too, teaches a useful lesson.

XXX. THE SWAN BENT LOW TO THE LILY.

Poem by Edward MacDowell. *Music by Edward MacDowell (born 1861).*

Until recently, American music lovers who wanted first-class songs had to import them from Europe. Now, however, we have composers of our own whose songs deserve the highest praise; notable are those of Edward MacDowell, who occupied the chair of professor of music at Columbia University for five years. He was born in New York City, and received lessons of the brilliant Venezuelan pianist, Teresa Carreño. Then he went to Europe and studied in Paris and several German cities; his principal teacher was the eminent composer Raff, who predicted that when he himself was forgotten the American would be famous. Raff's specialty was programme music — that is, music which attempts to portray or suggest a scene, or a story, or a storm on ocean or land, etc. Schubert's *Erlking*, for instance, if it had been written for piano alone, and the words simply printed at the beginning as a guide, would be programme music. Of such music MacDowell (who also writes excellent poetry) has composed a good deal, especially for the piano. His *Woodland Sketches* are musical illustrations of scenes near his country home at Peterboro, New Hampshire; while his *Sea Pieces* are concerned with the voyage of the *Mayflower*. In these, our American composer is at his best.

But perhaps even more inspired are his songs (about fifty in number), which should be in every American home. They are a source of delight to all who love the best music. *The Swan bent Low* was written in 1898. It has a simple, yet entirely individual, melody, and it illustrates the combination of feminine tenderness with passionate manliness which is characteristic of MacDowell. The music that accompanies the words, "Look in my eyes and tell me, what said the Lily fair," is not surpassed in charm and depth of feeling by anything in this volume of thirty world-famed master songs.

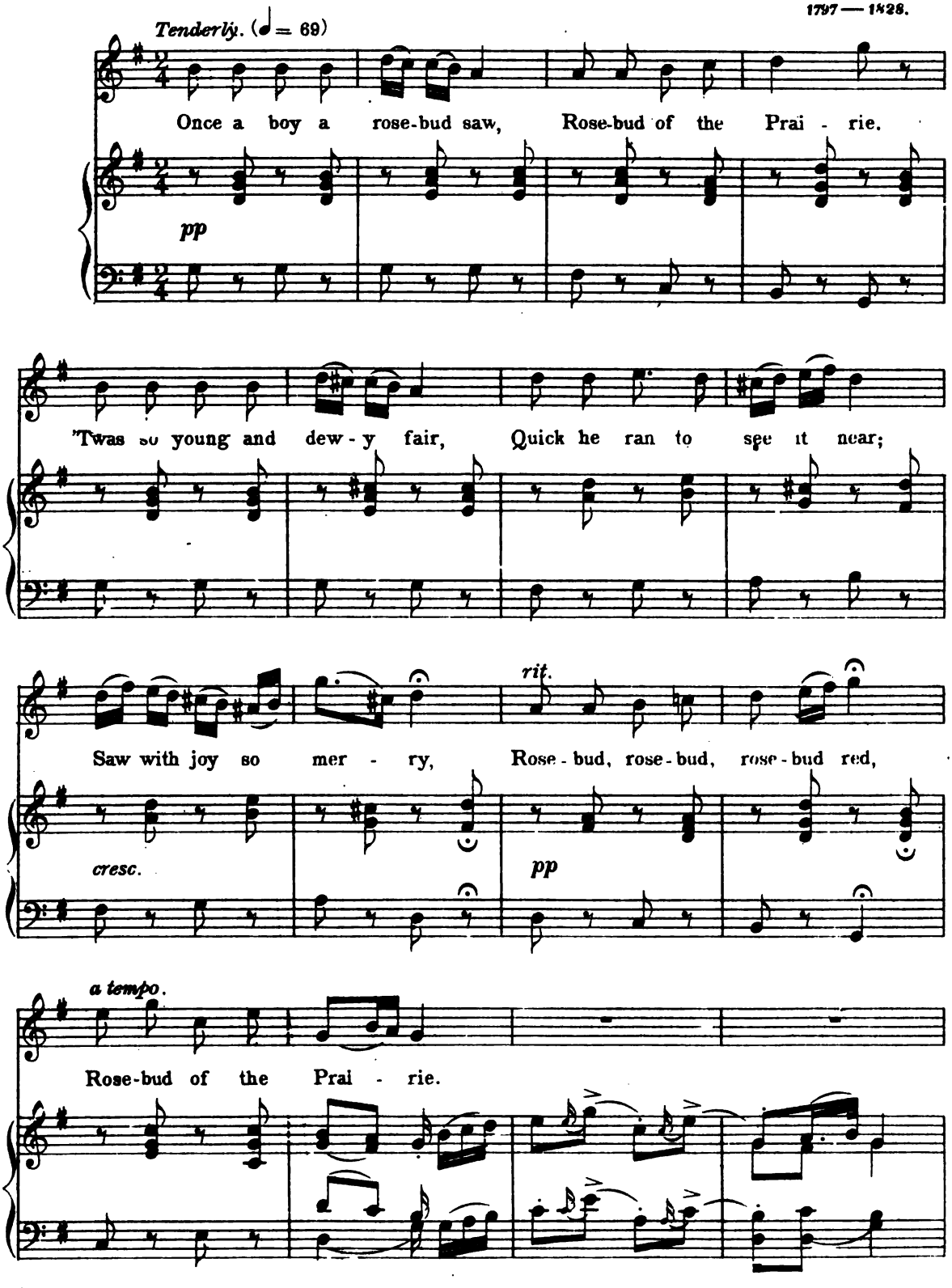
SONGS.

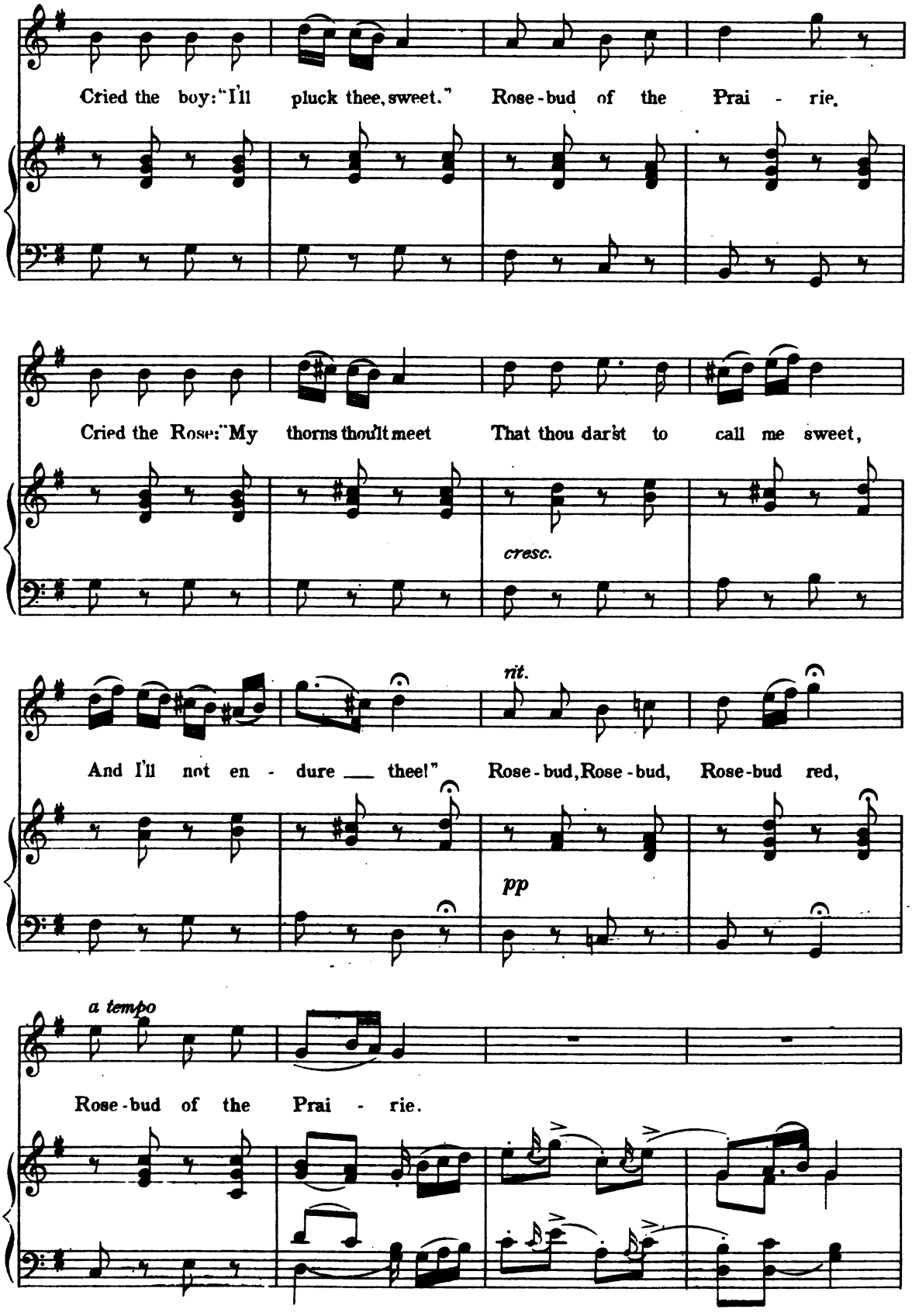
The Wild Rose.

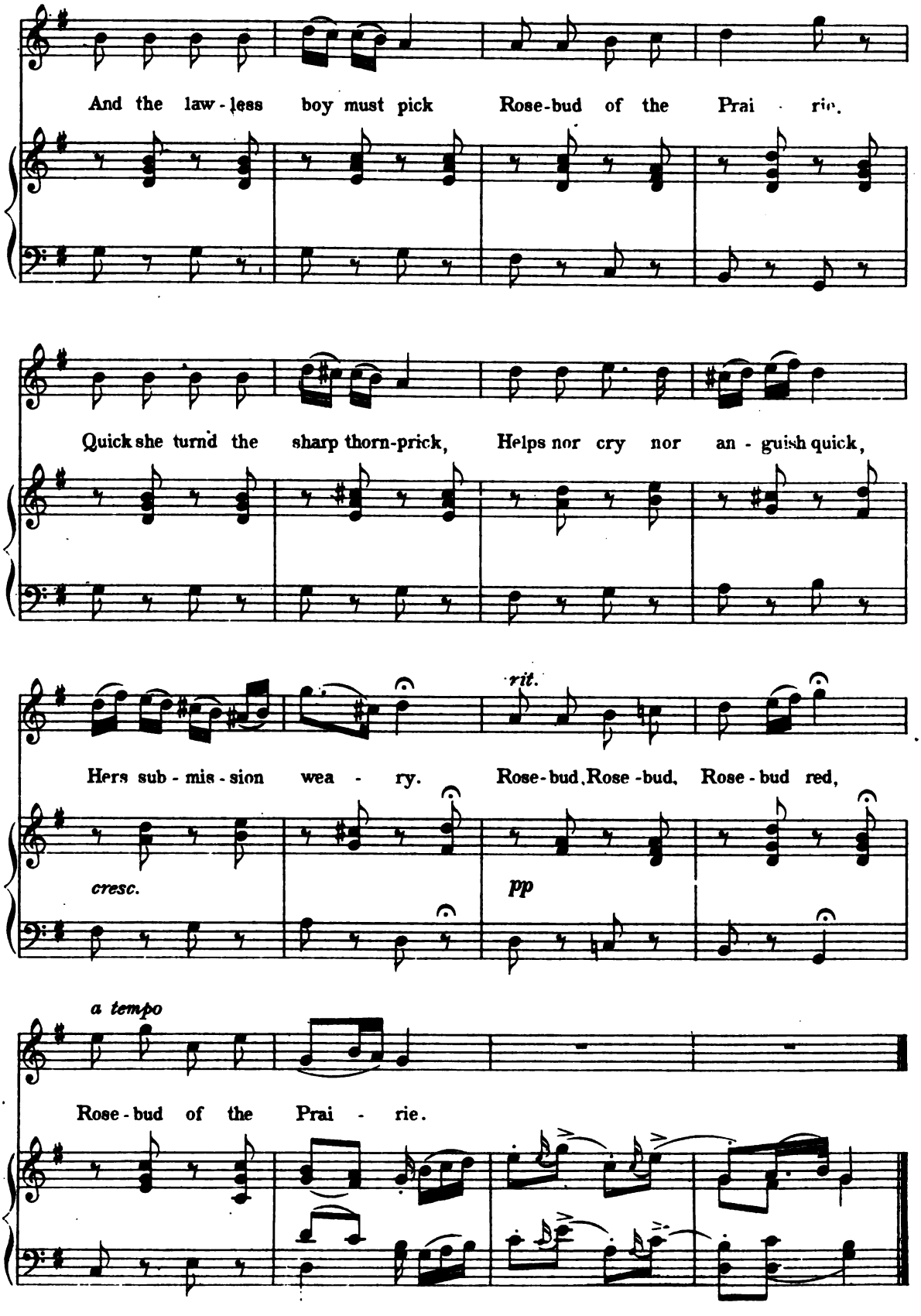
(HEIDENRÖSLEIN)

Poem by Goethe. *See page 1.* *Music by Schubert.*

1797 — 1828.




Cried the boy: "I'll pluck thee, sweet." Rose-bud of the Prai - rie.
Cried the Rose: "My thorns thou'lt meet That thou dar'st to call me sweet,
cresc.
rit.
And I'll not en - dure ___ thee!" Rose-bud, Rose-bud, Rose-bud red,
pp
a tempo
Rose-bud of the Prai - rie.

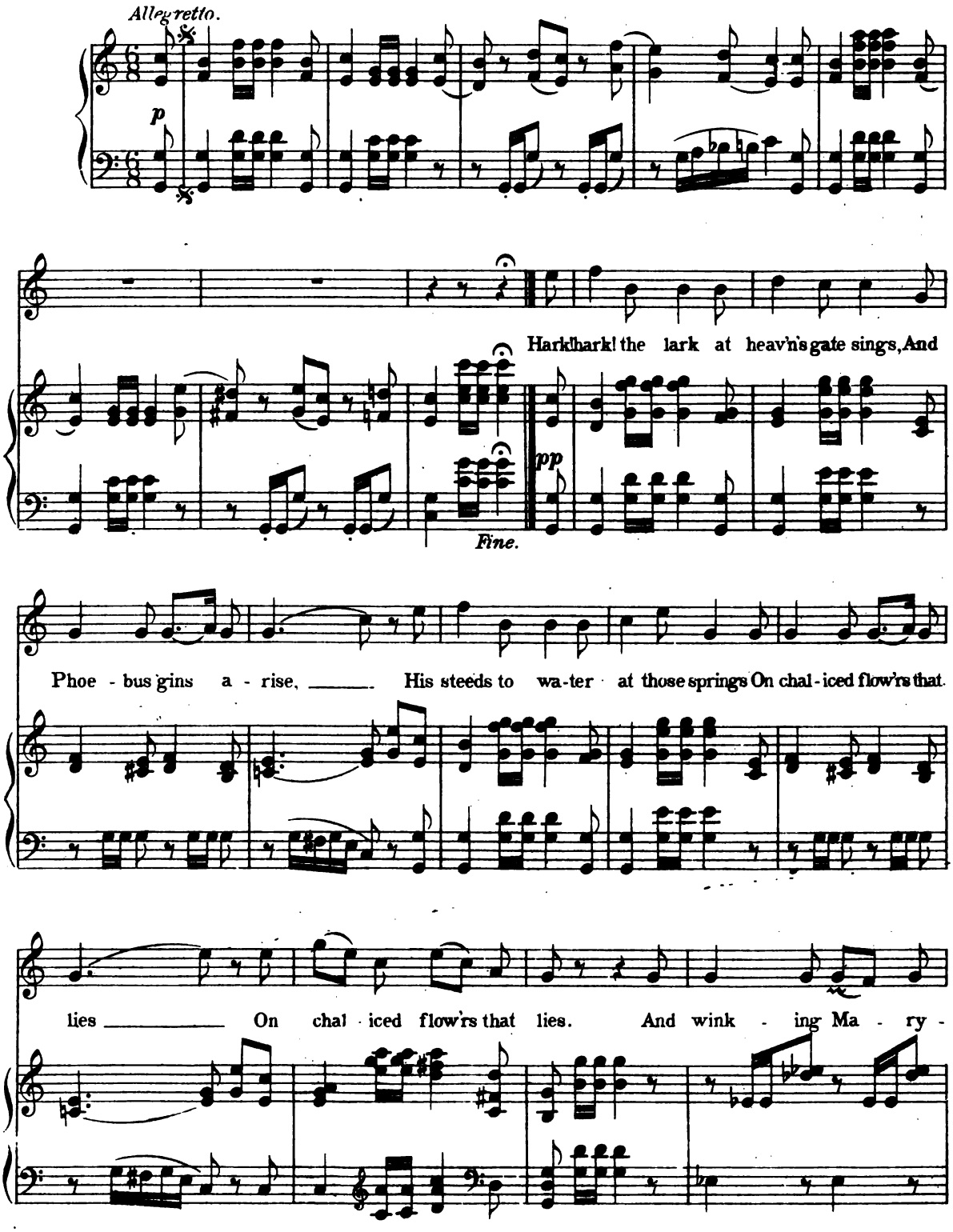

And the law - less boy must pick Rose-bud of the Prai - rie.
Quick she turnd the sharp thorn-prick, Helps nor cry nor an - guish quick,
rit.
Hers sub - mis - sion wea - ry. Rose-bud, Rose-bud, Rose-bud red,
cresc.
pp
a tempo
Rose-bud of the Prai - rie.

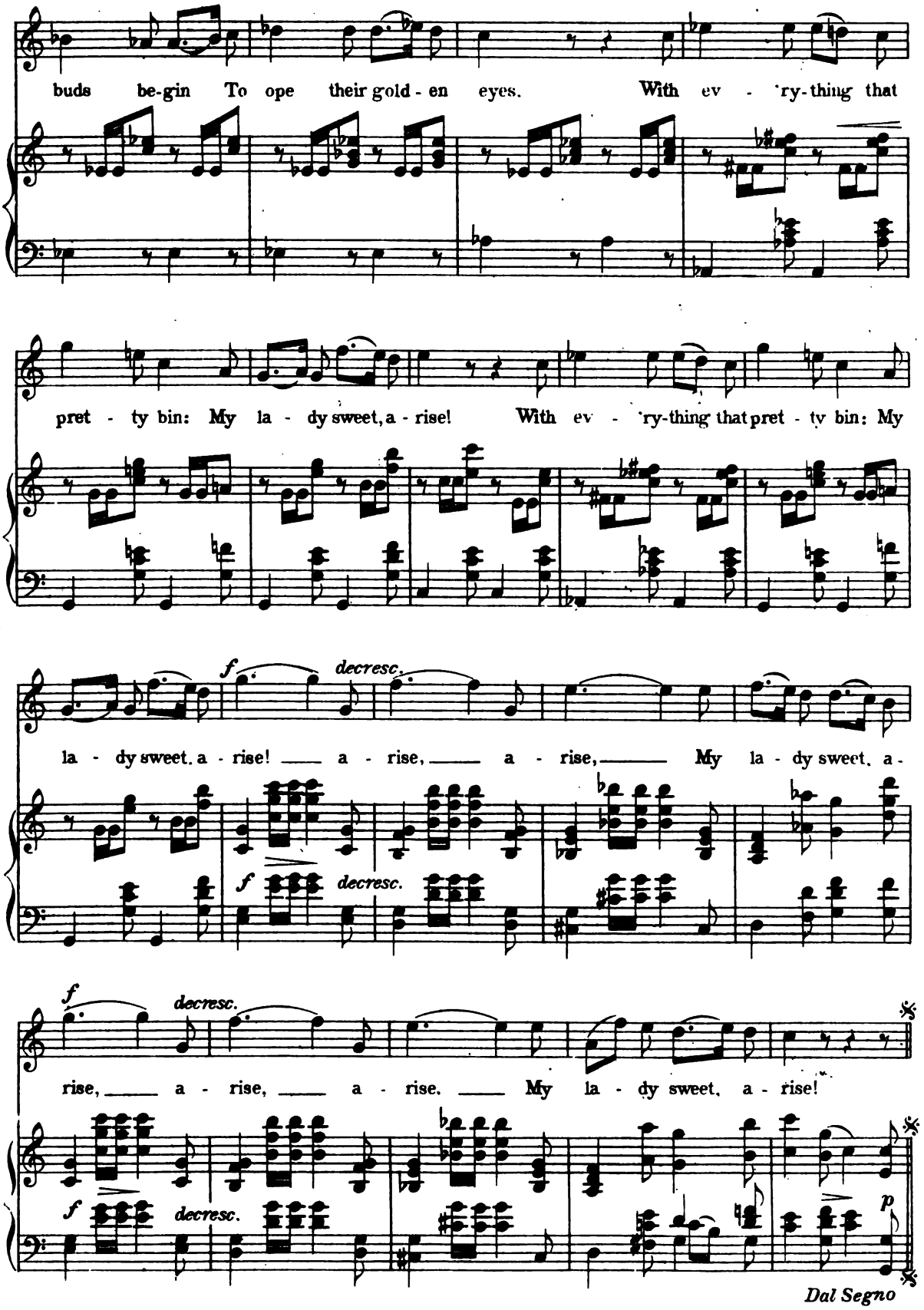
Hark! Hark! the Lark.

(HORCH, HORCH, DIE LERCH'.)

See page 2.

Poem by Shakespeare. *Music by Schubert.*

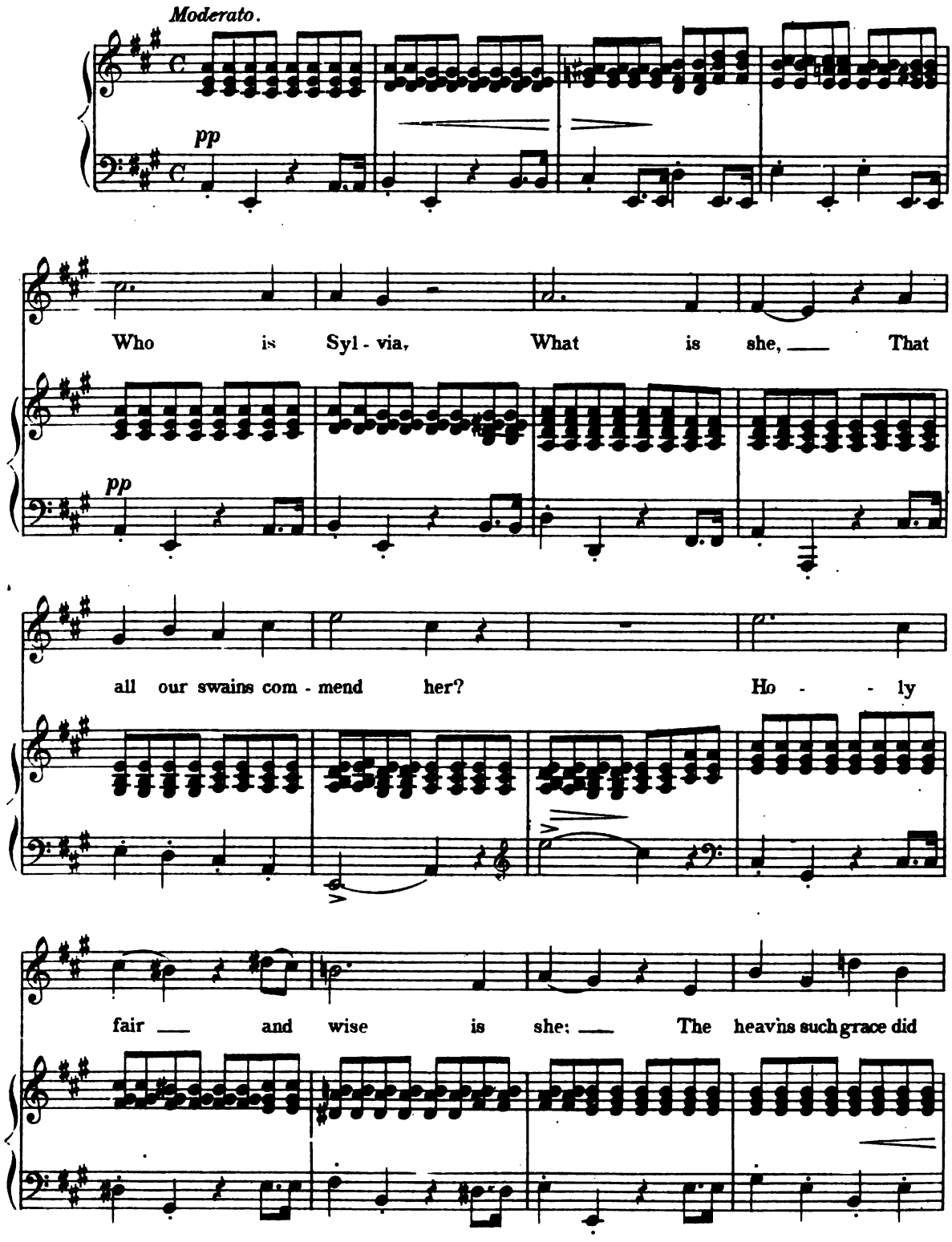


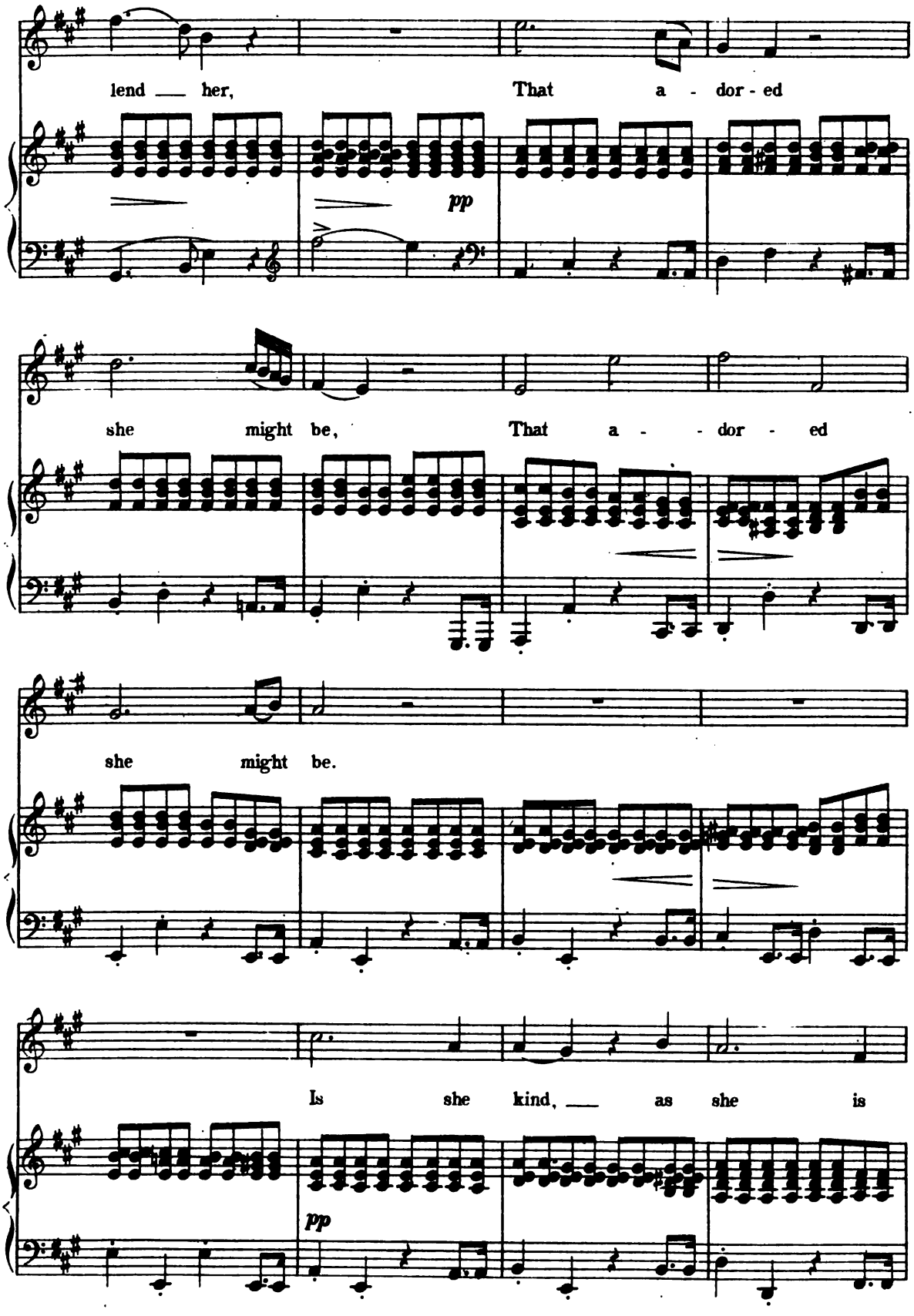

buds be-gin To ope their gold - en eyes. With ev - 'ry-thing that
pret - ty bin: My la - dy sweet, a - rise! With ev - 'ry-thing that pret - ty bin: My
f decresc.
la - dy sweet, a - rise! a - rise, a - rise, My la - dy sweet, a -
f decresc.
f decresc.
rise, a - rise, a - rise. My la - dy sweet, a - rise!
f decresc.
p
Dal Segno

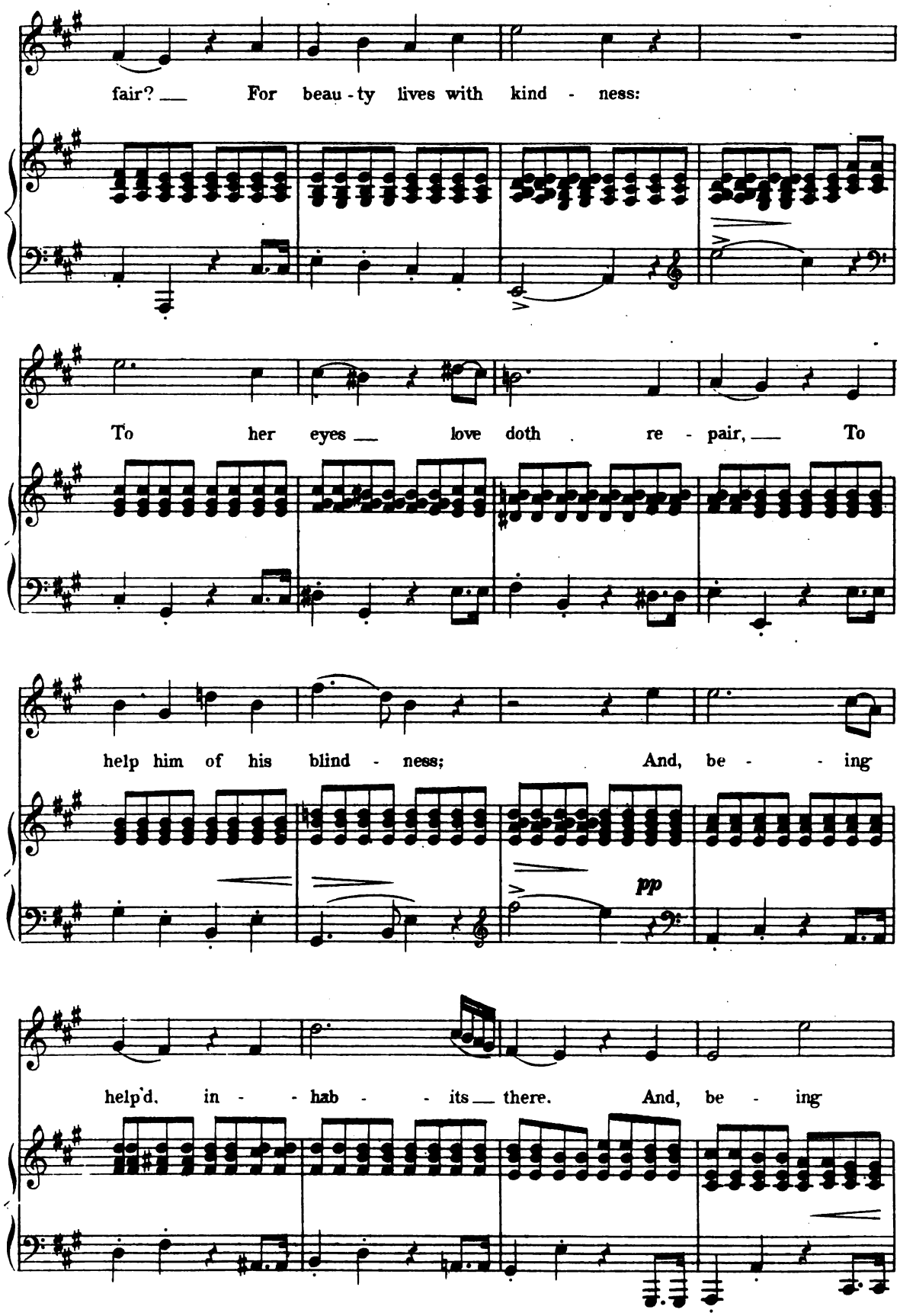
Who is Silvia?

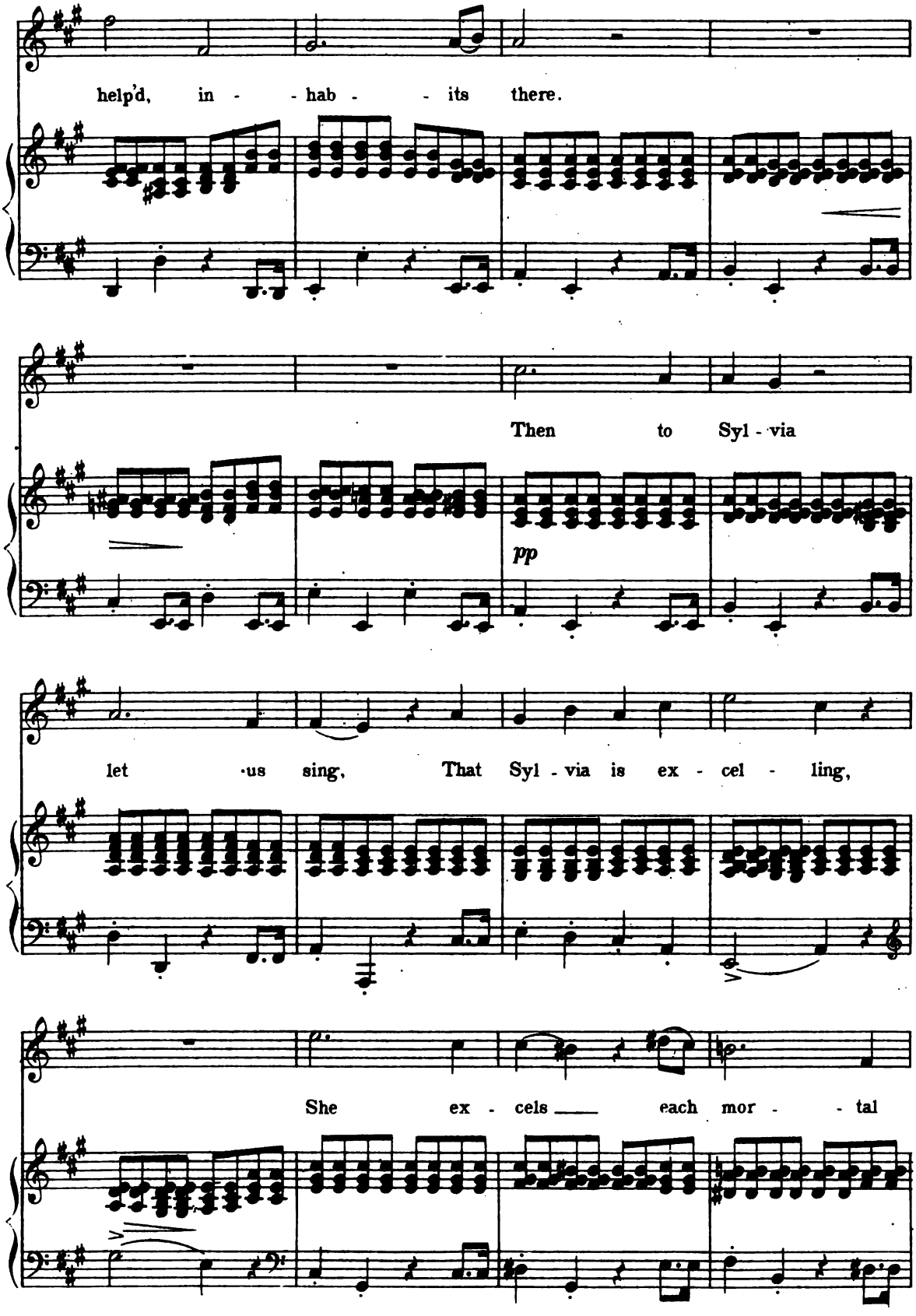
(WAS IST SILVIA?)

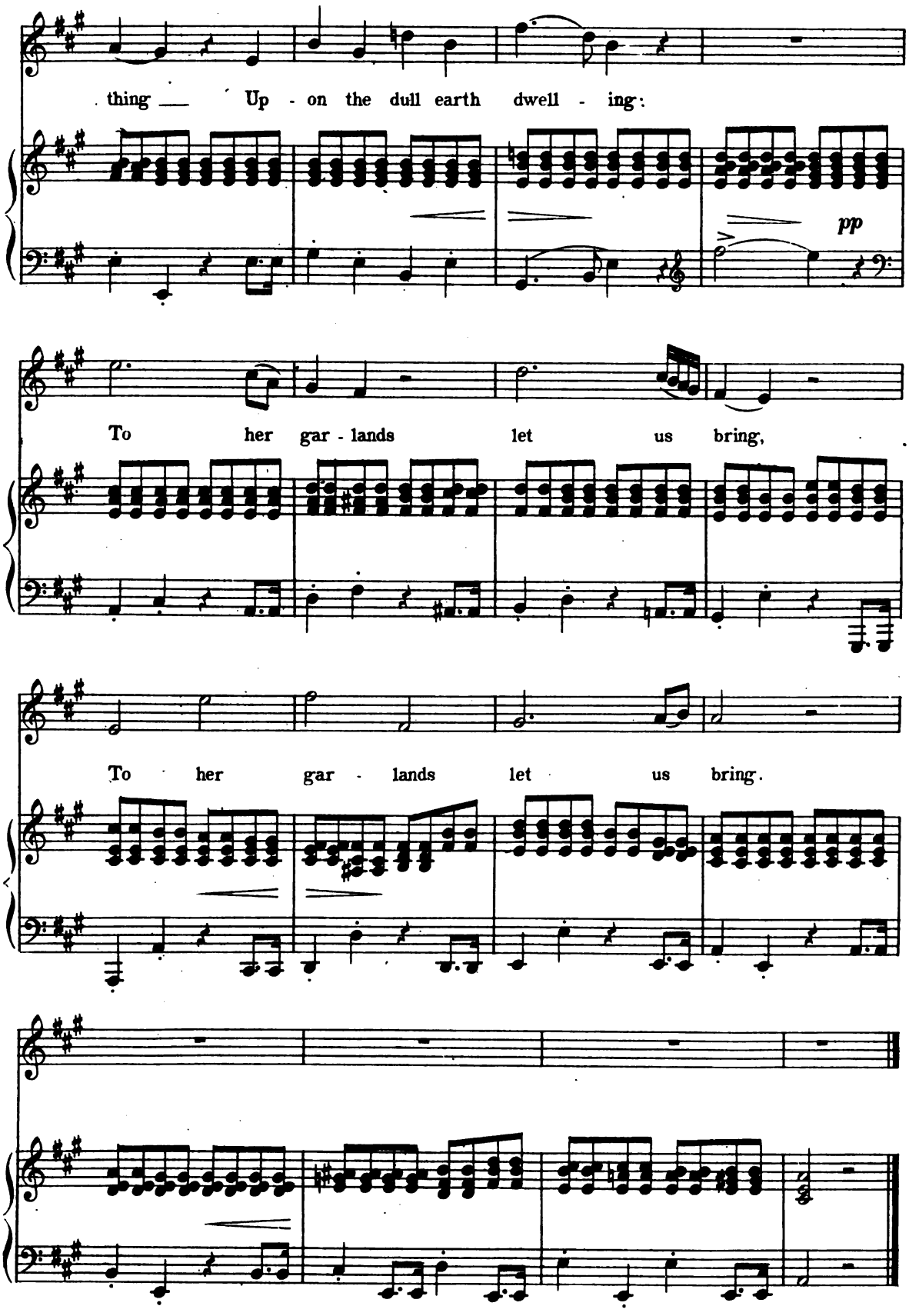
Poem by Shakespeare. *See page 2.* *Music by Schubert.*




lend — her, That a - dor - ed
pp
she might be, That a - - dor - ed
she might be.
Is she kind, — as she is
pp


fair? For beau - ty lives with kind - ness:
To her eyes love doth re - pair, To
help him of his blind - ness; And, be - ing
pp
help'd, in - hab - its there. And, be - ing


help'd, in - - hab - - its there.
Then to Syl - via
pp
let us sing, That Syl - via is ex - cel - ling,
She ex - cels ___ each mor - - tal

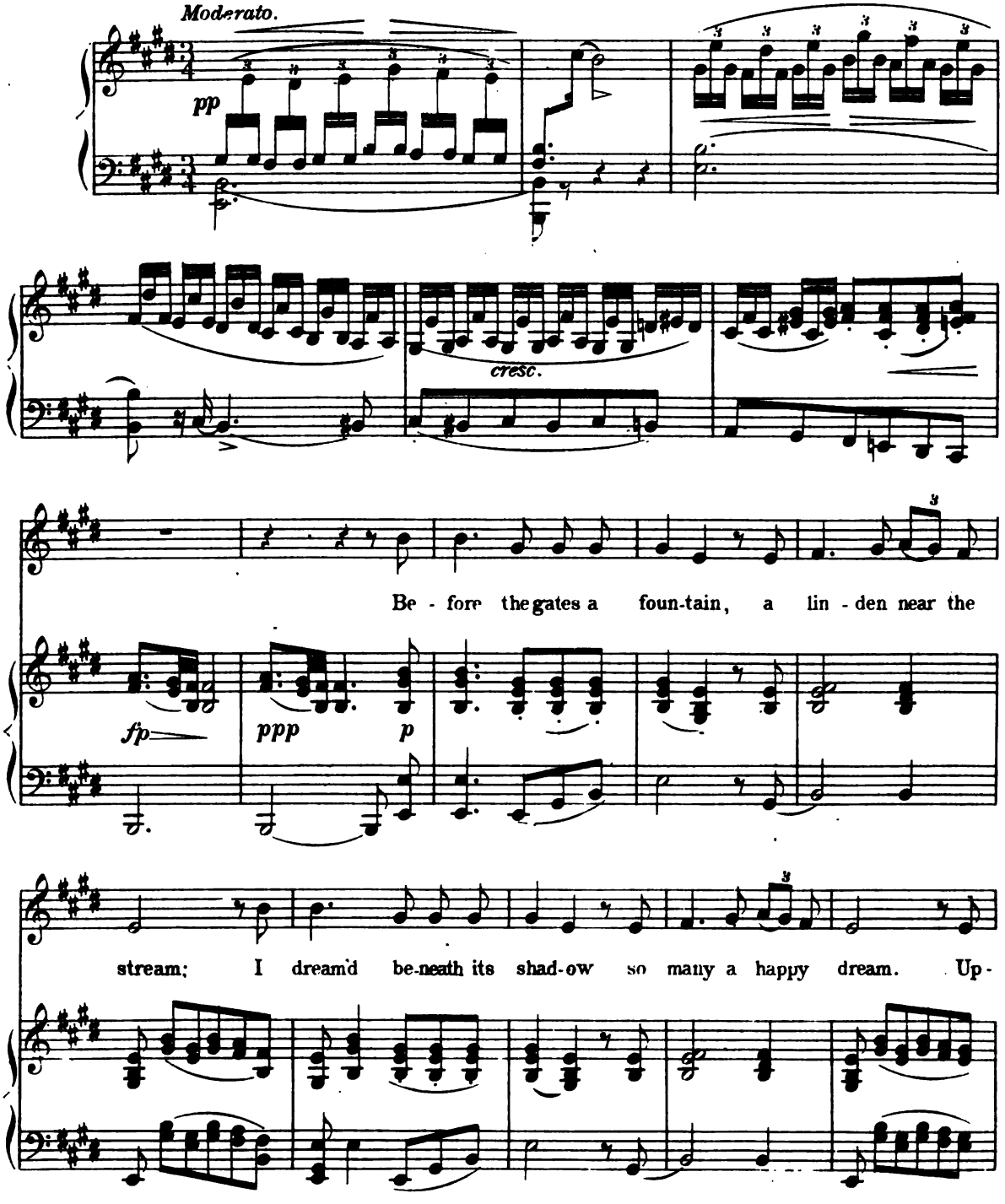

thing — Up - on the dull earth dwell - ing:
pp
To her gar - lands let us bring,
To her gar - lands let us bring.

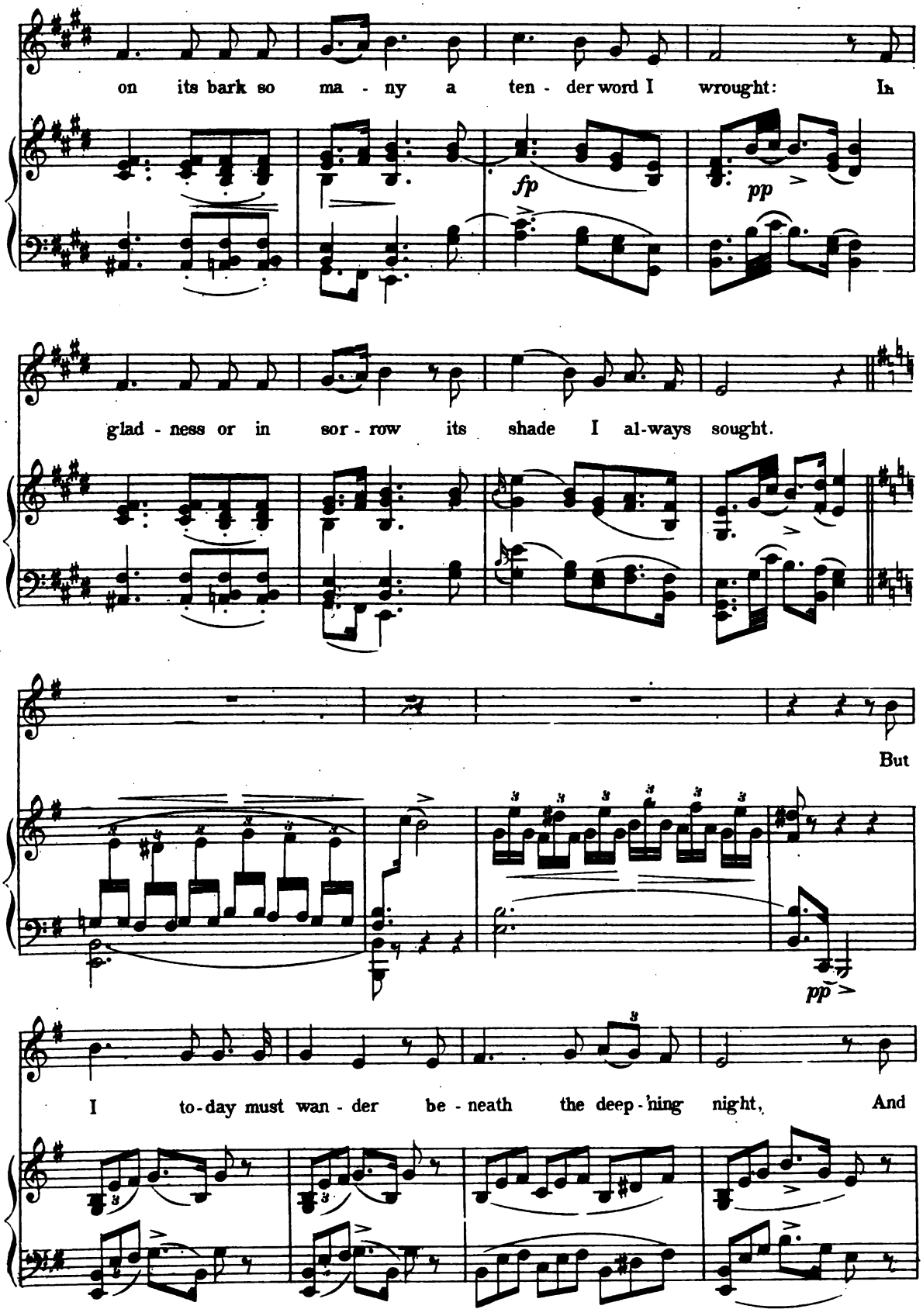
The Linden Tree.

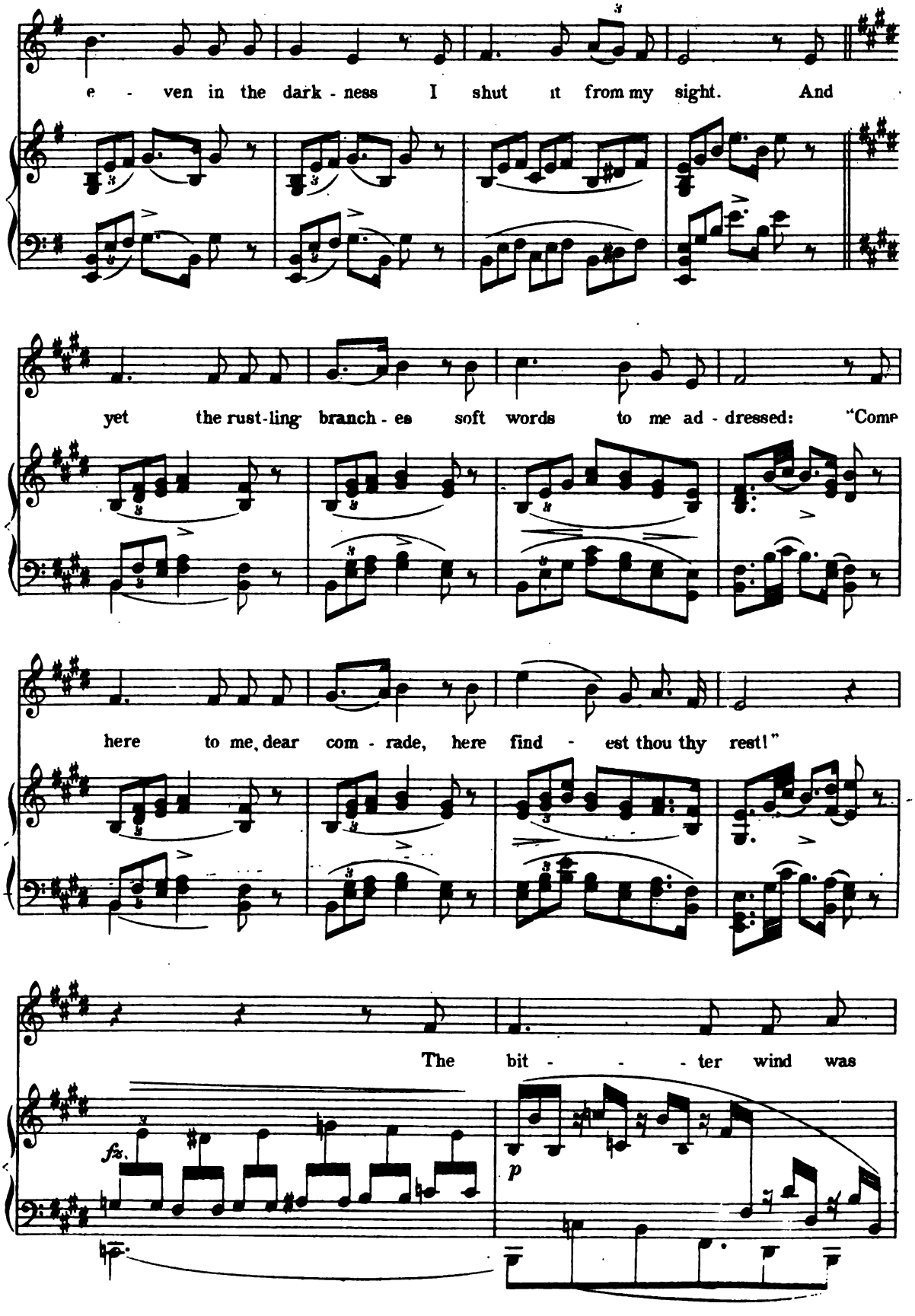
(DER LINDENBAUM.)

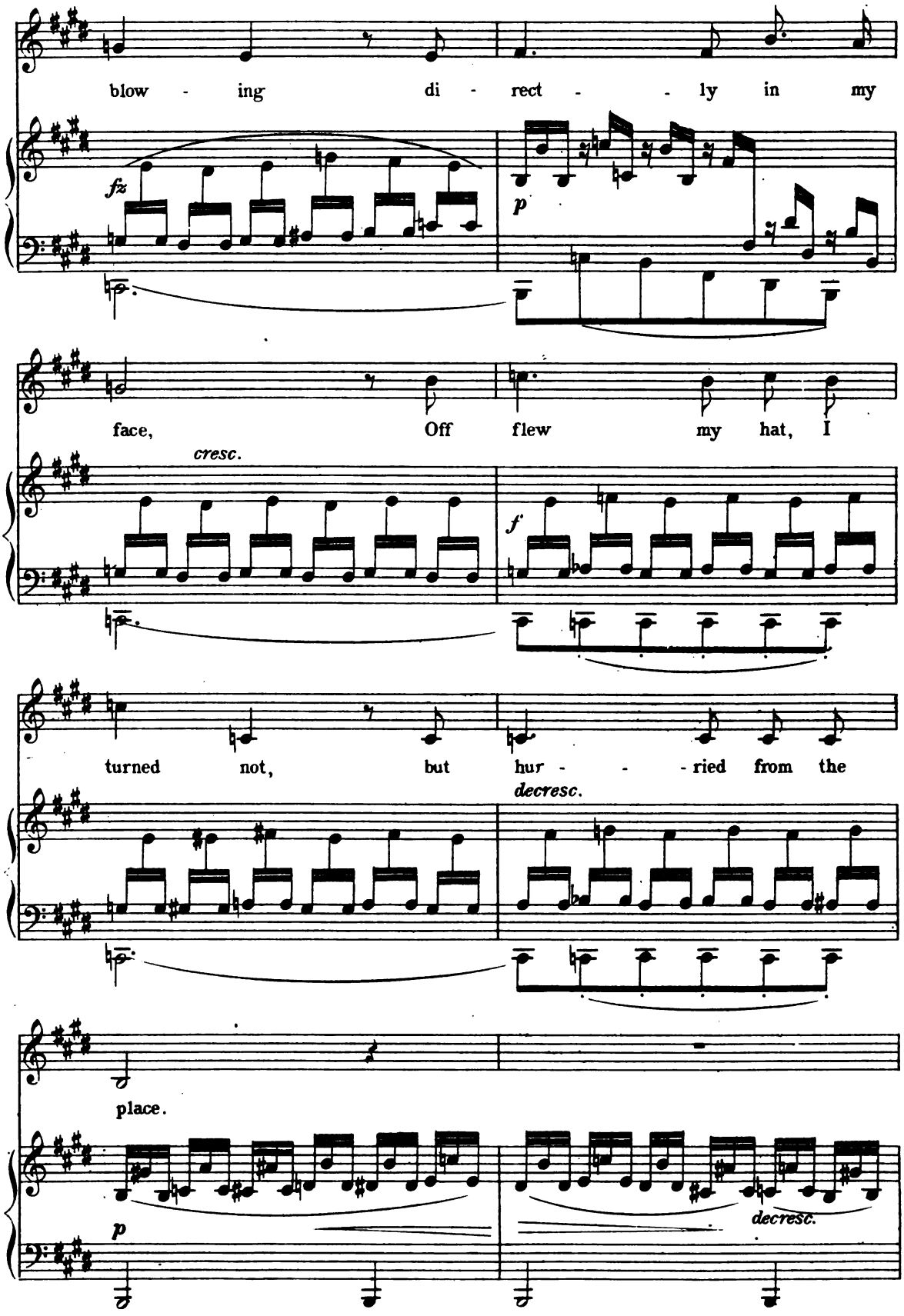
See page 3.

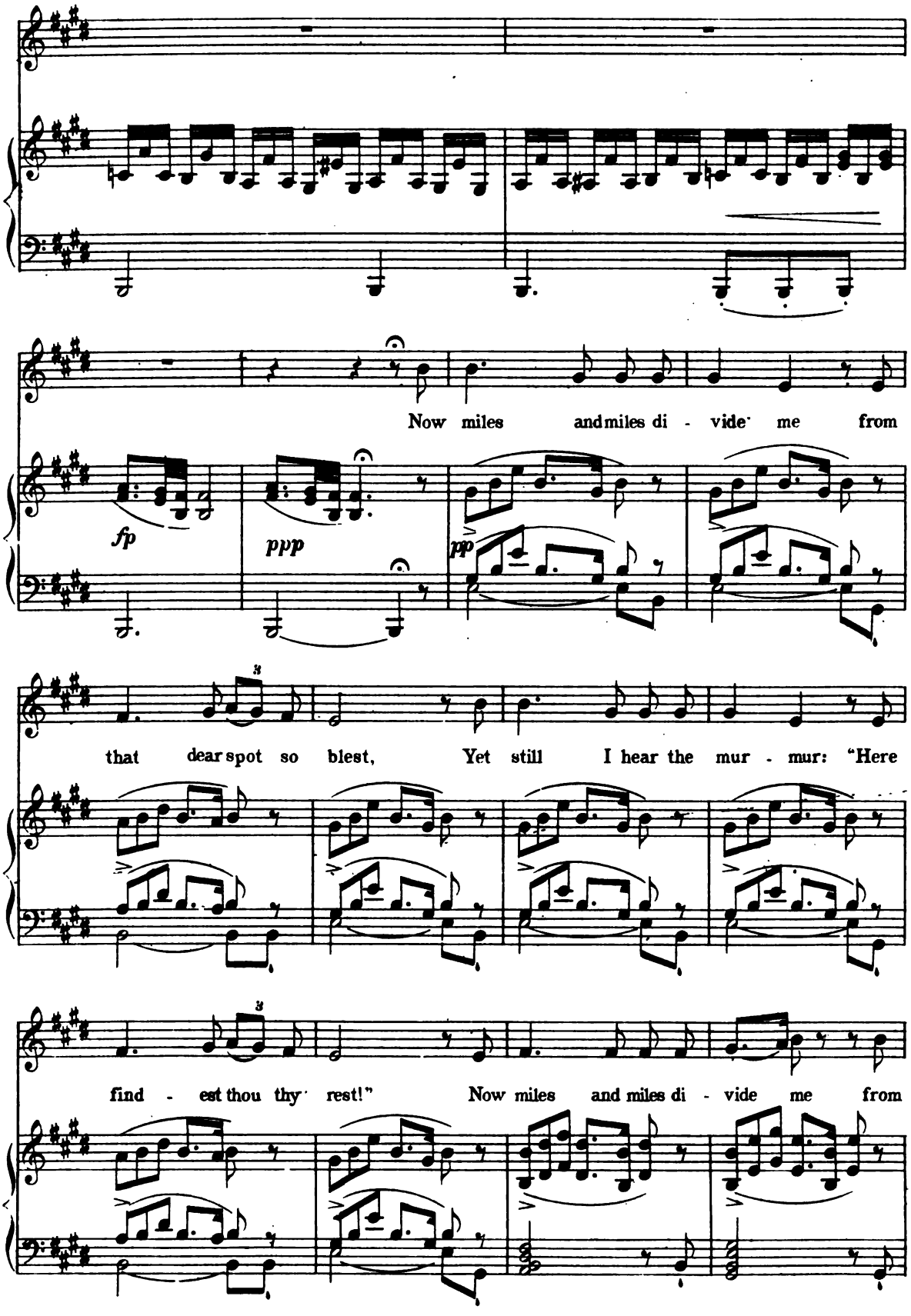
Poem by Wilhelm Müller. *Music by Schubert.*

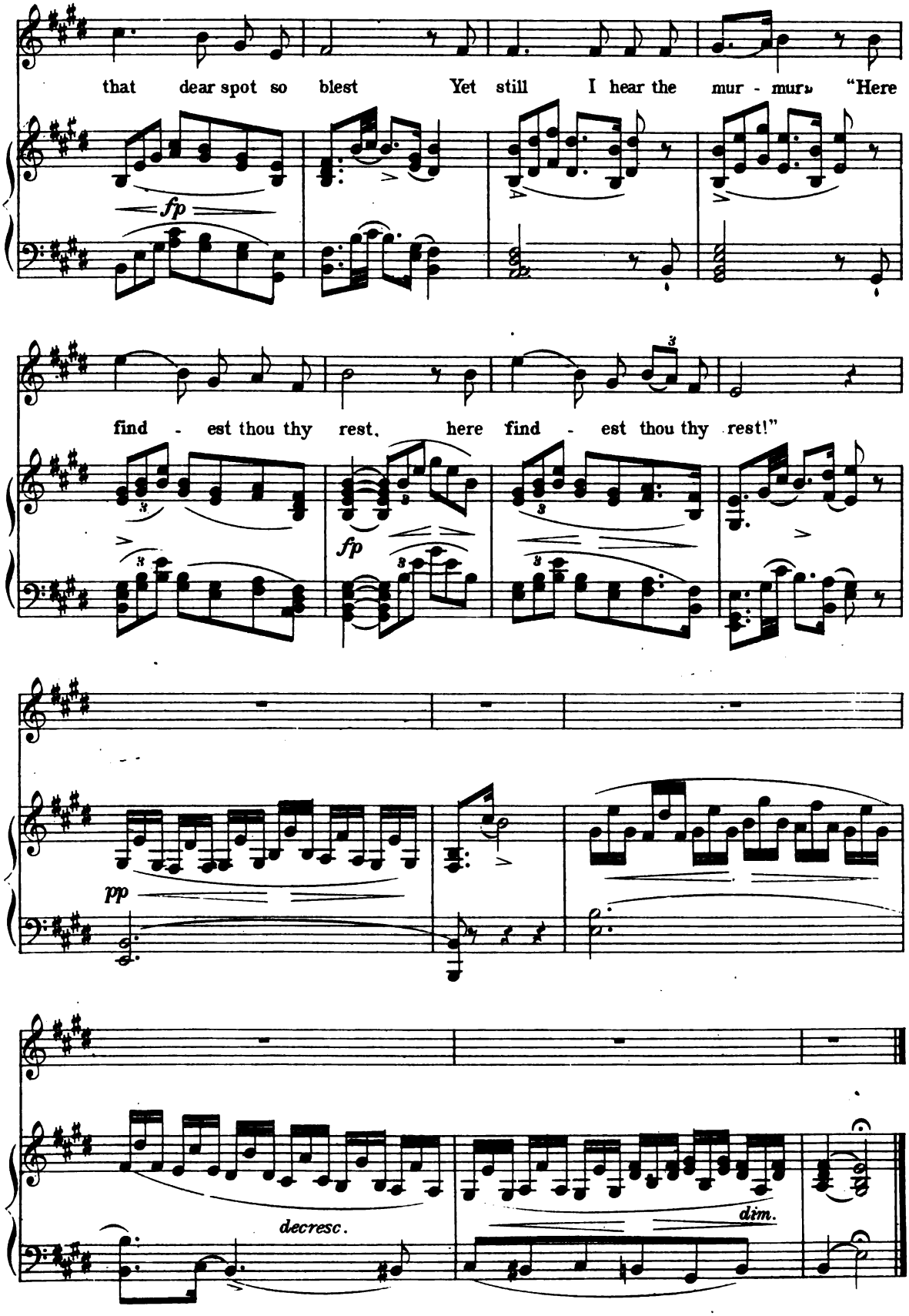



on its bark so ma - ny a ten - der word I wrought: In
fp
pp
glad - ness or in sor - row its shade I al-ways sought.
But
pp
I to-day must wan - der be - neath the deep-'ning night, And


e - ven in the dark - ness I shut it from my sight. And
yet the rust-ling branch - es soft words to me ad - dressed: "Come
here to me, dear com - rade, here find - est thou thy rest!"
The bit - - - ter wind was
fz.
p


blow - ing di - rect - - ly in my
fz
p
face, Off flew my hat, I
cresc.
f
turned not, but hur - - - ried from the
decresc.
place.
p
decresc.


Now miles and miles di - vide me from
fp
ppp
pp
that dear spot so blest, Yet still I hear the mur - mur: "Here
find - est thou thy rest!" Now miles and miles di - vide me from

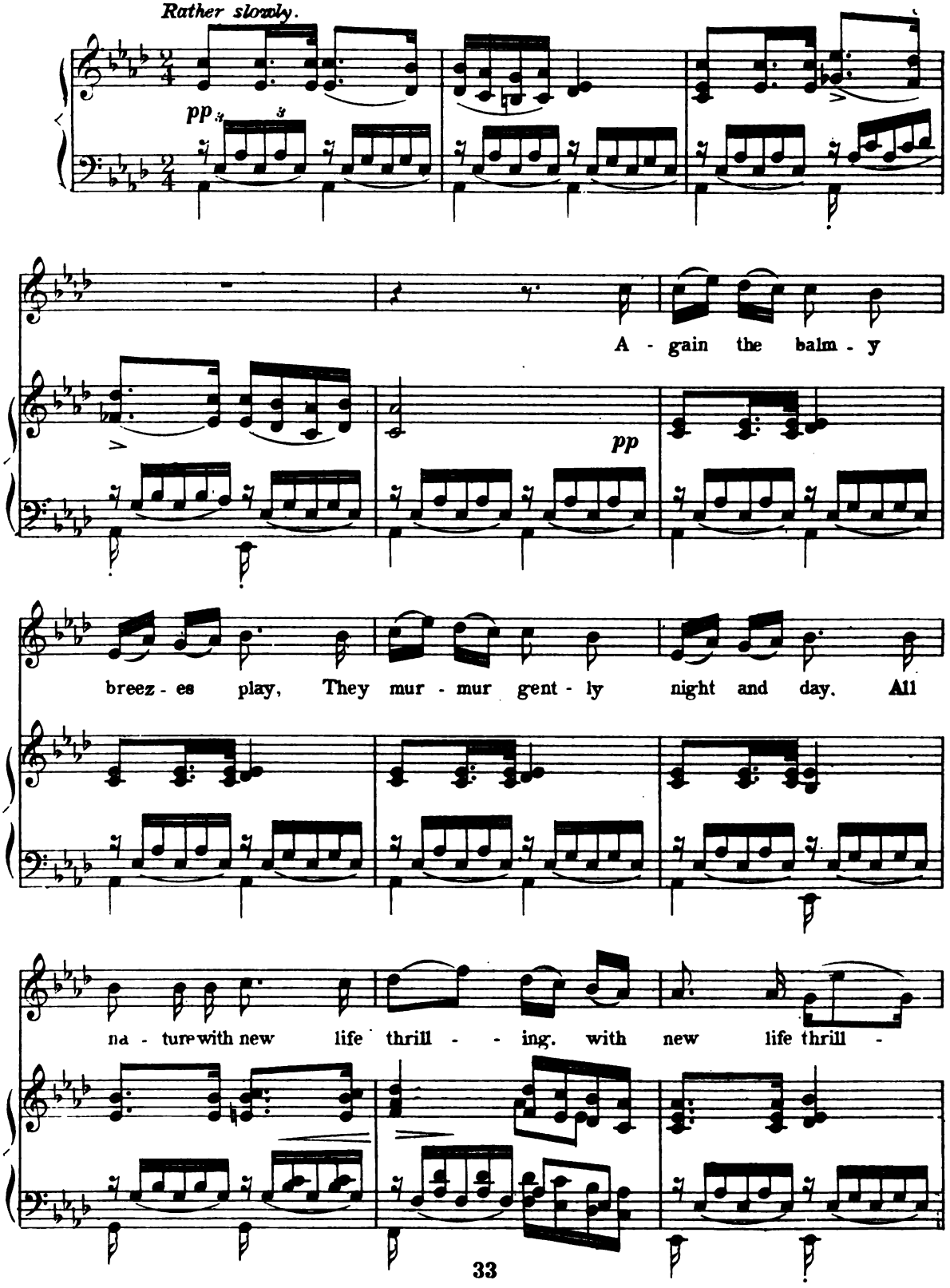

that dear spot so blest Yet still I hear the mur - murs "Here
fp
find - est thou thy rest, here find - est thou thy rest!"
fp
pp
decresc.
dim.

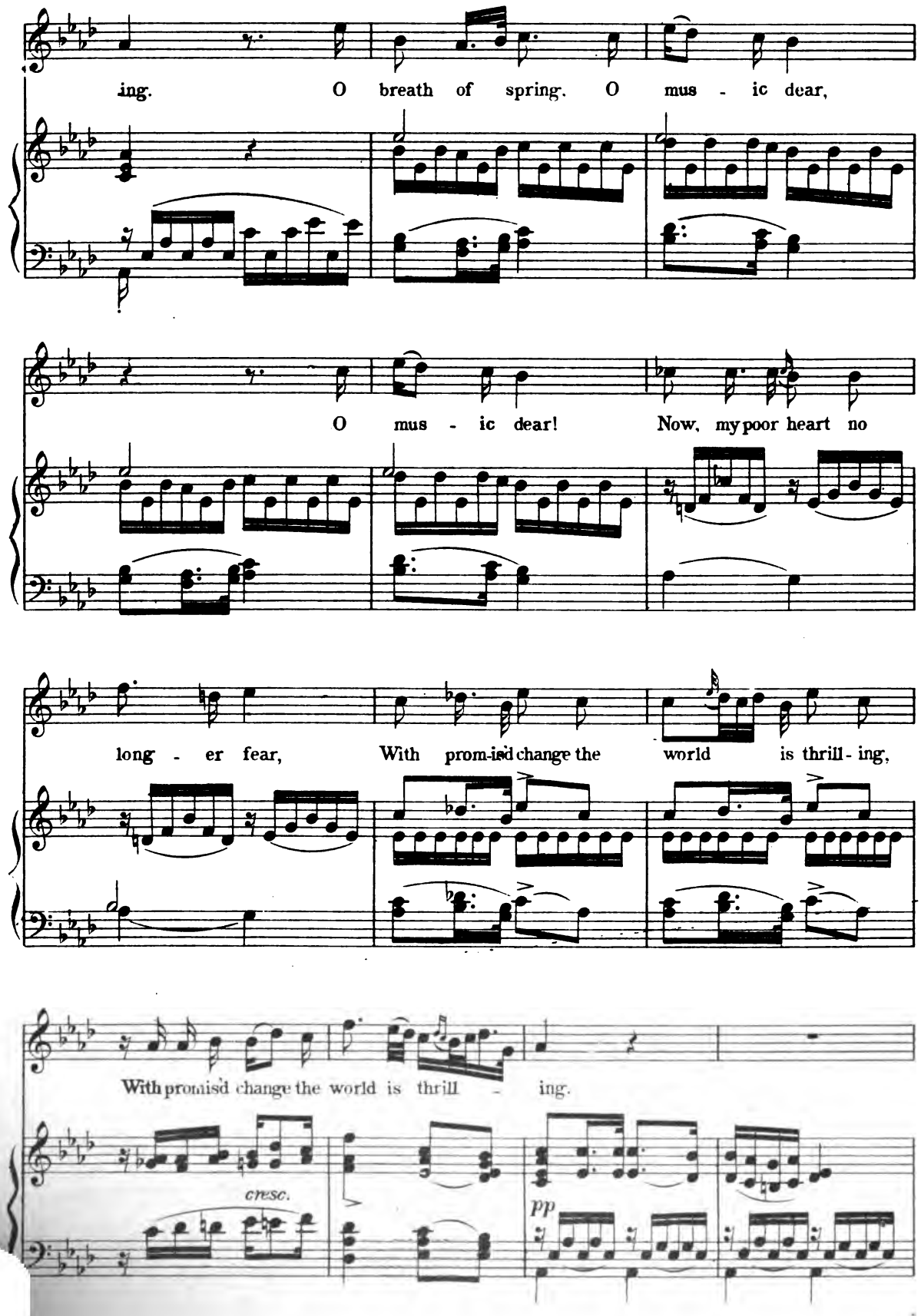
Faith in Spring.

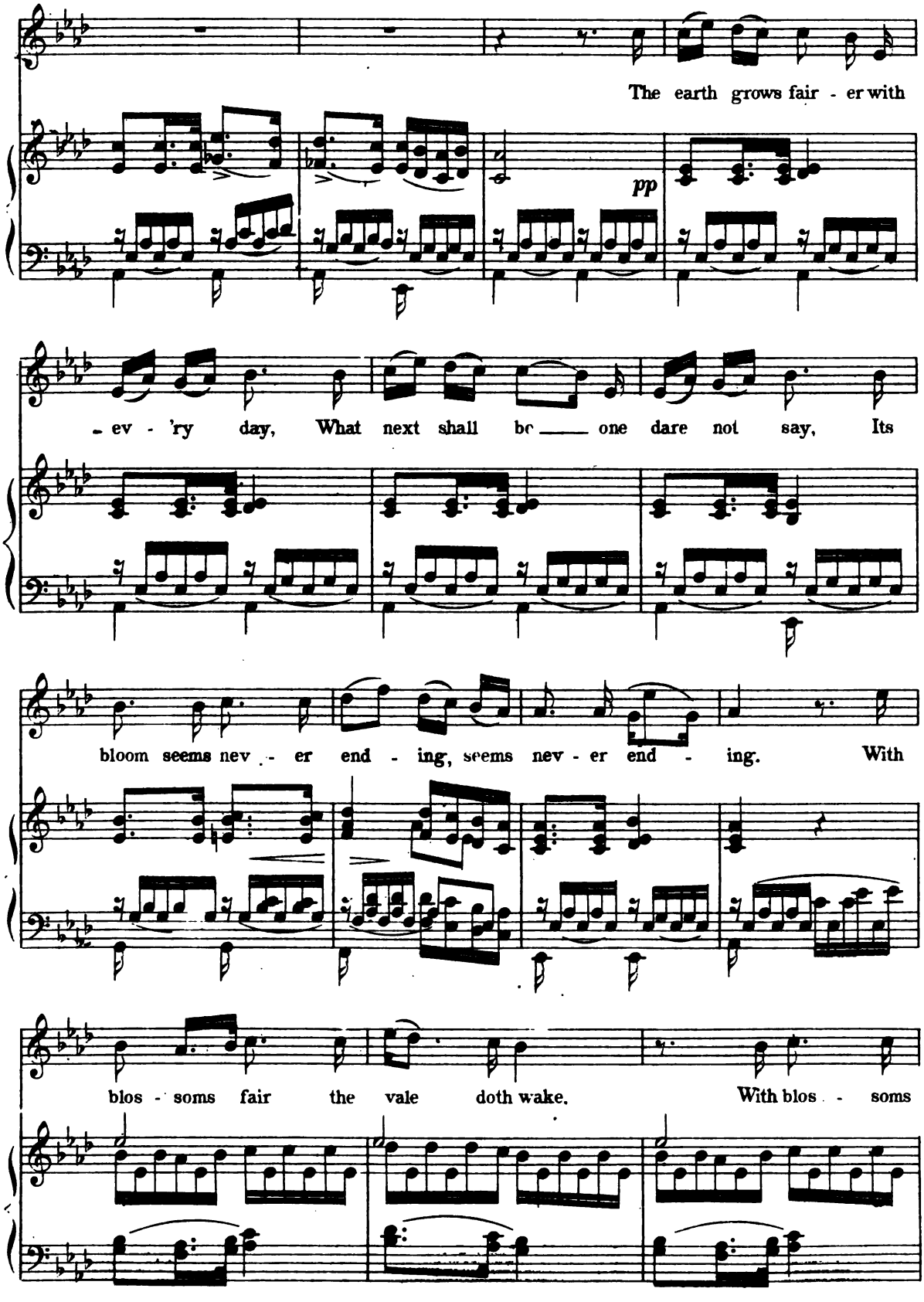
(FRÜHLINGSGLAUBE)

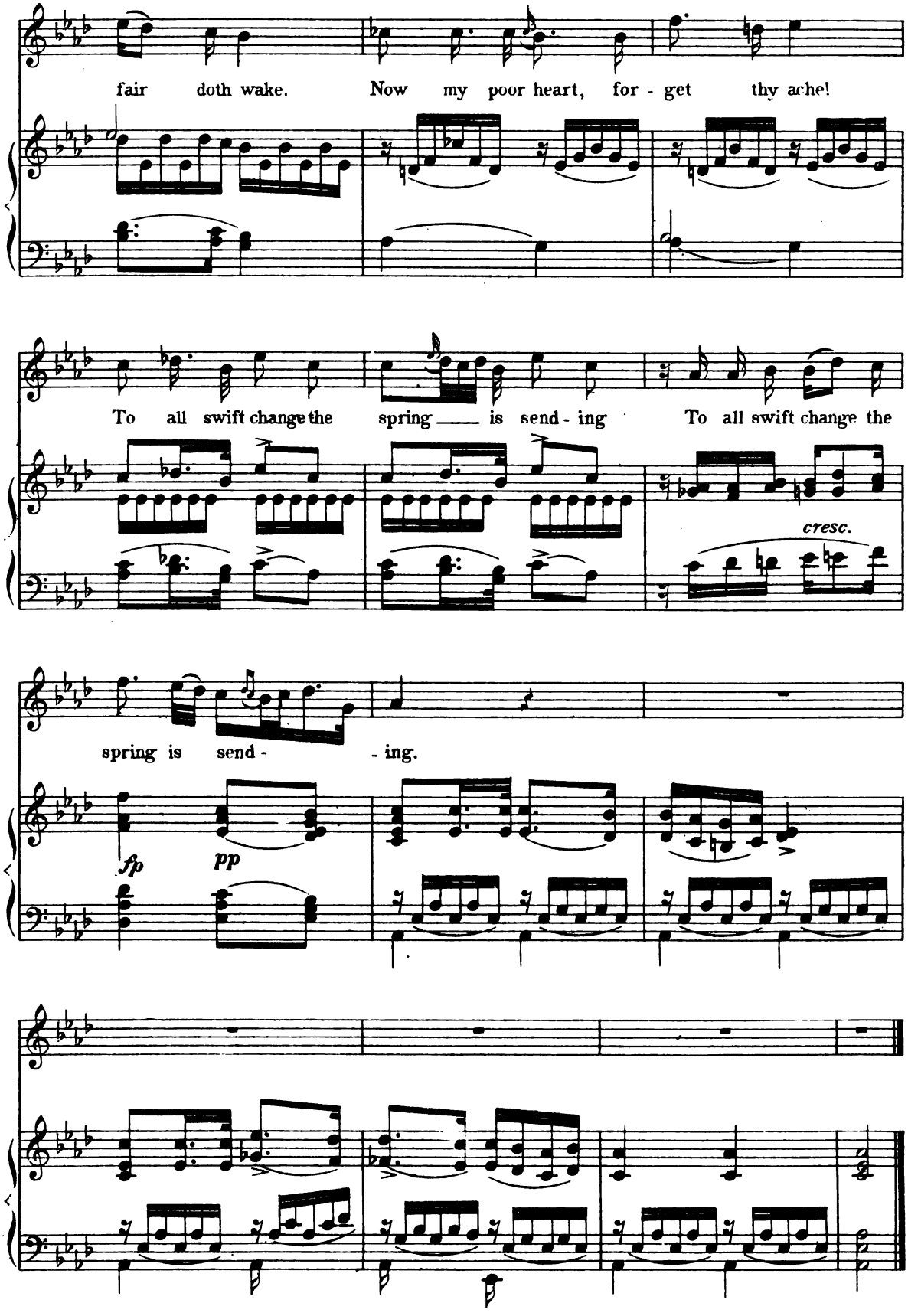
See page 3.

Poem by Uhland. *Music by Schubert.*




ing. O breath of spring. O mus - ic dear,
O mus - ic dear! Now, my poor heart no
long - er fear, With prom-is'd change the world is thrill - ing,
With promis'd change the world is thrill - ing.
cresc.
pp


The earth grows fair - er with
pp
- ev - 'ry day, What next shall be ___ one dare not say, Its
bloom seems nev - er end - ing, seems nev - er end - ing. With
blos - soms fair the vale doth wake. With blos - soms

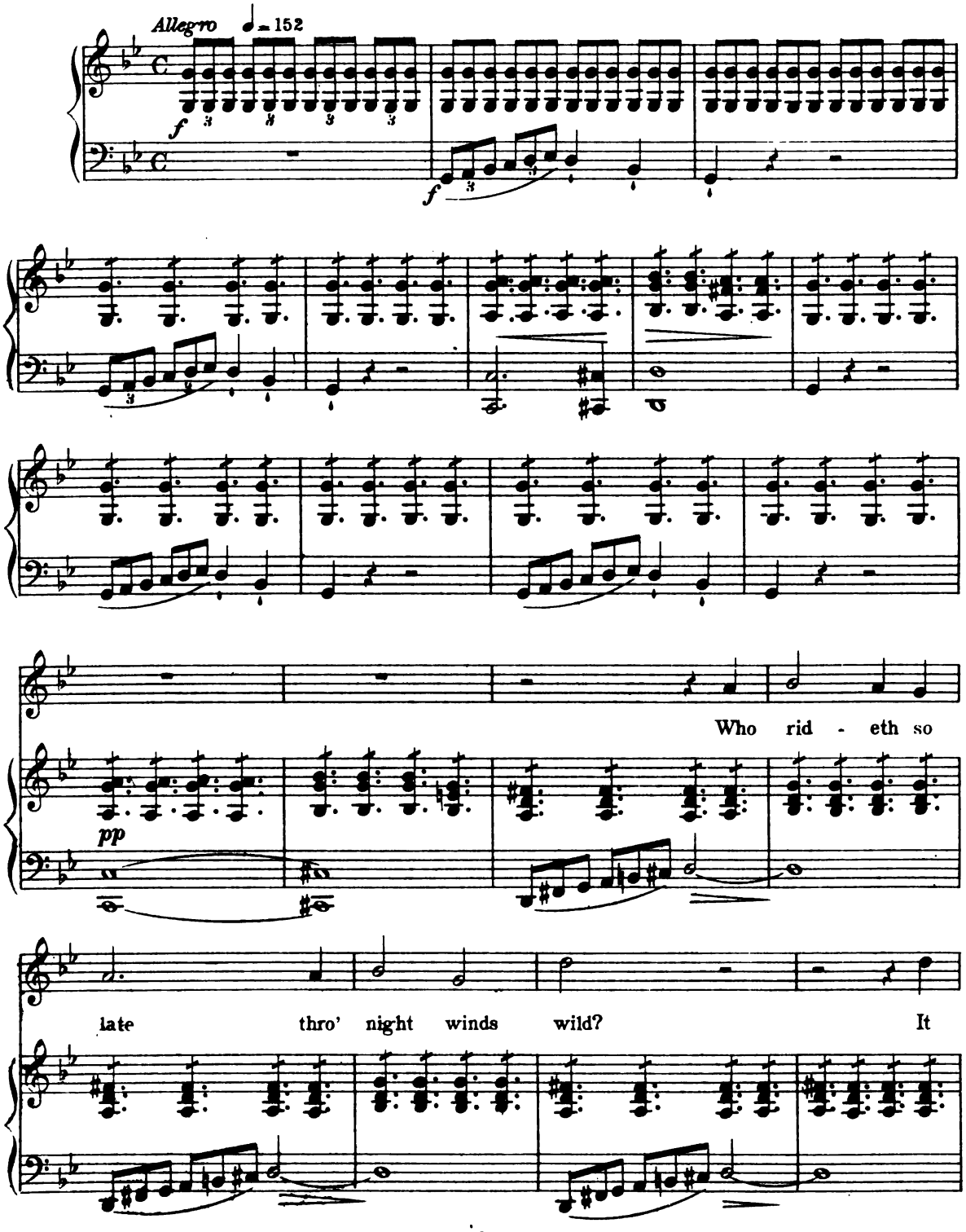

fair doth wake. Now my poor heart, for - get thy ache!
To all swift change the spring — is send - ing To all swift change the
cresc.
spring is send - - ing.
fp
pp

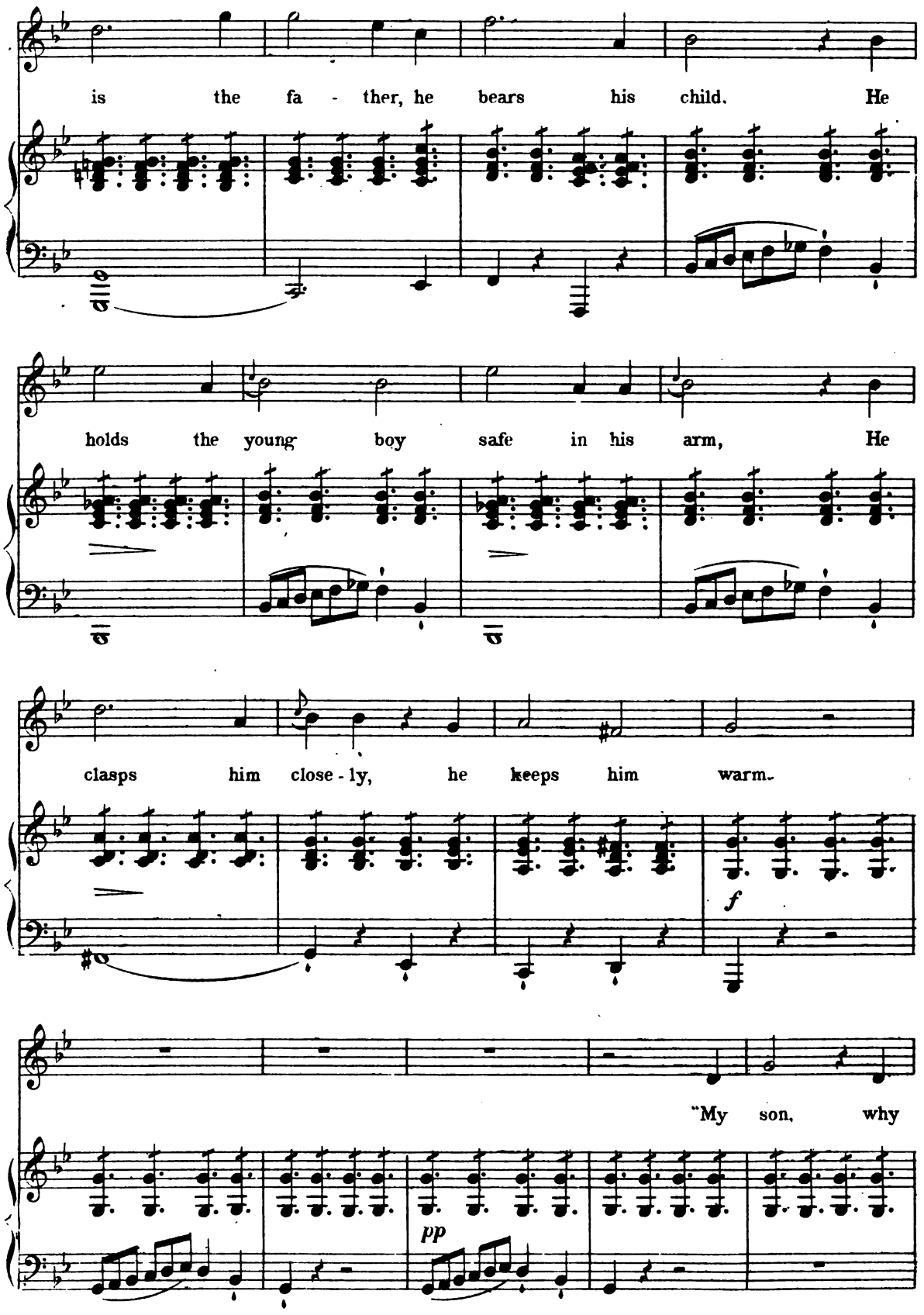
The Erlking.

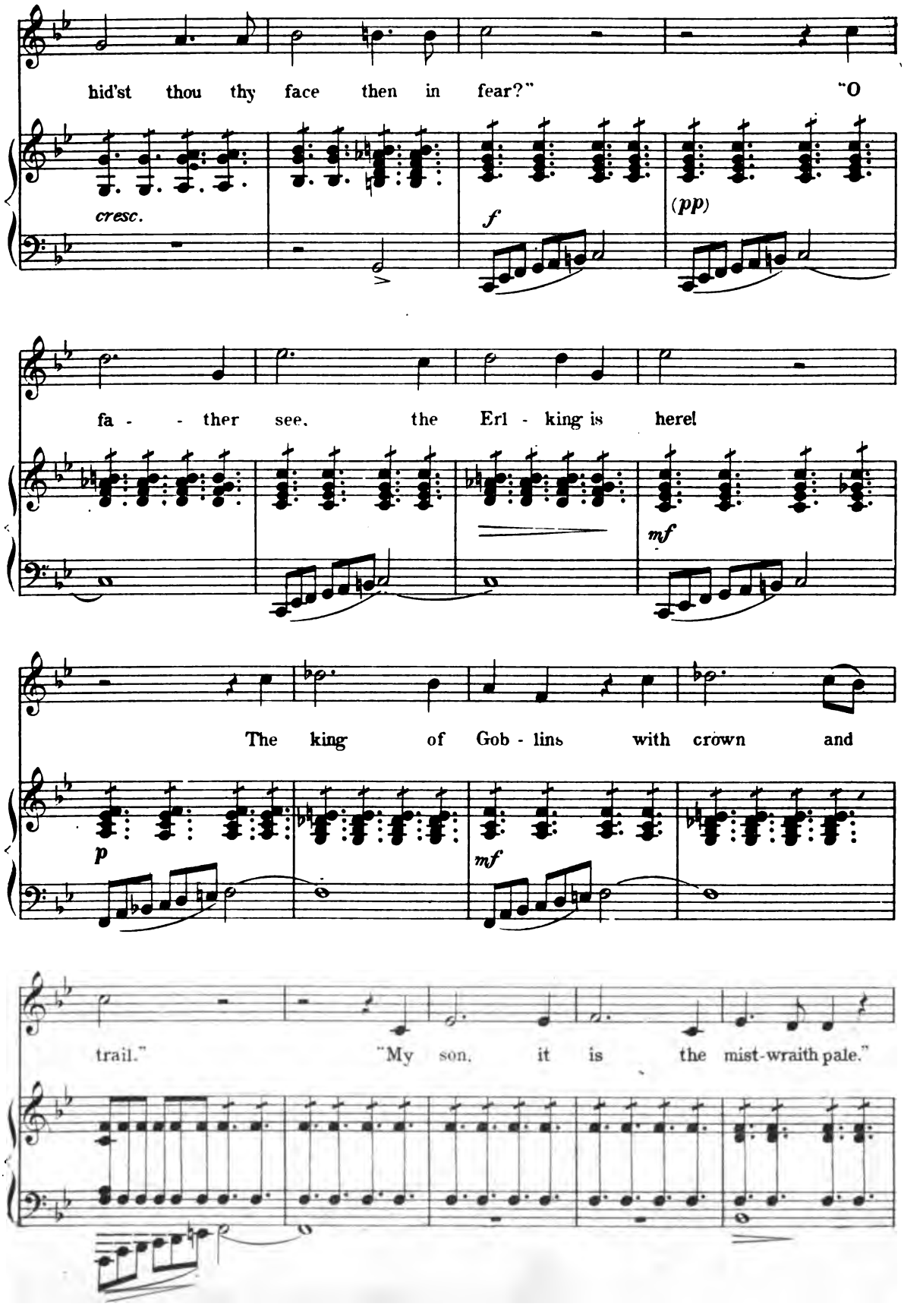
(DER ERLKÖNIG.)

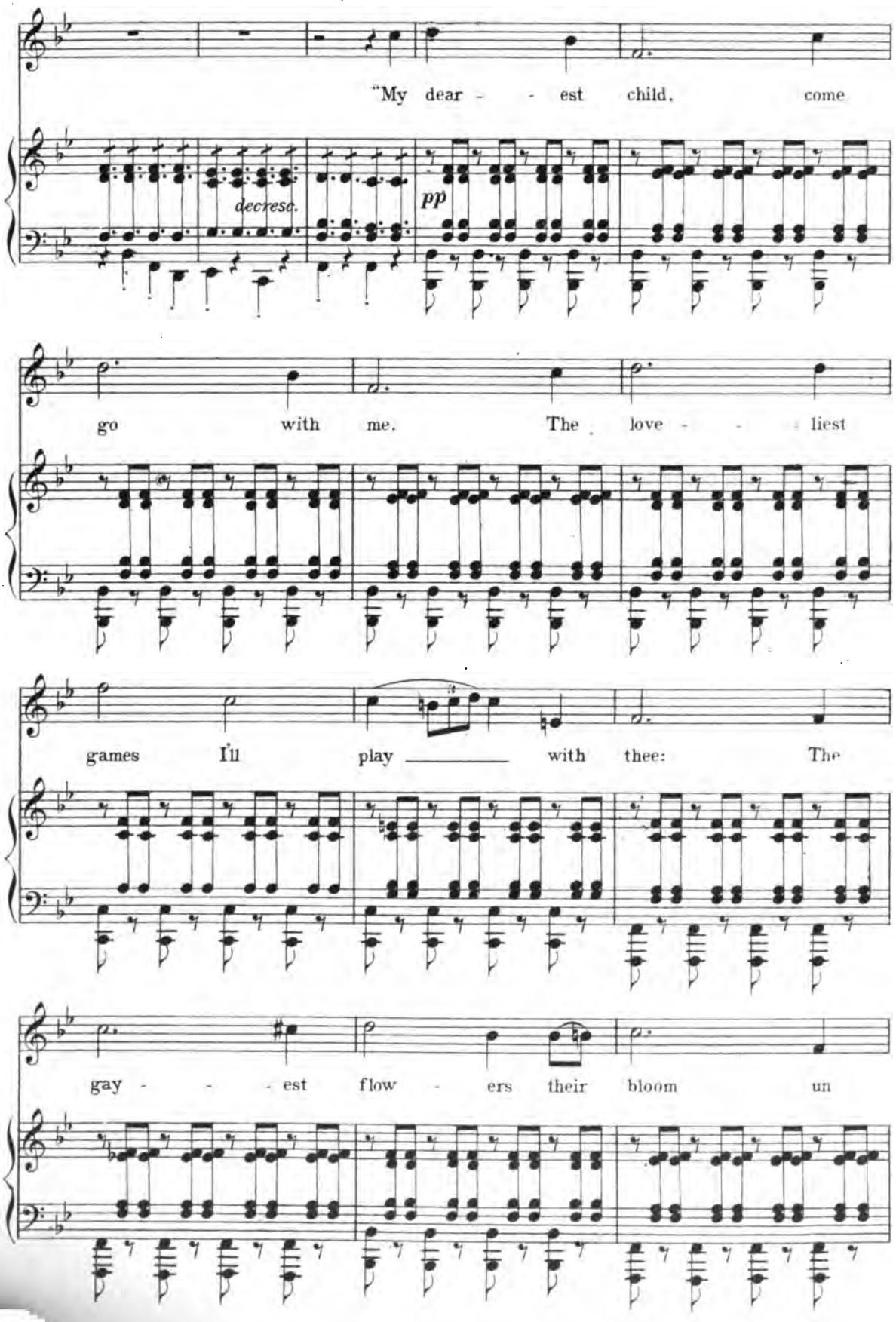
See page 3.

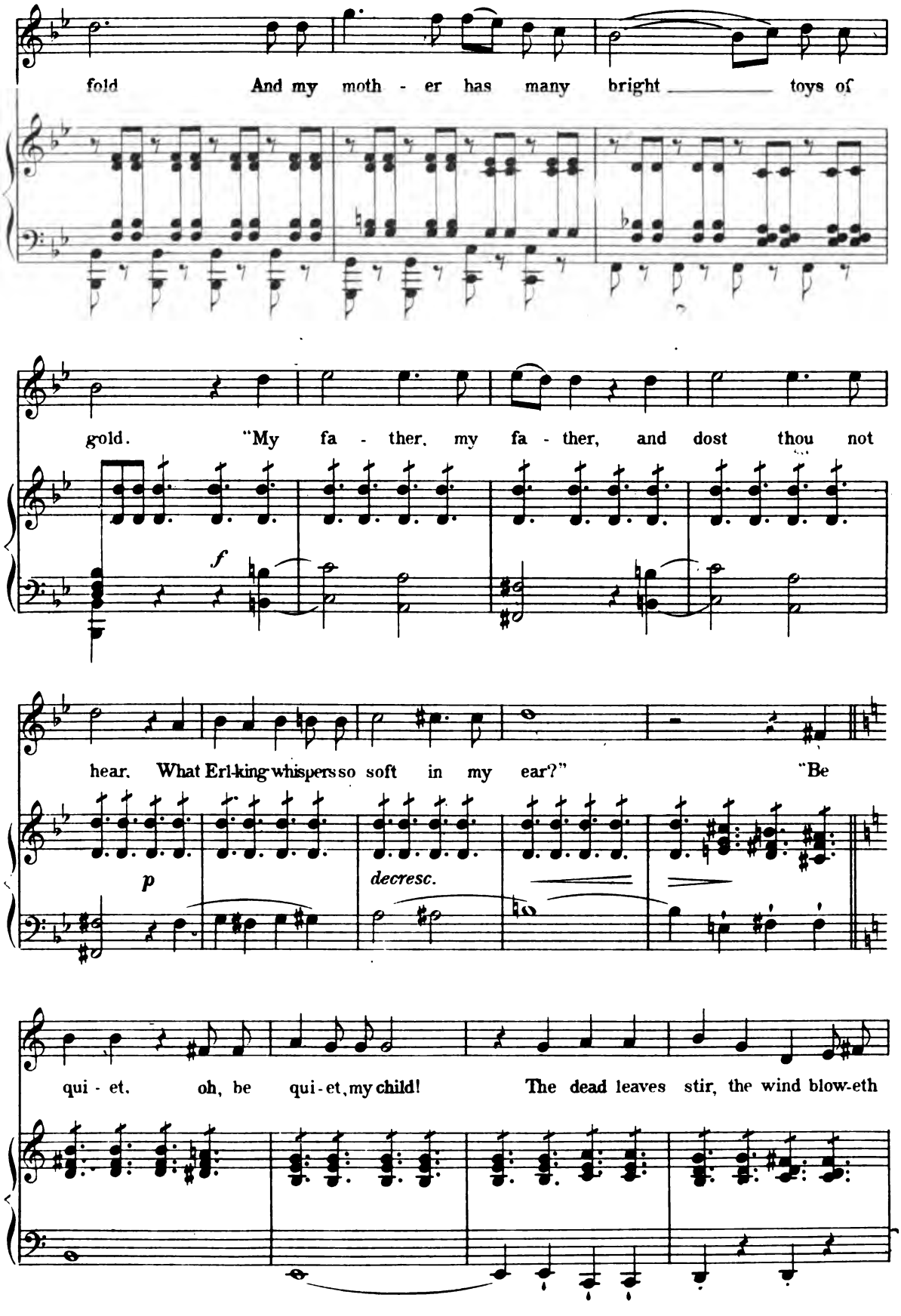
Poem by Goethe. *Music by Schubert.*

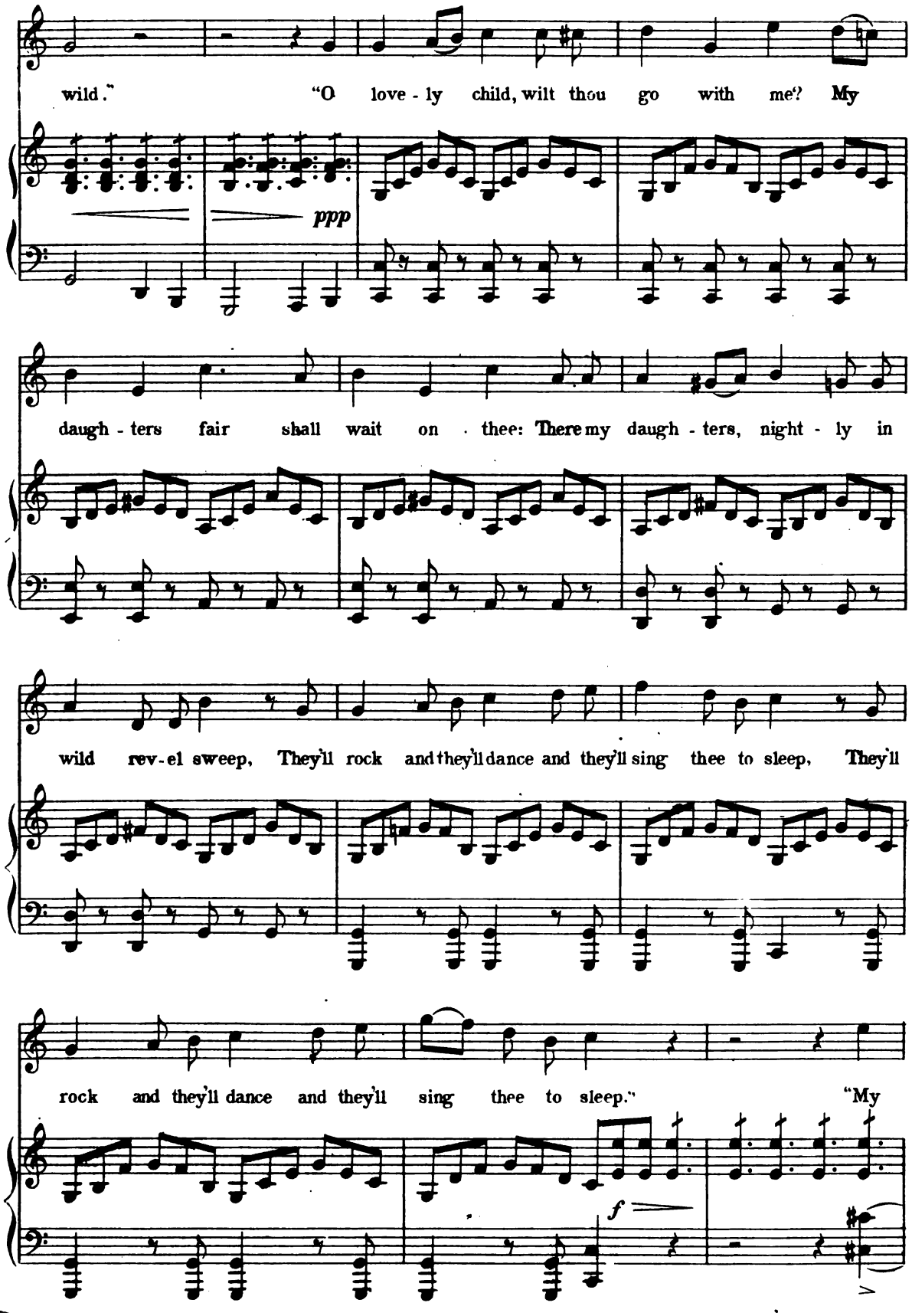


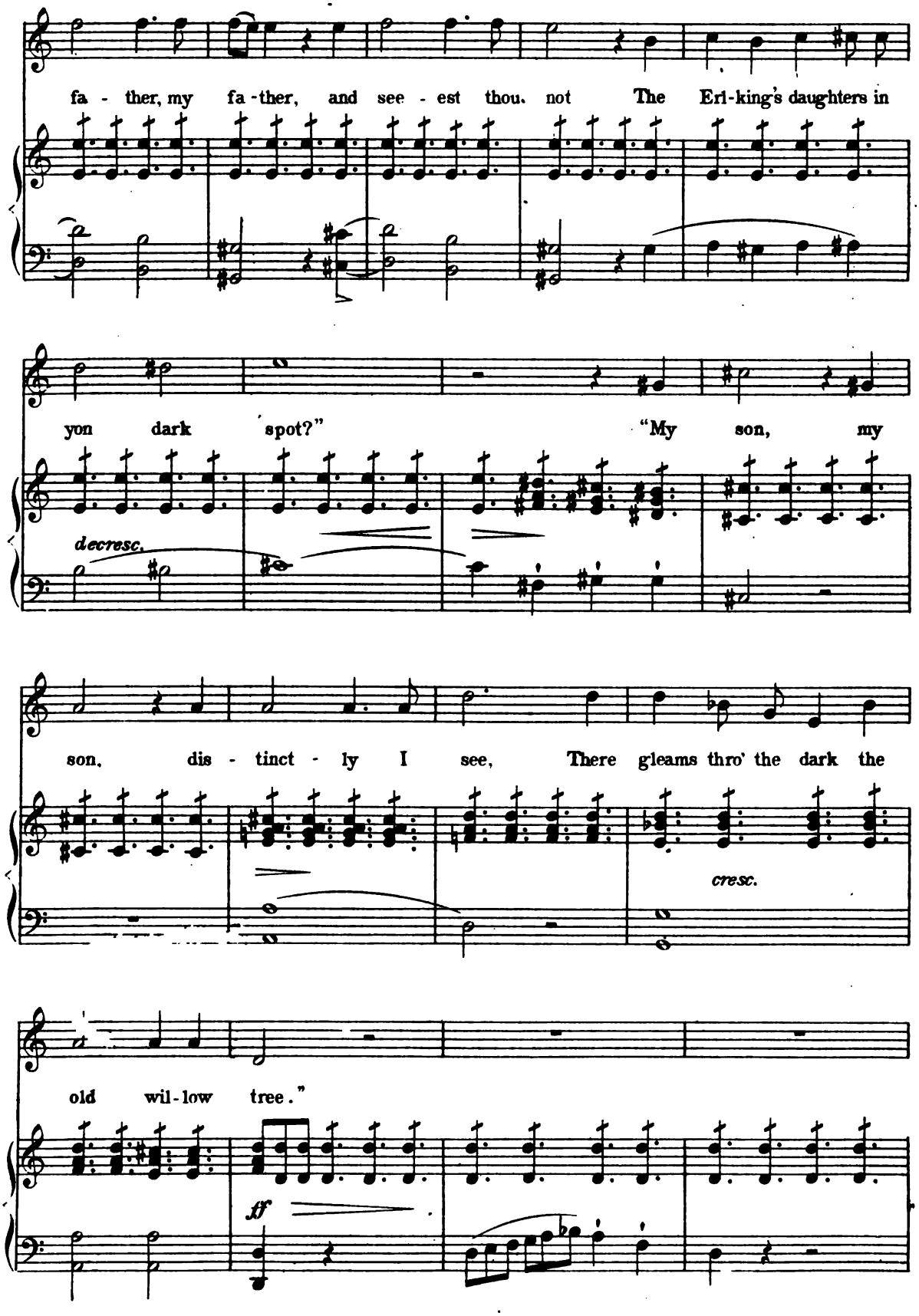

is the fa - ther, he bears his child. He
holds the young boy safe in his arm, He
clasps him close - ly, he keeps him warm.
f
"My son, why
pp

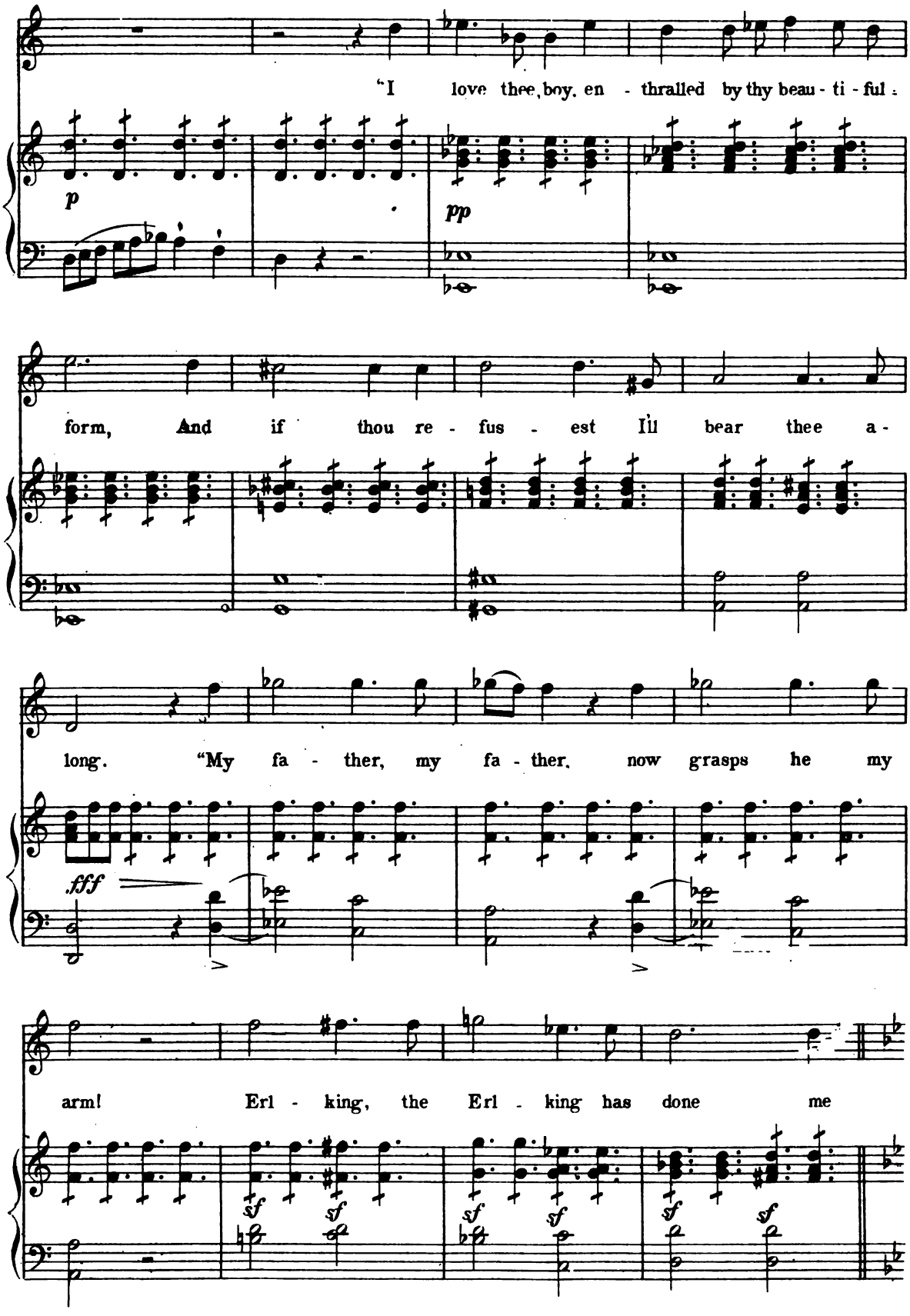

hid'st thou thy face then in fear?" "O
cresc.
f
(pp)
fa - - ther see, the Erl - king is here!
mf
The king of Gob - lins with crown and
p
mf
trail." "My son, it is the mist-wraith pale."

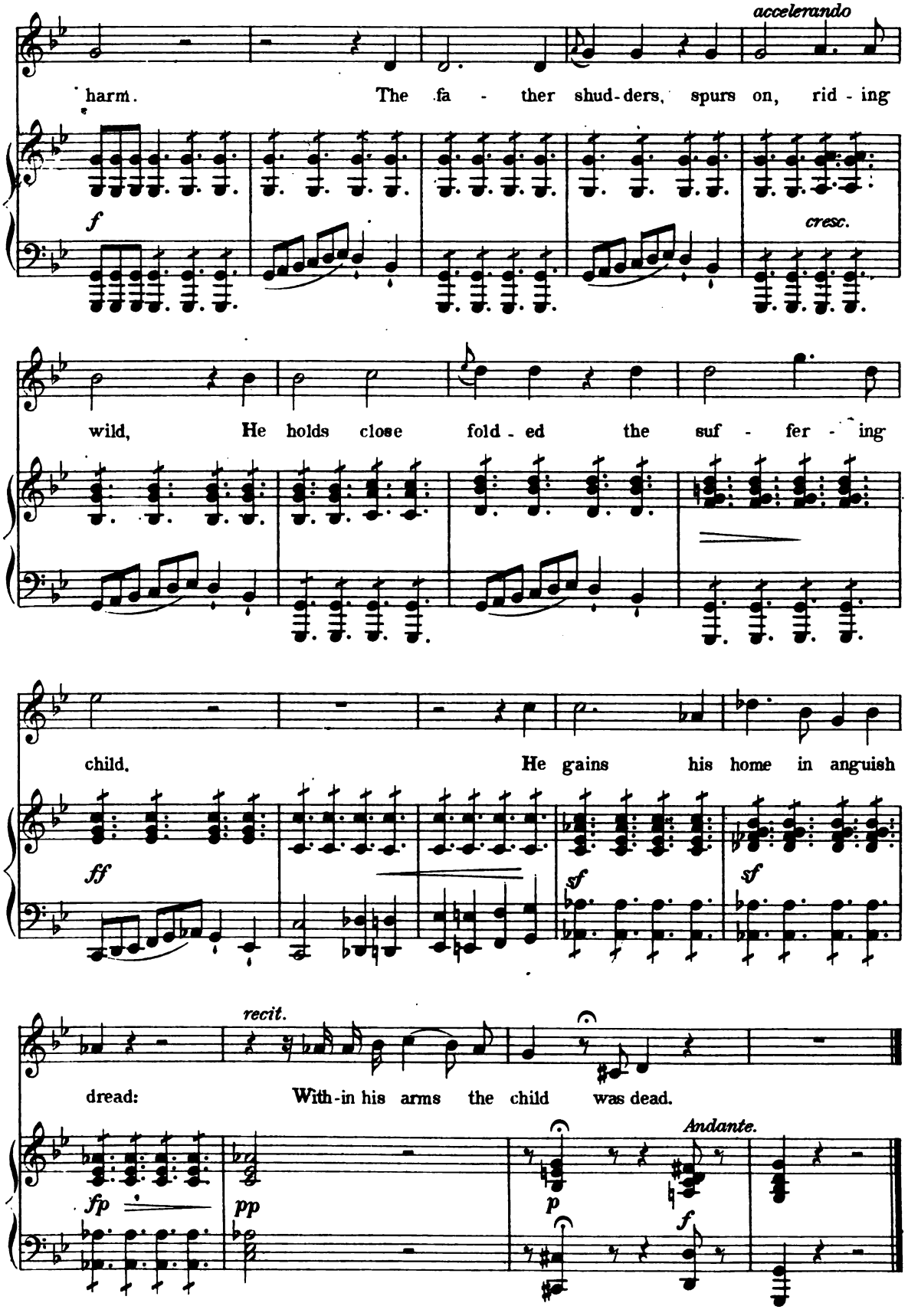

"My dear - - est child, come
decresc.
pp
go with me. The love - - liest
games I'll play with thee: The
gay - - - est flow - ers their bloom un


fold And my moth - er has many bright toys of
gold. "My fa - ther, my fa - ther, and dost thou not
f
hear. What Erl-king whispers so soft in my ear?" "Be
p
decresc.
qui - et, oh, be qui - et, my child! The dead leaves stir, the wind blow-eth


wild." "O love - ly child, wilt thou go with me? My
ppp
daugh - ters fair shall wait on thee: There my daugh - ters, night - ly in
wild rev - el sweep, They'll rock and they'll dance and they'll sing thee to sleep, They'll
rock and they'll dance and they'll sing thee to sleep." "My
f


fa - ther, my fa - ther, and see - est thou not The Erl-king's daughters in
yon dark spot?" "My son, my
decresc.
son, dis - tinct - ly I see, There gleams thro' the dark the
cresc.
old wil - low tree."
ff


"I love thee, boy, en - thralled by thy beau - ti - ful -
p
pp
form, And if thou re - fus - est I'll bear thee a -
long. "My fa - ther, my fa - ther, now grasps he my
fff
arm! Erl - king, the Erl - king has done me
sf sf sf sf sf sf


accelerando
harm. The fa - ther shud-ders, spurs on, rid - ing
f
cresc.
wild, He holds close fold - ed the suf - fer - ing
child. He gains his home in anguish
ff
sf
sf
recit.
dread: With-in his arms the child was dead.
fp
pp
p
Andante.
f

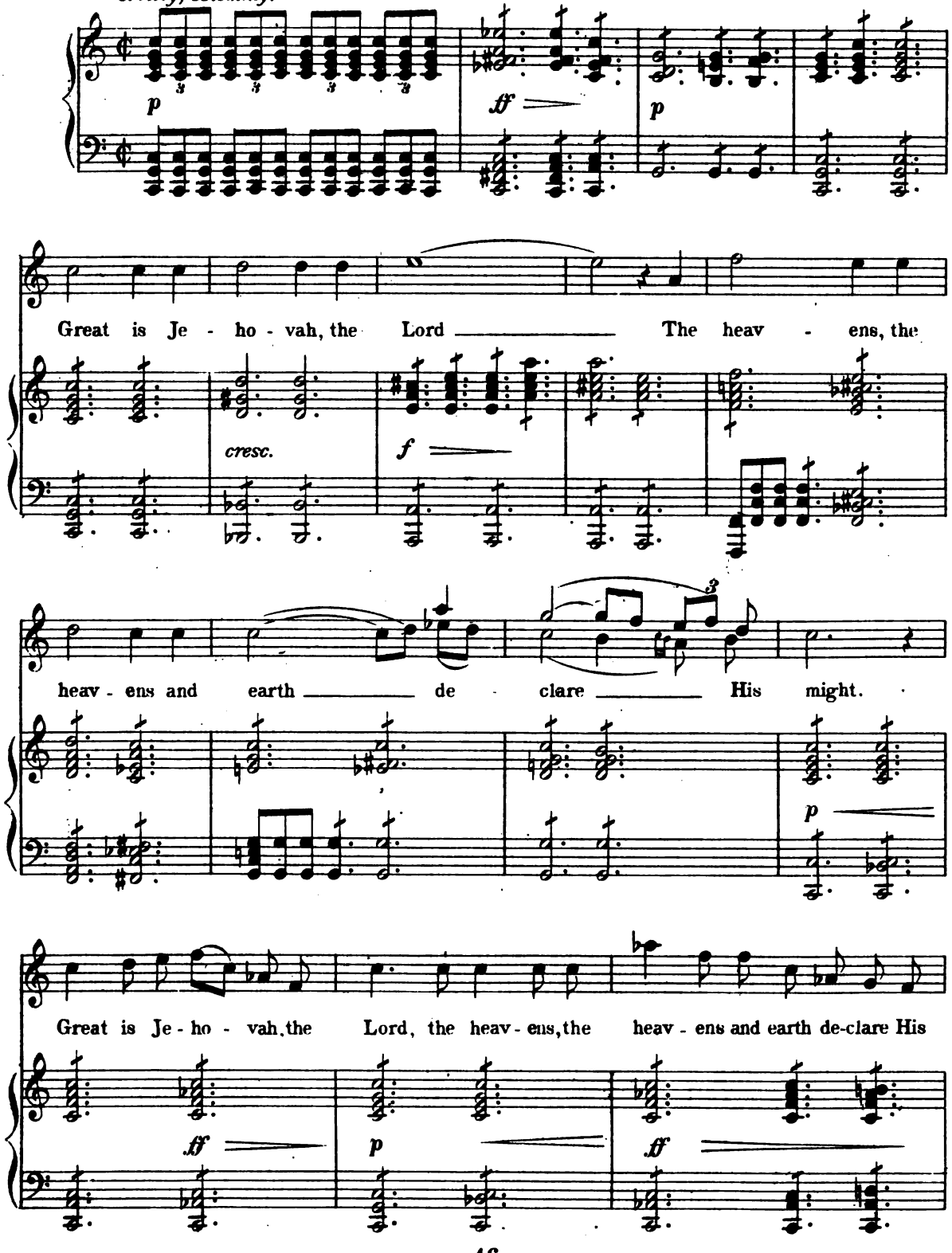
The Almighty.

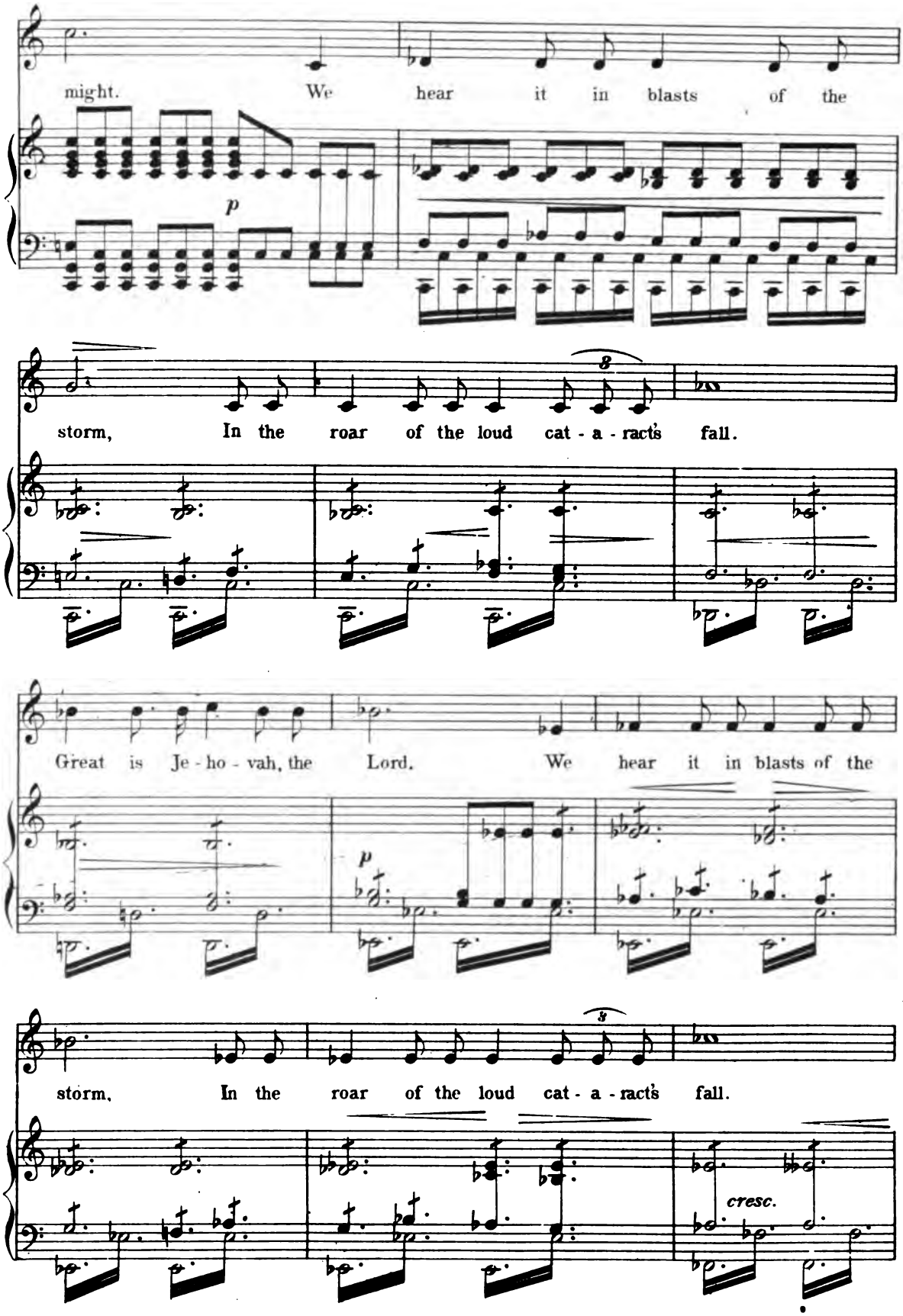
(DIE ALLMACHT.)

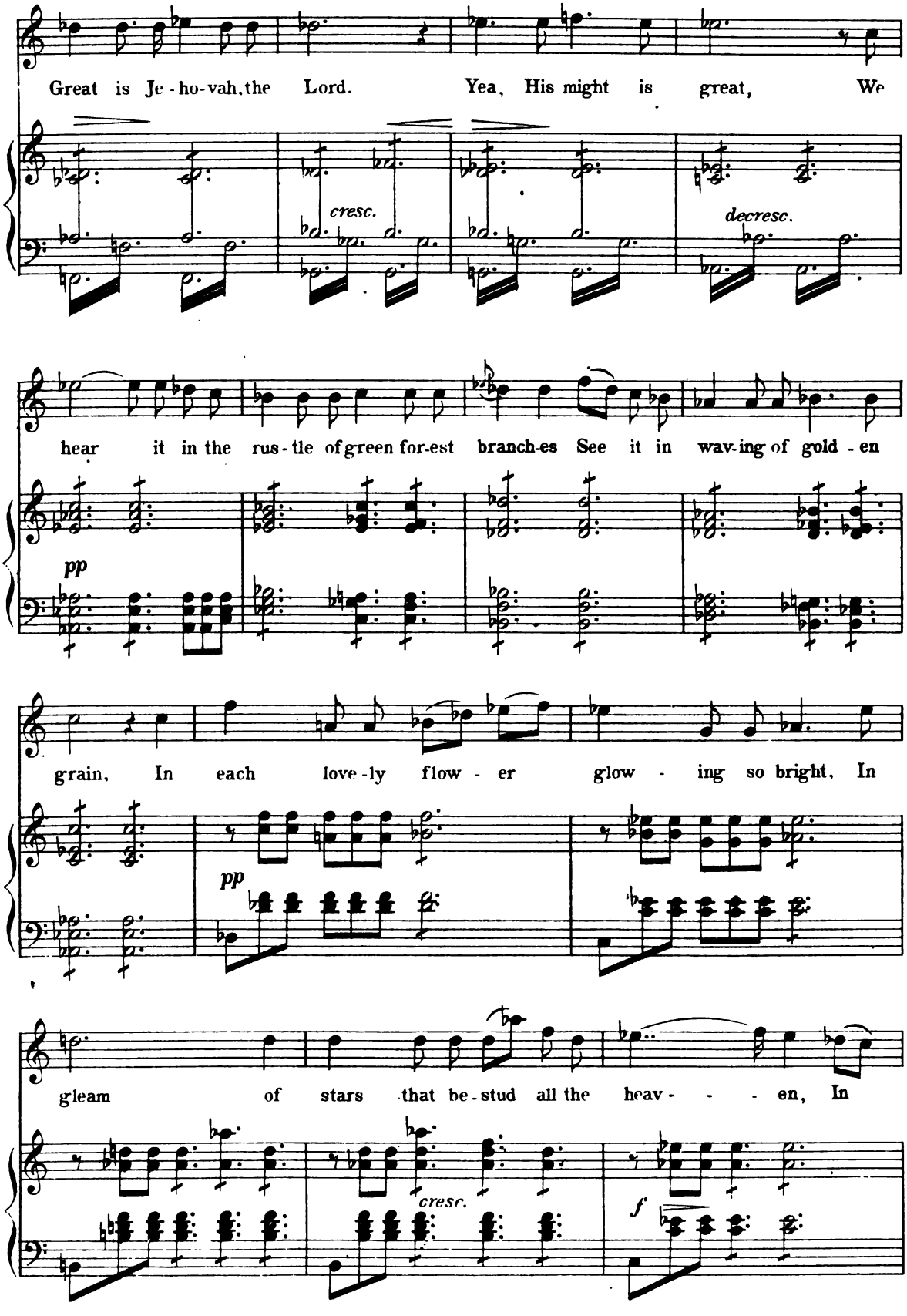
See page 4.

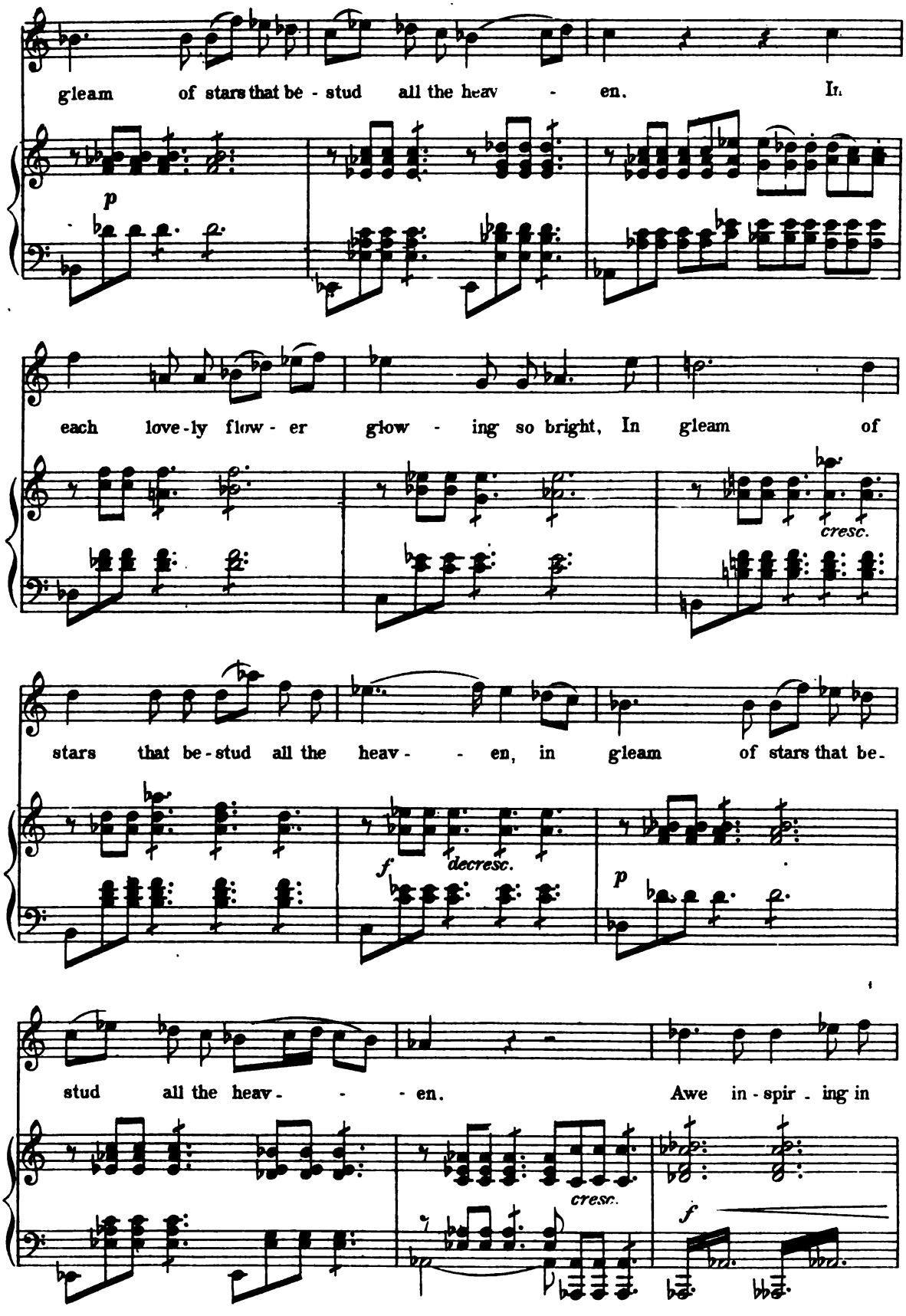
Poem by J. L. Pyrker. *Music by Schubert.*

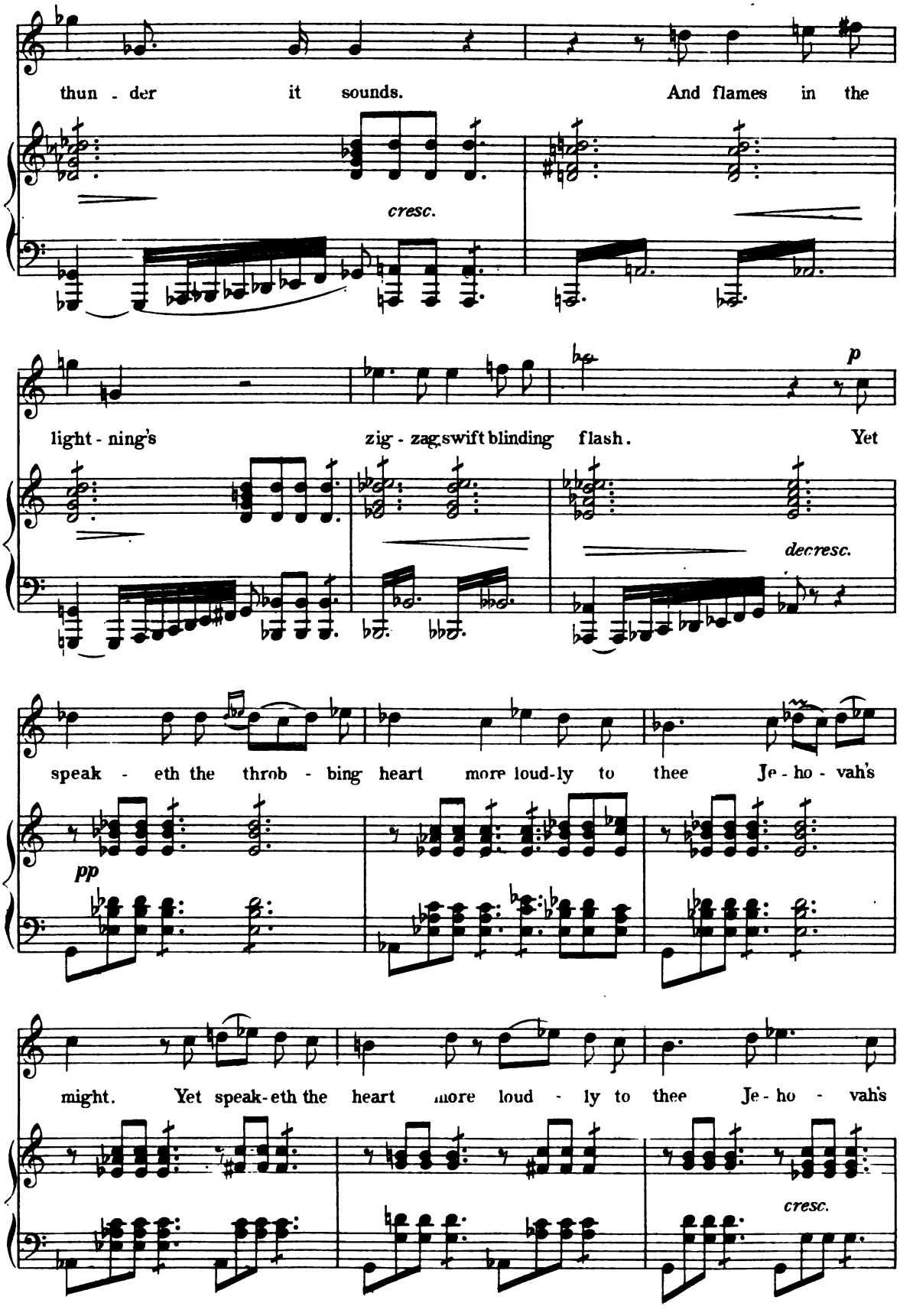
Slowly, solemnly.

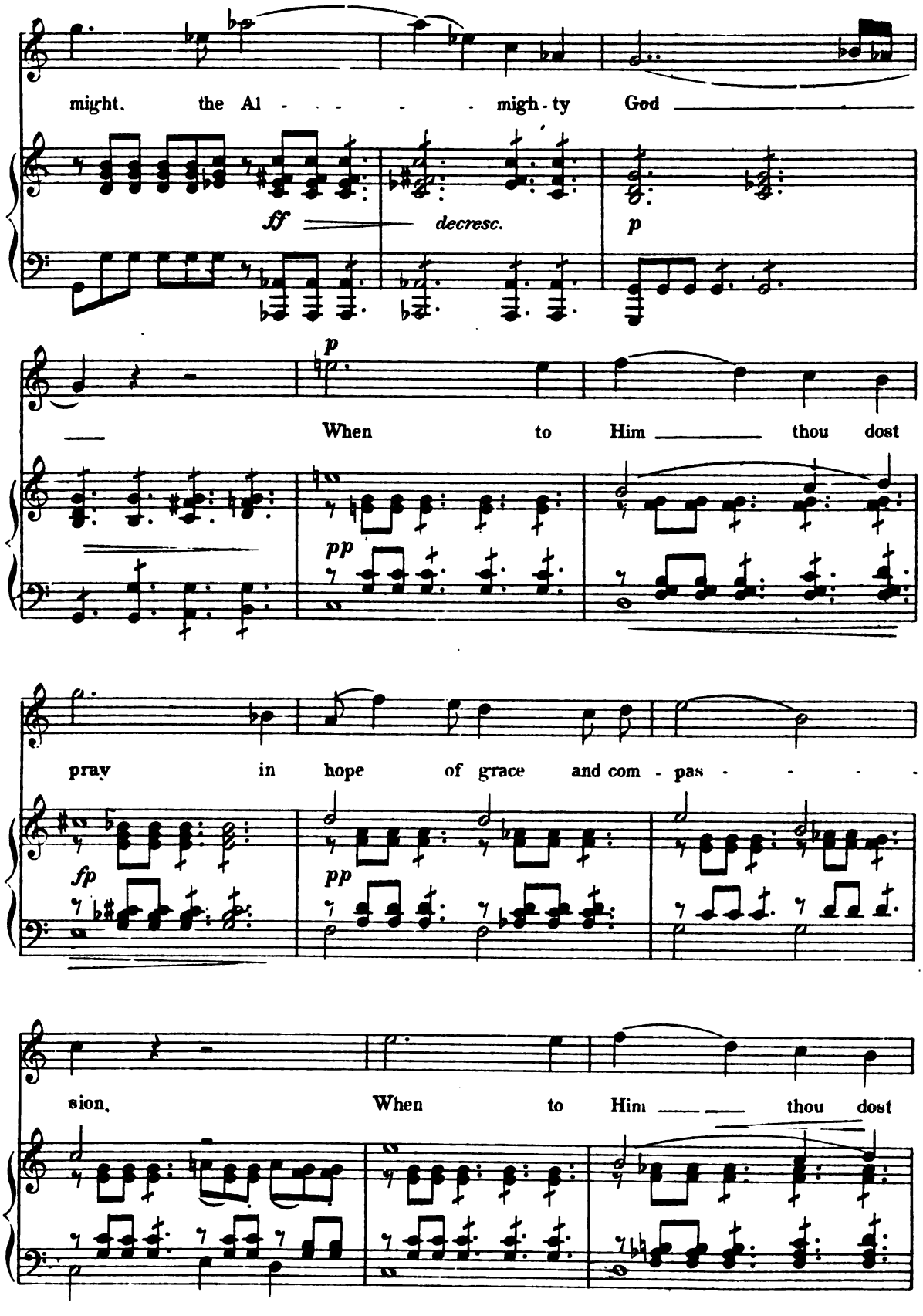


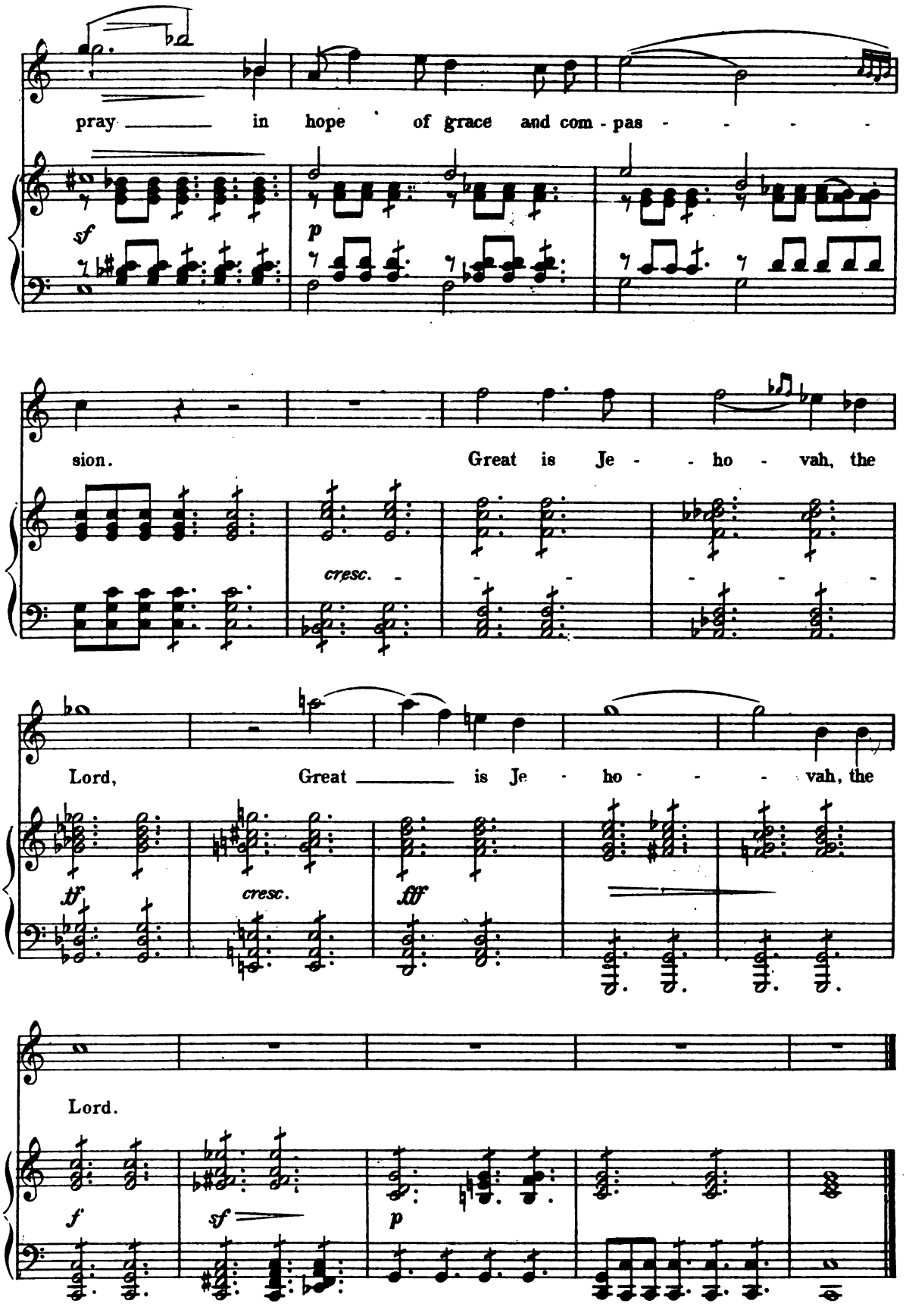

might. We hear it in blasts of the
p
storm, In the roar of the loud cat - a - racts fall.
Great is Je - ho - vah, the Lord. We hear it in blasts of the
p
storm, In the roar of the loud cat - a - racts fall.
cresc.


Great is Je-ho-vah, the Lord. Yea, His might is great, We
cresc.
decresc.
hear it in the rus-tle of green for-est branch-es See it in wav-ing of gold-en
pp
grain, In each love-ly flow-er glow-ing so bright, In
pp
gleam of stars that be-stud all the heav-en, In
cresc.
f


gleam of stars that be - stud all the heav - en. In
p
each love-ly flow - er glow - ing so bright, In gleam of
cresc.
stars that be-stud all the heav - - en, in gleam of stars that be-
f
decresc.
p
stud all the heav - - - en. Awe in-spir - ing in
cresc.
f


thun - der it sounds. And flames in the
cresc.
light - ning's zig - zag swift blinding flash. Yet
p
decresc.
speak - eth the throb - bing heart more loud-ly to thee Je - ho - vah's
pp
might. Yet speak-eth the heart more loud - ly to thee Je - ho - vah's
cresc.


might, the Al - - - - - migh - ty God
ff
decresc.
p
p
When to Him thou dost
pp
pray in hope of grace and com - pas - - - -
fp
pp
sion, When to Him thou dost


pray in hope of grace and com - pas - - - - -
sf
p
sion.
Great is Je - - ho - vah, the
cresc.
Lord,
Great is Je - ho - - - vah, the
ff
cresc.
fff
Lord.
f
sf
p

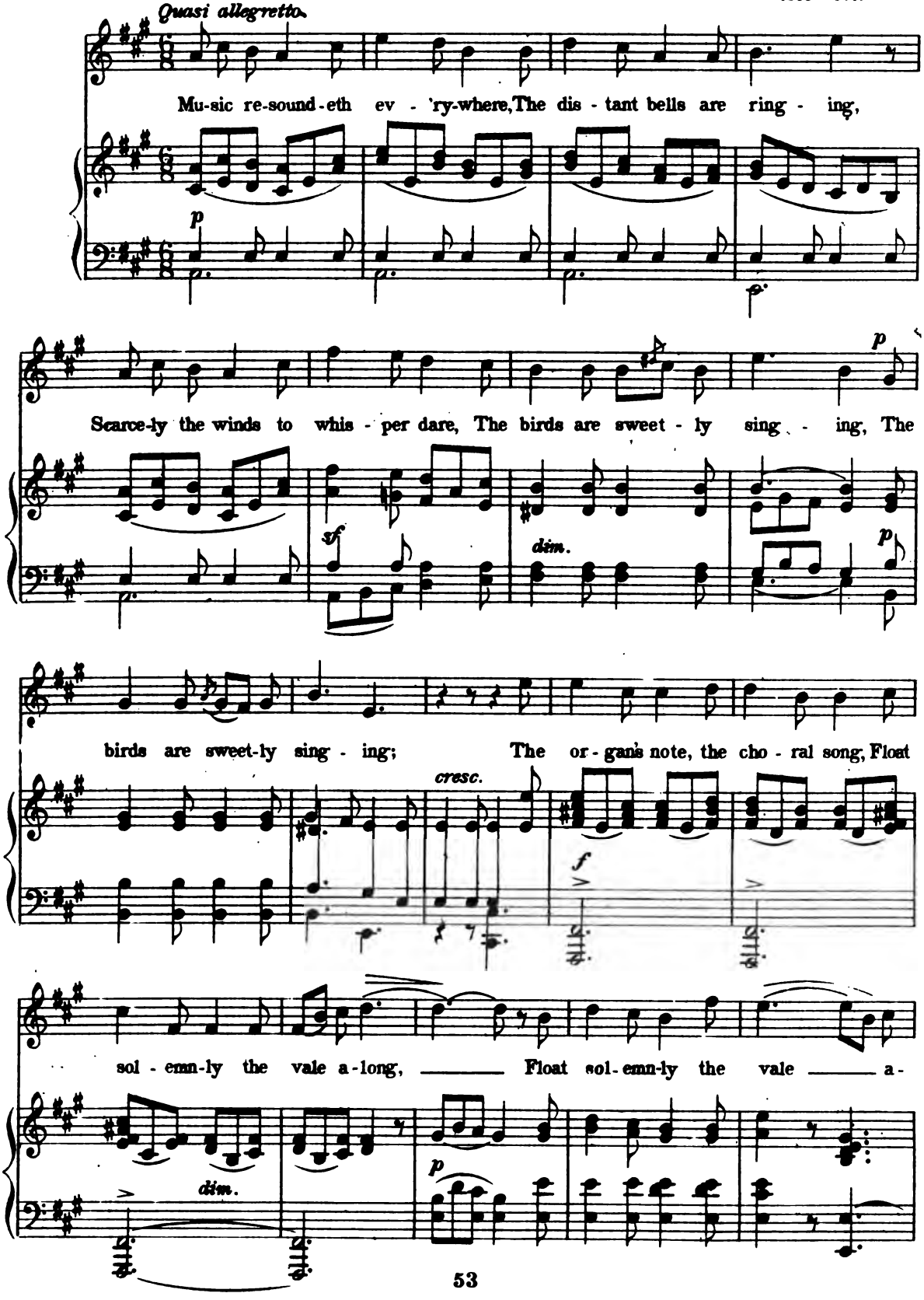
Alone.

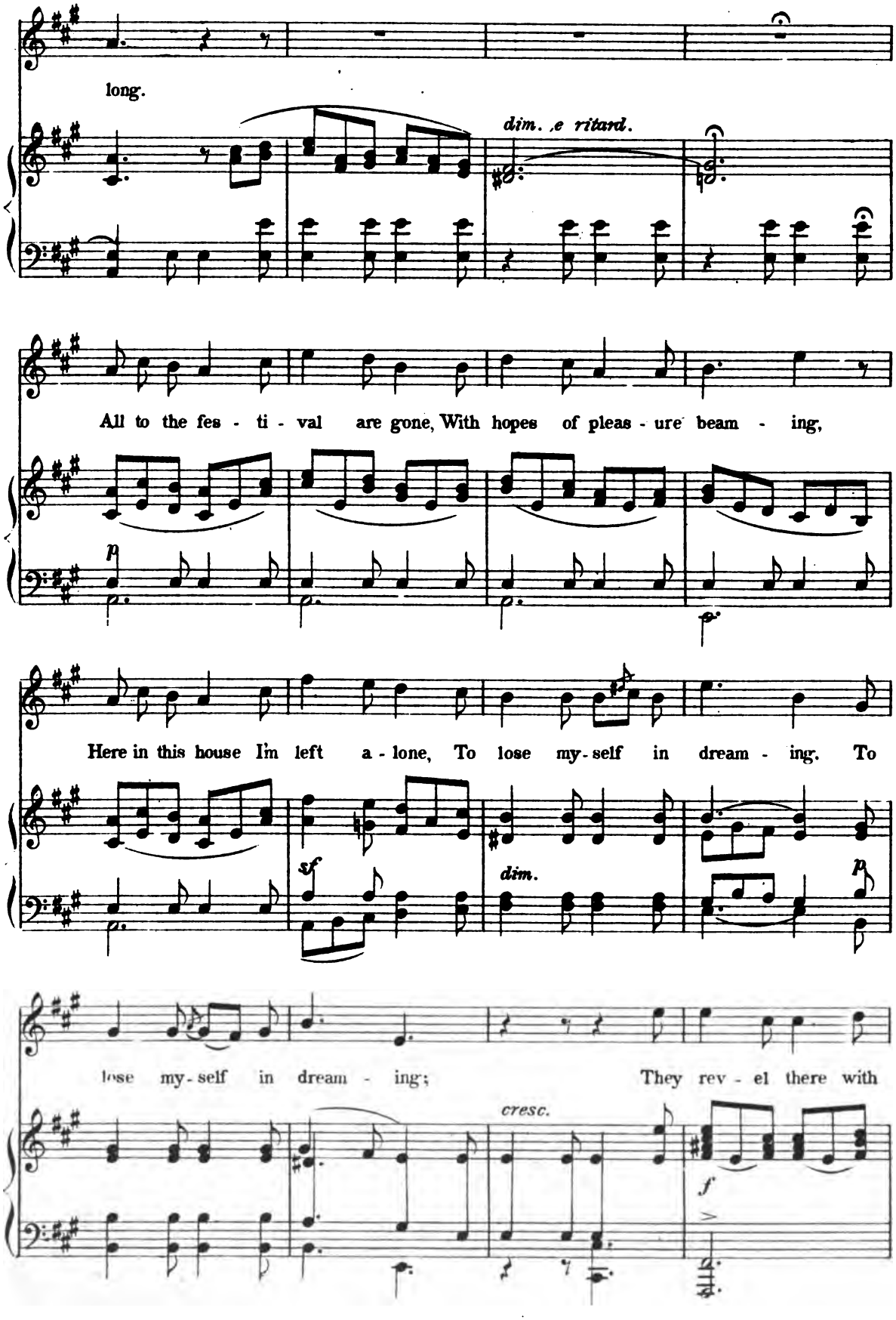
(SONNTAGSLIED.)

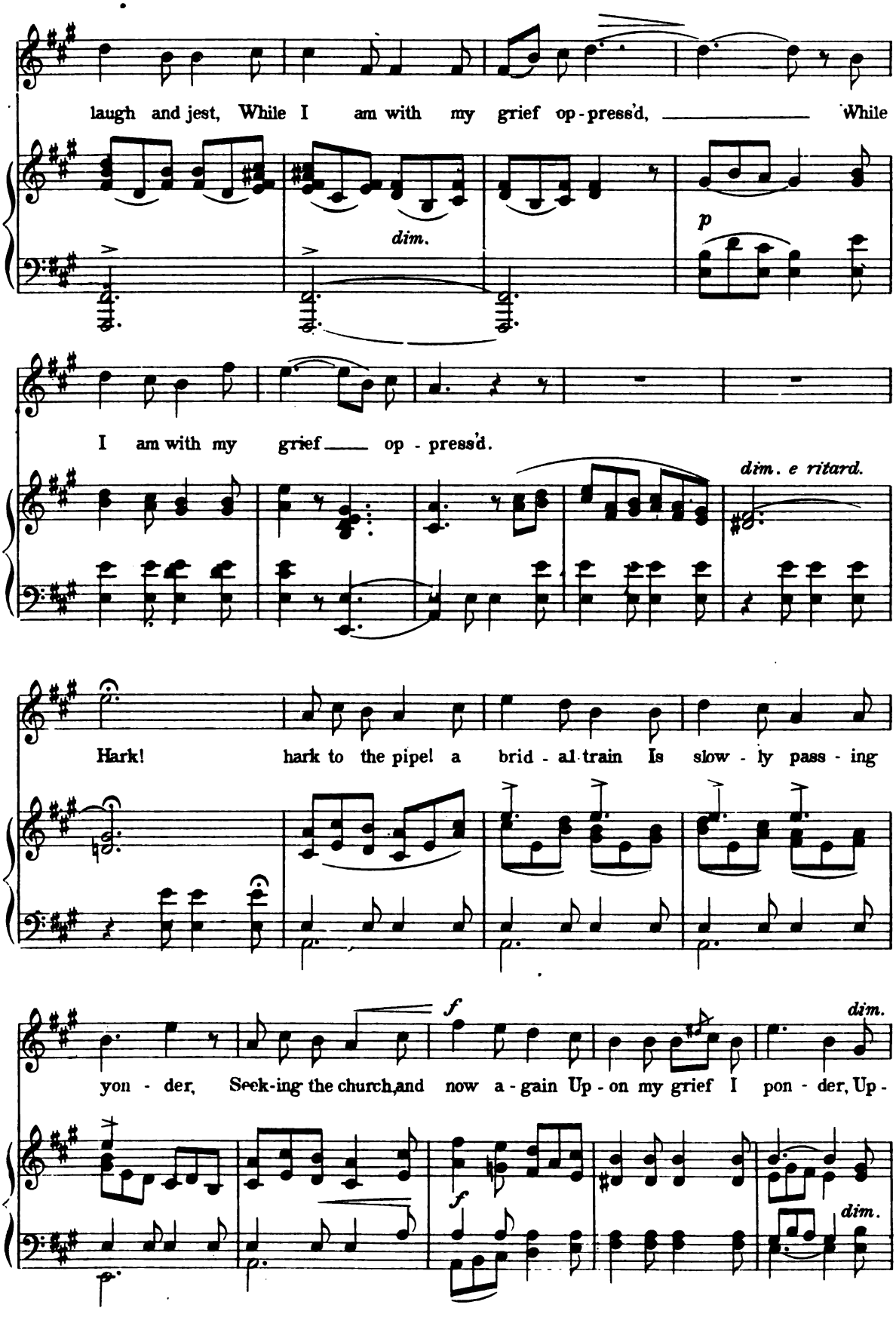
Poem by G. Klingemann.

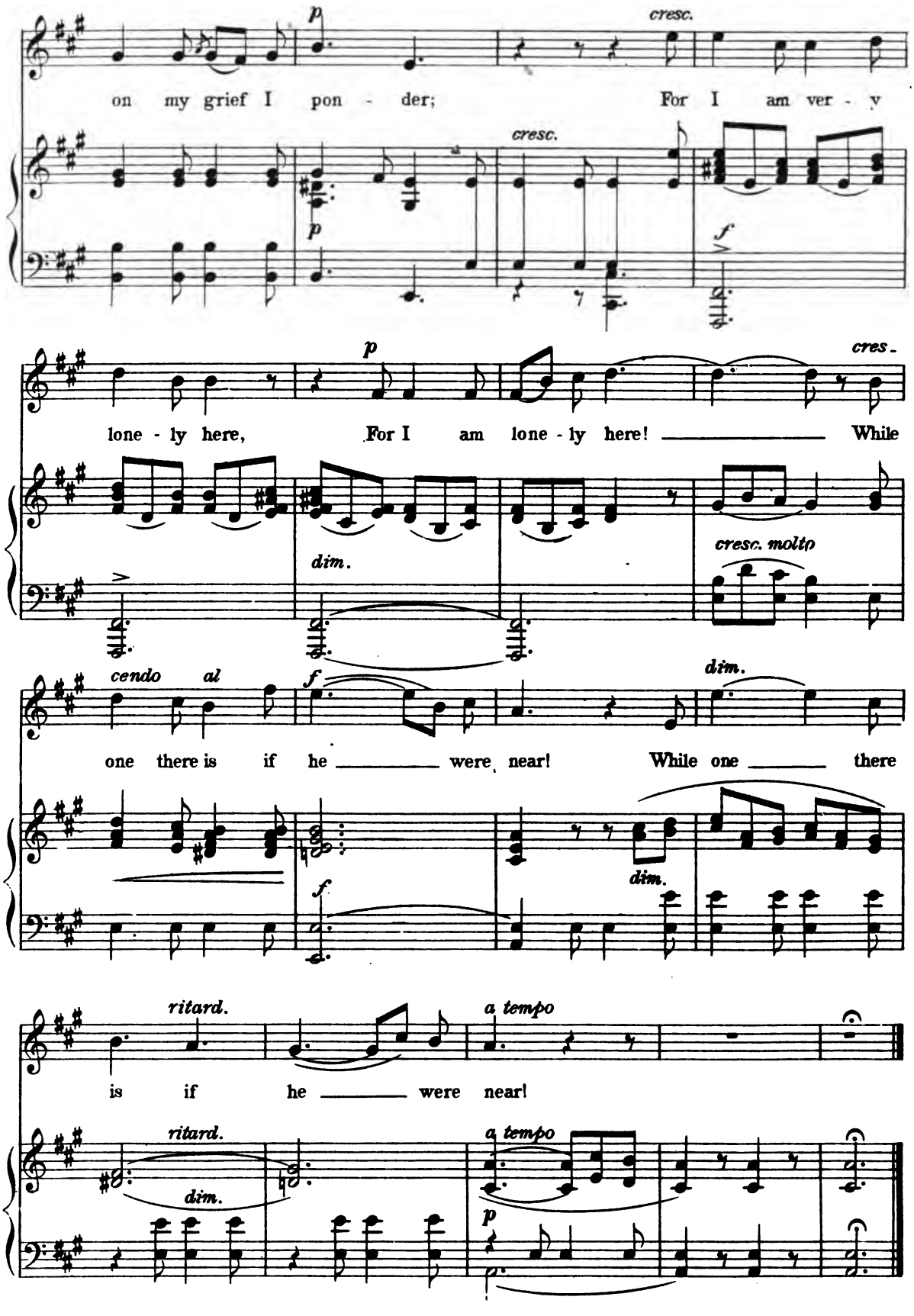
See page 4.

Music by Mendelssohn.
1809 – 1847.




long.
dim. e ritard.
All to the fes - ti - val are gone, With hopes of pleas - ure beam - ing,
p
Here in this house I'm left a - lone, To lose my-self in dream - ing. To
sf
dim.
p
lose my-self in dream - ing; They rev - el there with
cresc.
f


laugh and jest, While I am with my grief op-press'd, While
dim.
p
I am with my grief op-press'd.
dim. e ritard.
Hark! hark to the pipe! a brid-al train Is slow-ly pass-ing
f
dim.
yon-der, Seek-ing the church, and now a-gain Up-on my grief I pon-der, Up-
f
dim.


p
cresc.
on my grief I pon - der;
For I am ver - y
cresc.
p
f
p
cres-
lone - ly here,
For I am lone - ly here!
While
dim.
cresc. molto
cendo al
f
dim.
one there is if he
were near!
While one
there
f
dim.
ritard.
a tempo
is if he
were near!
ritard.
a tempo
dim.
p

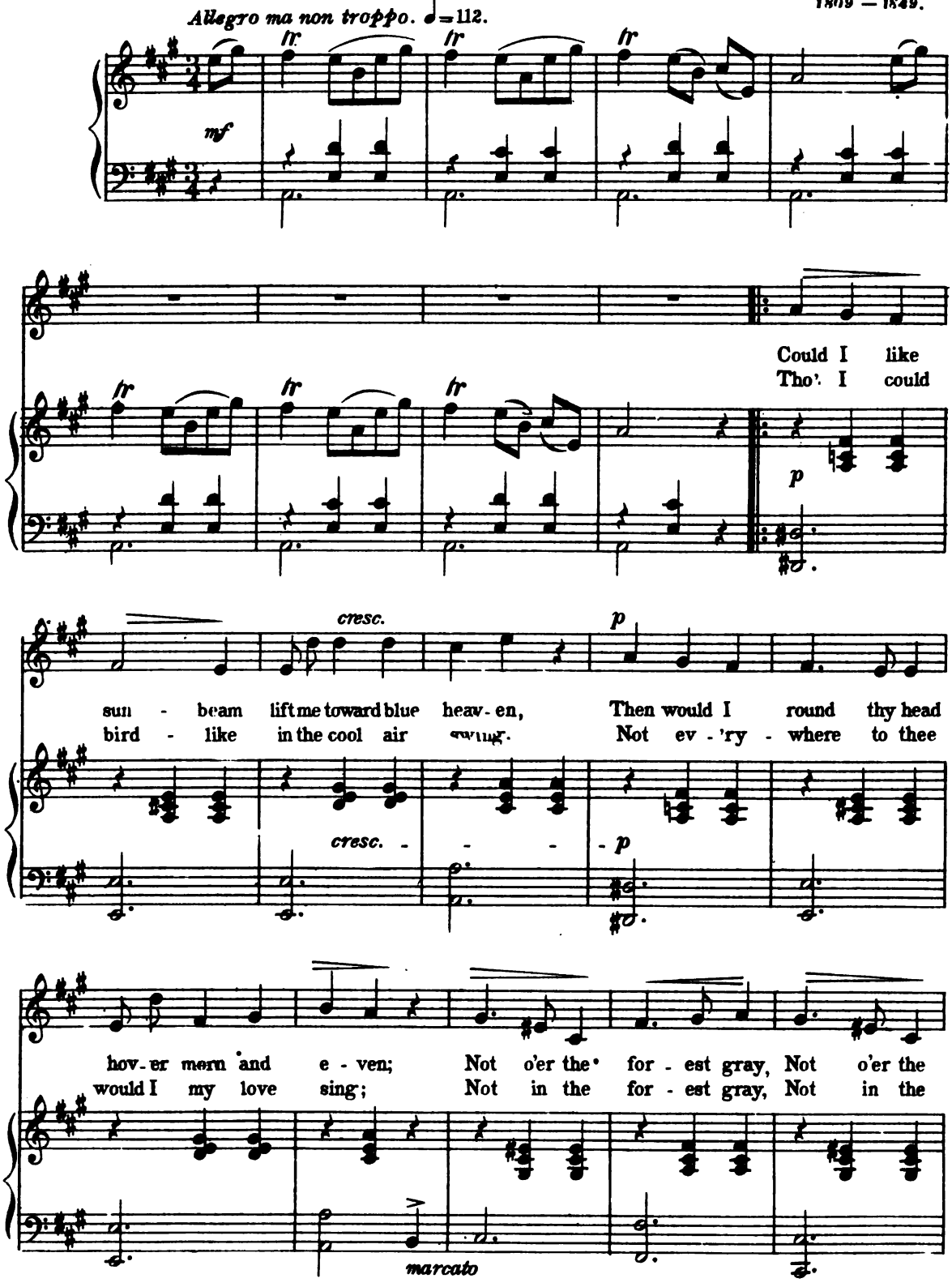
The Maiden's Wish.

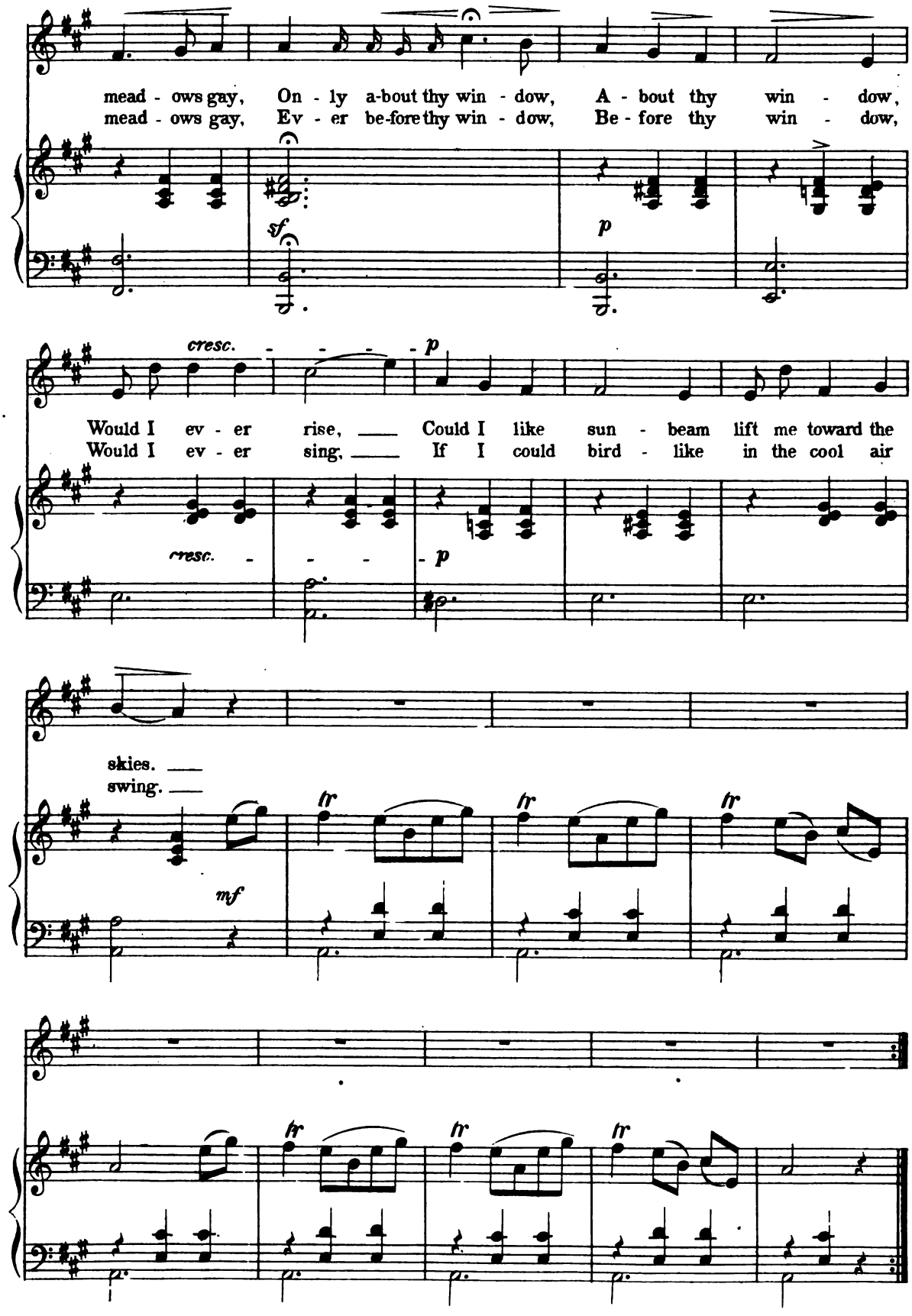
See page 5.

Poem by Witwicki.

Music by Chopin.
1809 — 1849.

Allegro ma non troppo. ♩=112.




mead - ows gay, On - ly a-bout thy win - dow, A - bout thy win - dow,
mead - ows gay, Ev - er be-fore thy win - dow, Be - fore thy win - dow,
sf
p
cresc. - - - - p
Would I ev - er rise, Could I like sun - beam lift me toward the
Would I ev - er sing, If I could bird - like in the cool air
cresc. - - - p
skies.
swing.
mf
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

Request.

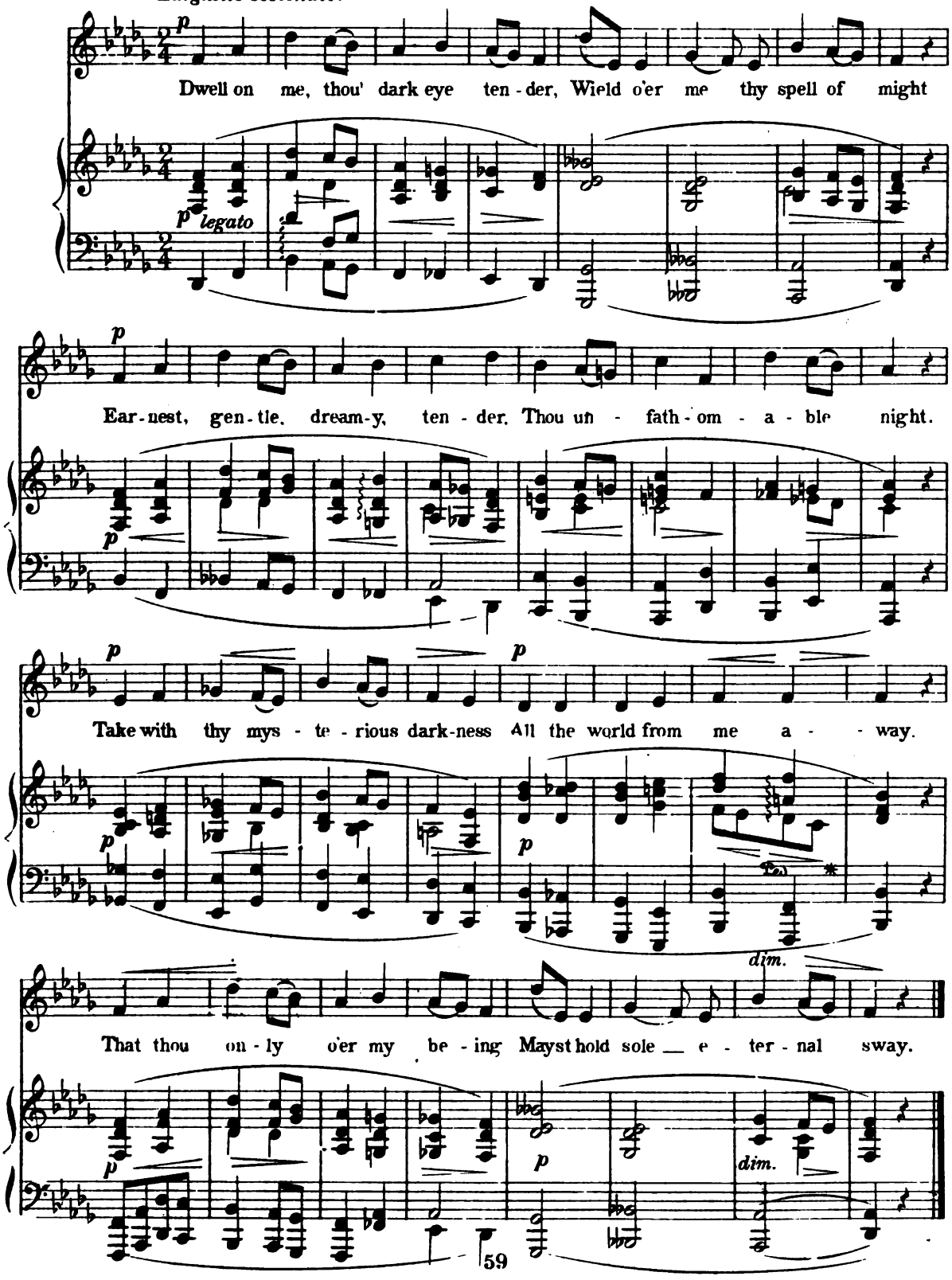
(BITTE)

See page 5.

Poem by Lenau.

Music by Franz.
1815 – 1892.

Larghetto sostenuto.

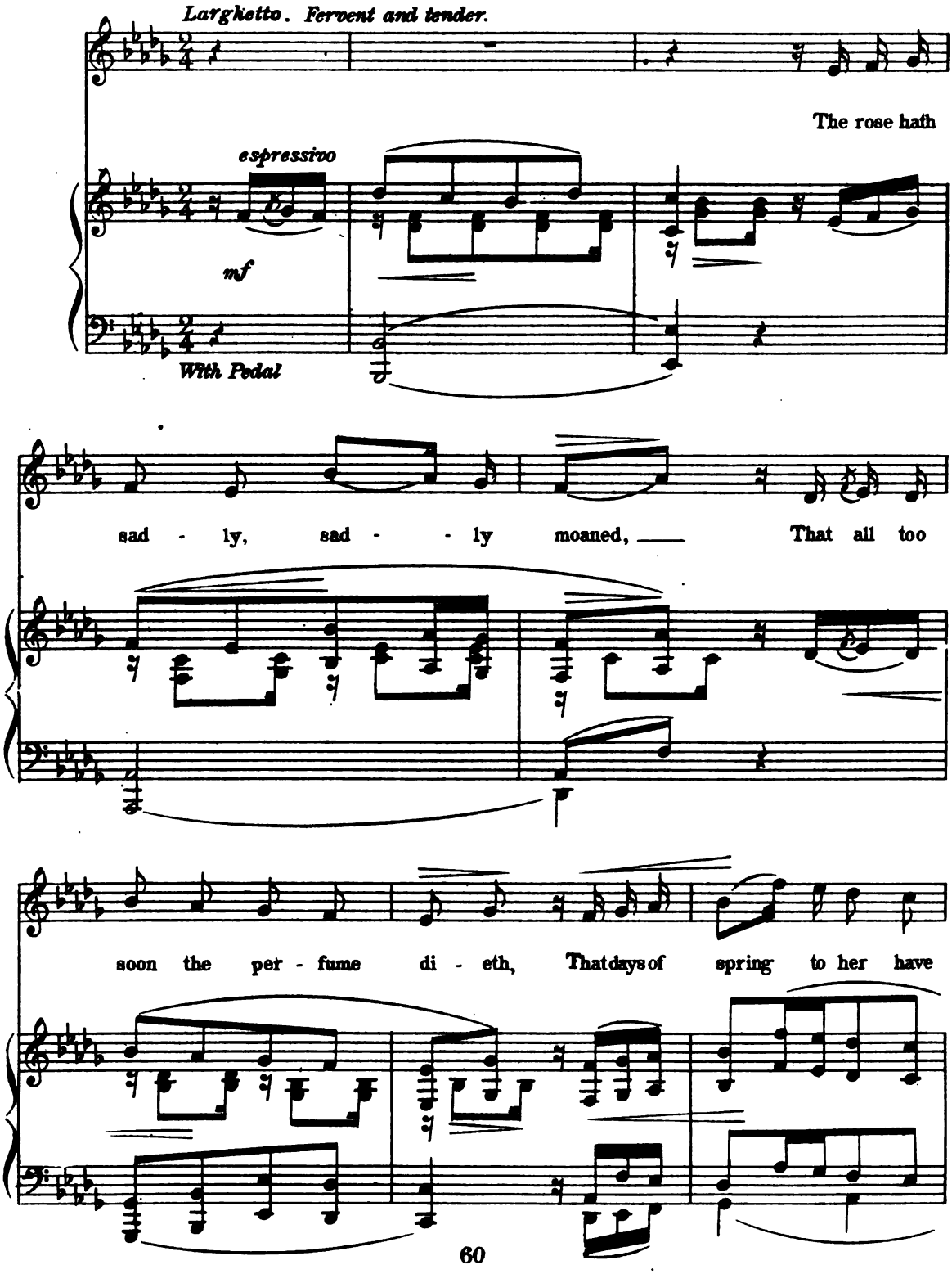


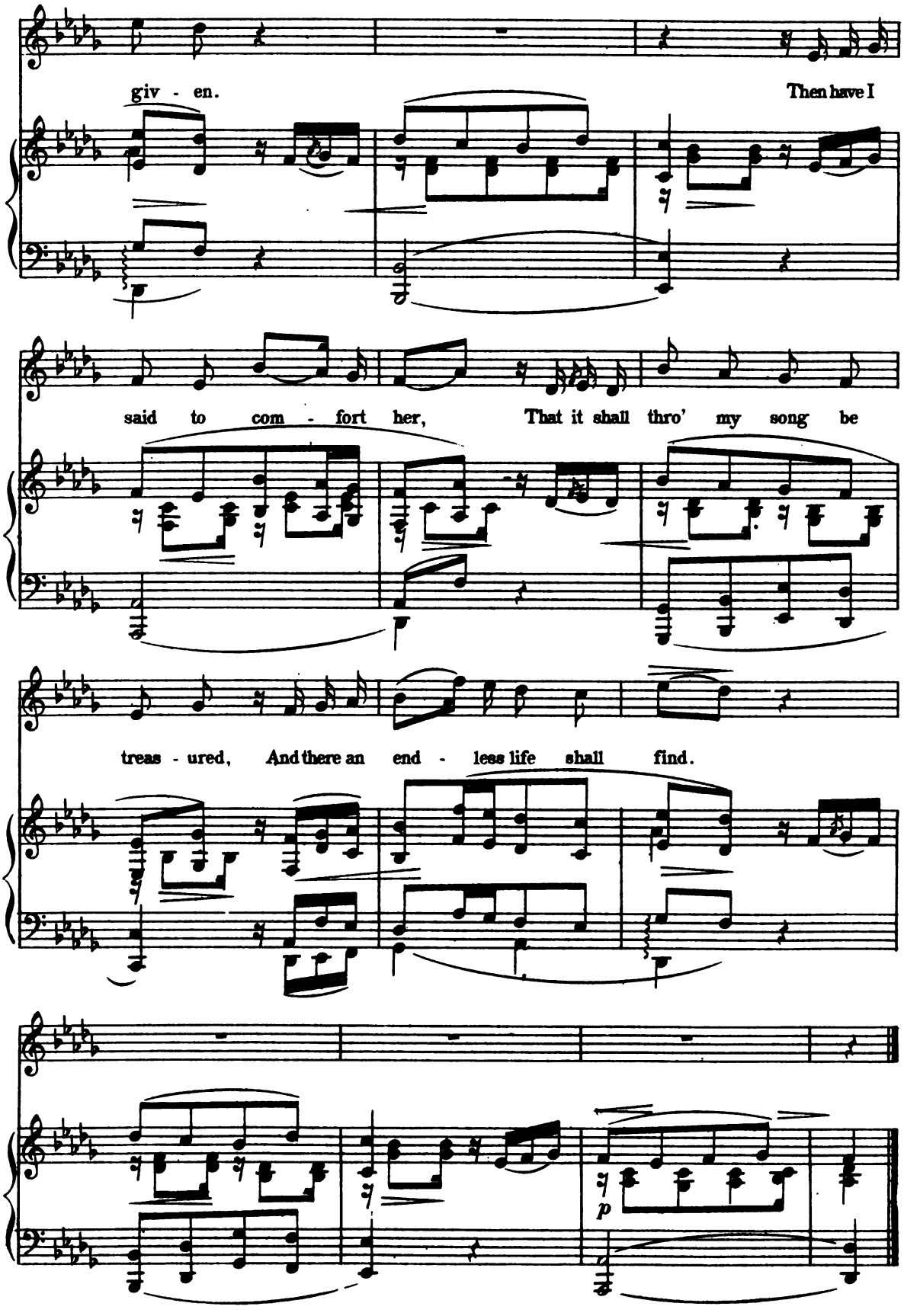
The Rose Complained.

(ES HAT DIE ROSE SICH BEKLAGT.)

See page 6.

Poem by Bodenstedt (Mirza Schaffy). *Music by Franz.*




giv - en.
Then have I
said to com - fort her,
That it shall thro' my song be
treas - ured,
And there an end - less life shall find.
p

Marie.

See page 7.

Poem by Gottschall. *Music by Franz.*

Andantino. Very fervently.

p

Ma - rie, the win-dow frames thy face. Thou dear one sweet and kind — Thou

watch-est there the blos-soms play, Toss'd by the ev - - 'ning wind. — The

mf

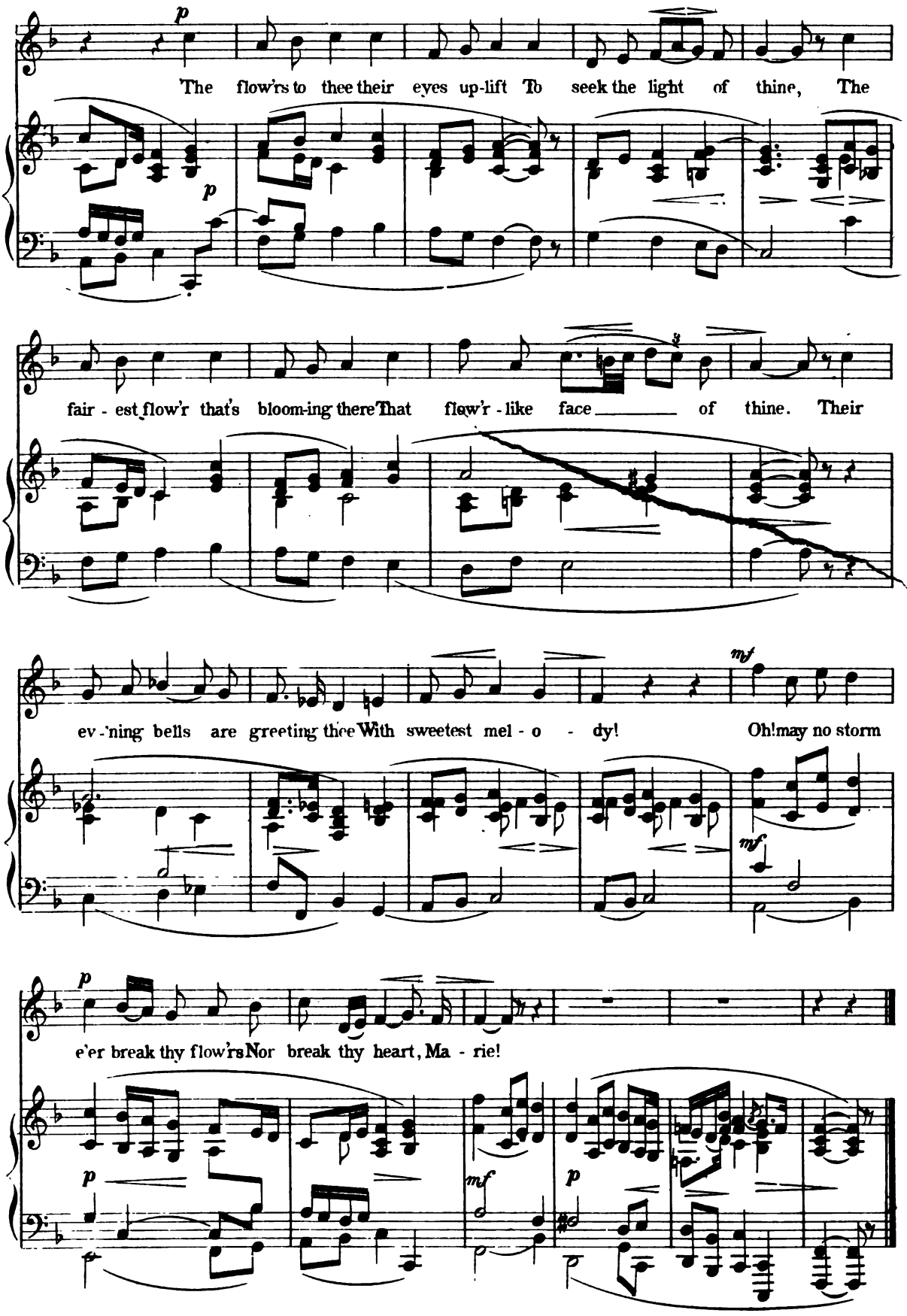
wan-d'rer who is pass-ing by, His hat lifts pi - ous - ly, Thou art thy-self

mf

p

so like a pray'r, So pure, so bright, so free.

p *mf* *R*


p
The flow'rs to thee their eyes up-lift To seek the light of thine, The
fair - est flow'r that's bloom-ing there That flow'r - like face of thine. Their
mf
ev - 'ning bells are greeting thee With sweetest mel - o - dy! Oh! may no storm
mf
p
e'er break thy flow'rs Nor break thy heart, Ma - rie!
p
mf
p

Dedication.

(WIDMUNG.)

See page 7.

Poem by Wolfgang Müller. *Music by Franz.*

Andante con moto. Fervently.

mf

Oh! thank me not for what I sing thee, Rath - er my

mf

grat - i - tude is thine. Thou gav'st the songs,

mf

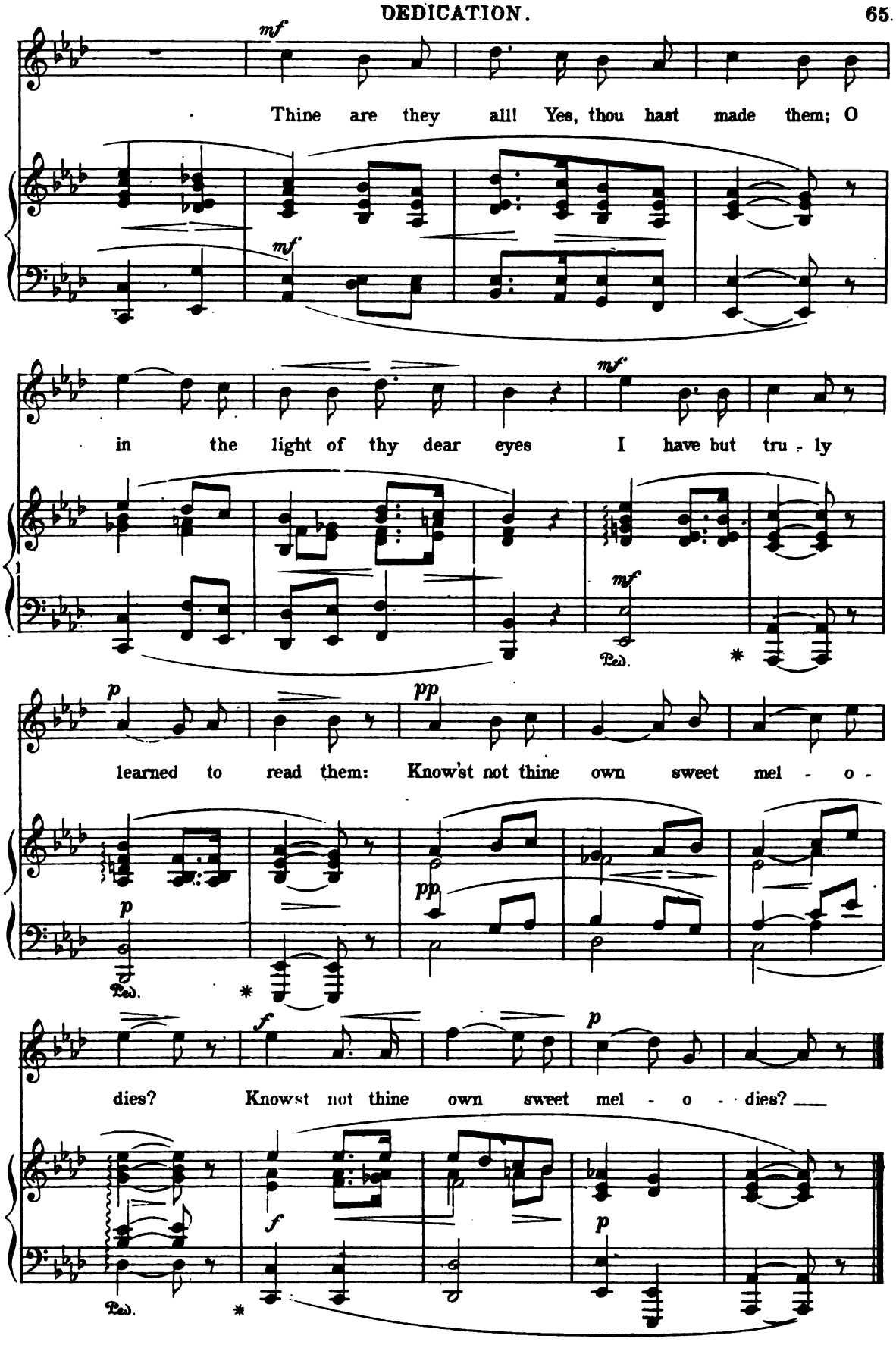
Ped. *

p *mf*

I on - ly bring thee What now and ev - er - more is thine.

p *mf*

Ped. * Ped. *


mf
Thine are they all! Yes, thou hast made them; O
mf
in the light of thy dear eyes I have but tru - ly
mf
Ped.
p
pp
learned to read them: Know'st not thine own sweet mel - o -
p
pp
Ped.
f
p
dies? Knowst not thine own sweet mel - o - dies?
f
p
Ped.

The Asra.

(DER ASRA.)

See page 8.

Poem by Heine.

Music by Rubinstein.
1829 — 1894.

Moderato.

p

Dai - ly walk'd in peer - less beau - ty, To and fro the

p

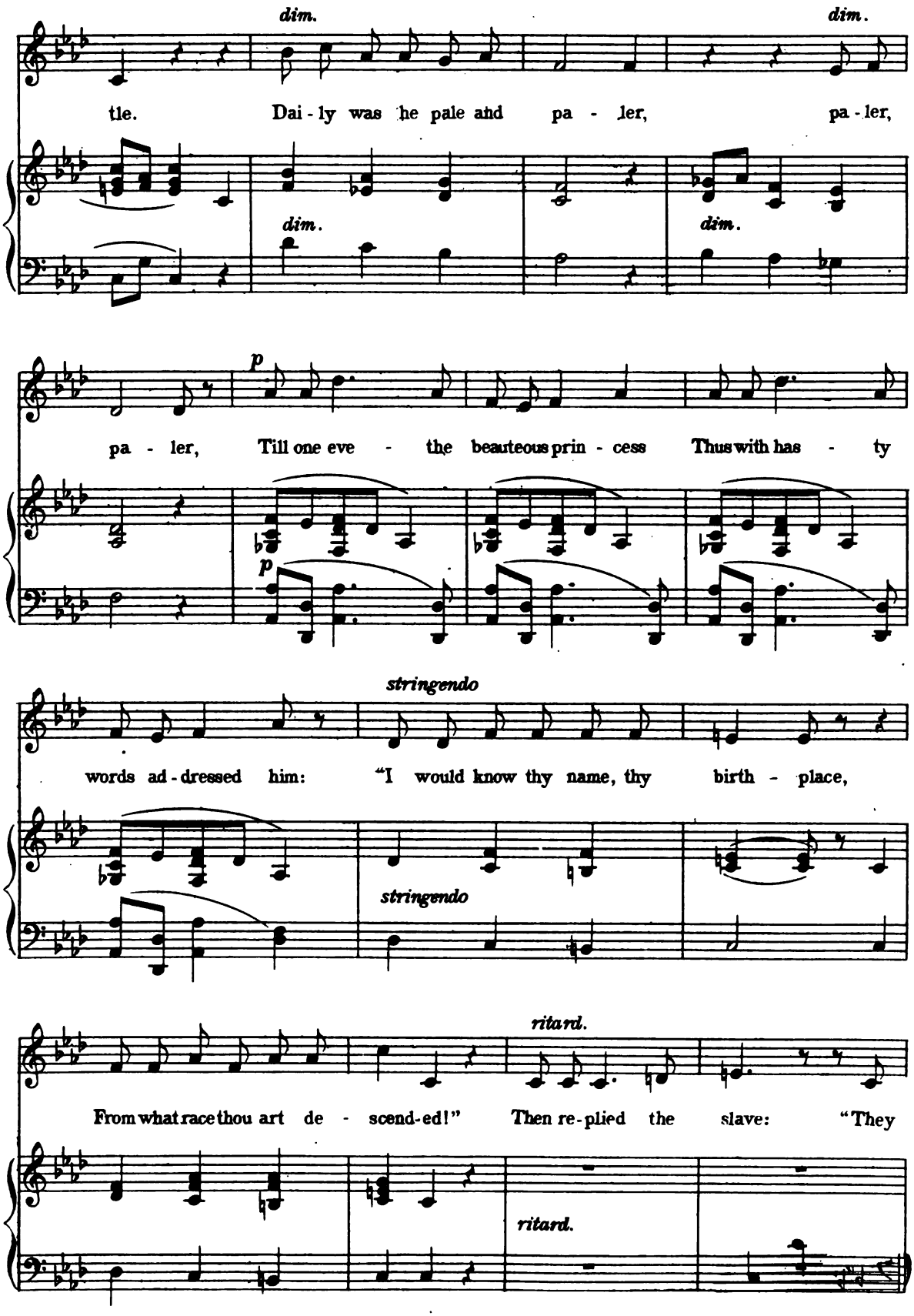
Sul - tan's daugh - ter, In the eve - ning near the foun - tain, Where the lu - cid

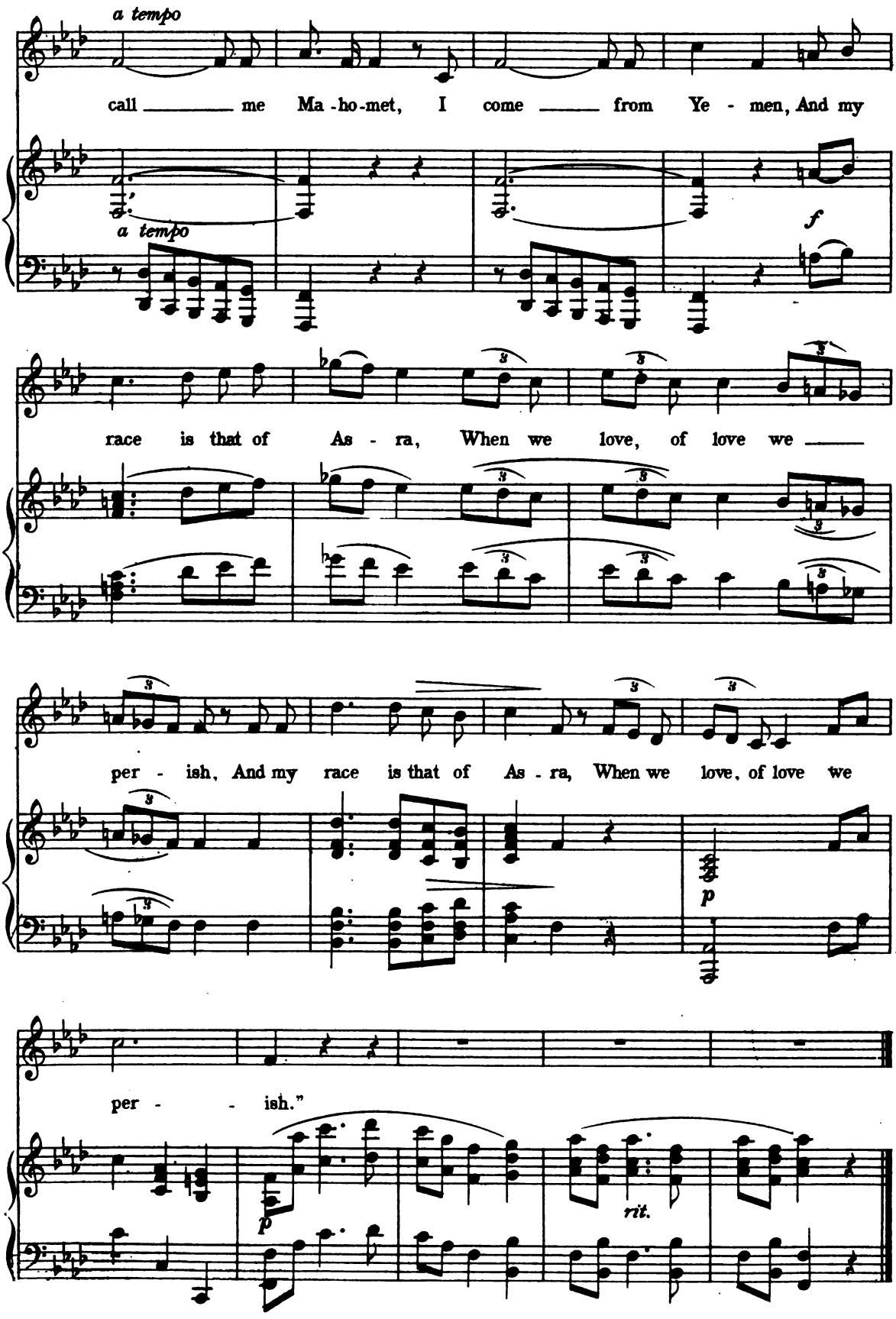
mf

wa - ters prat - tle; Dai - ly stood the young slave al - so, In the eve - ning

mf

near the foun - tain, Where the lu - cid wa - - ters prat - - -


dim.
dim.
tle. Dai - ly was he pale and pa - ler, pa - ler,
dim.
dim.
p
pa - ler, Till one eve - the beauteous prin - cess Thus with has - ty
p
stringendo
words ad - dressed him: "I would know thy name, thy birth - place,
stringendo
ritard.
From what race thou art de - scend - ed!" Then re - plied the slave: "They
ritard.

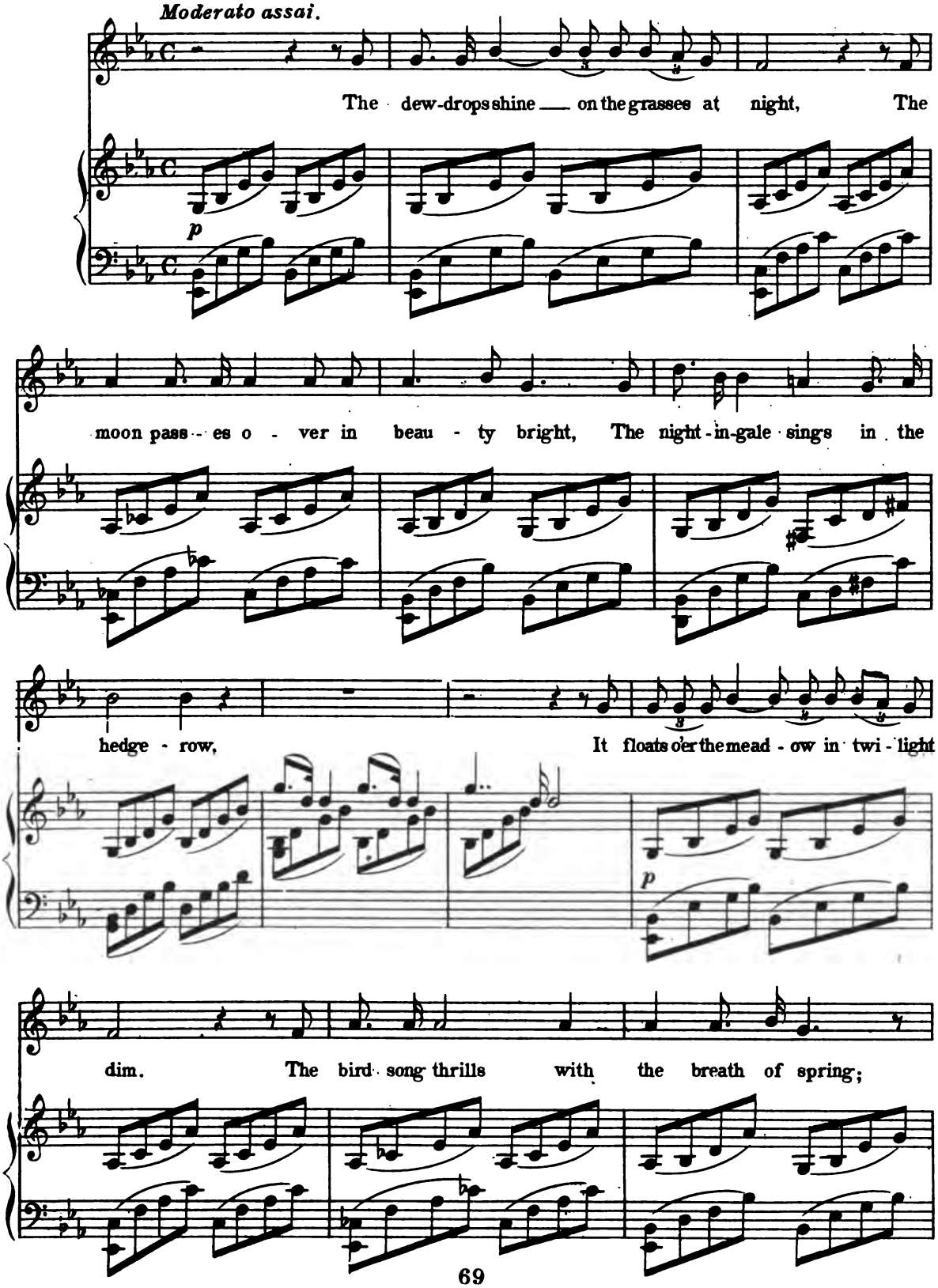

a tempo
call me Ma-ho-met, I come from Ye - men, And my
a tempo
f
race is that of As - ra, When we love, of love we
per - ish, And my race is that of As - ra, When we love, of love we
p
per - ish."
p
rit.

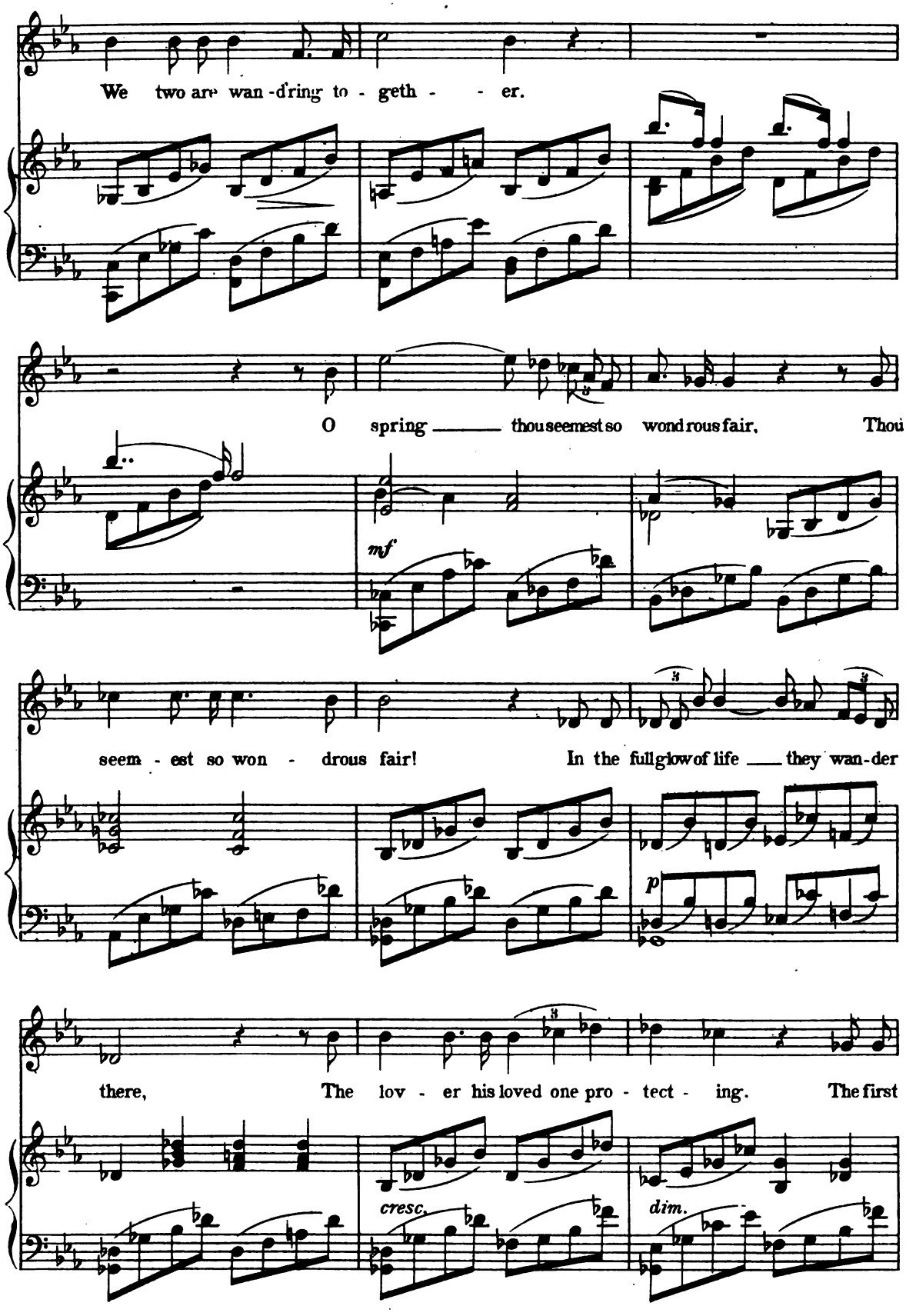
The Dewdrops Glitter.

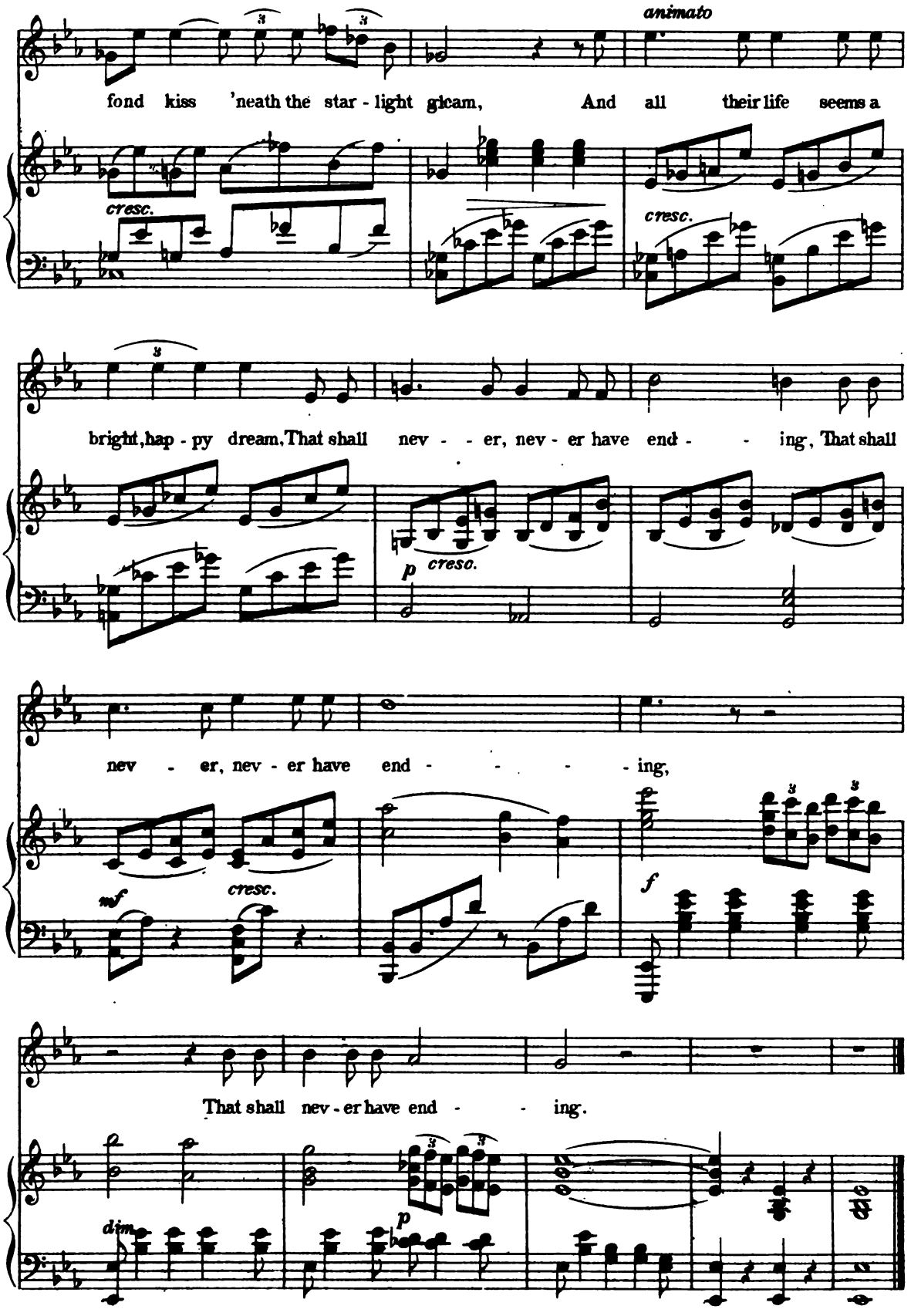
(ES BLINKT DER THAU.)

Poem by G. von Boddien. *See page 8.* *Music by Rubinstein.*

Moderato assai.




We two are wan-d'ring to - geth - - er.
O spring ___ thou seemest so wond rous fair, Thou
mf
seem - est so won - drous fair! In the full glow of life ___ they wan-der
p
there, The lov - er his loved one pro - tect - ing. The first
cresc.
dim.


animato
fond kiss 'neath the star - light gleam, And all their life seems a
cresc.
cresc.
bright, hap - py dream, That shall nev - - er, nev - er have end - - ing, That shall
p cresc.
nev - er, nev - er have end - - - - ing,
mf
cresc.
f
That shall nev - er have end - - ing.
dim
p

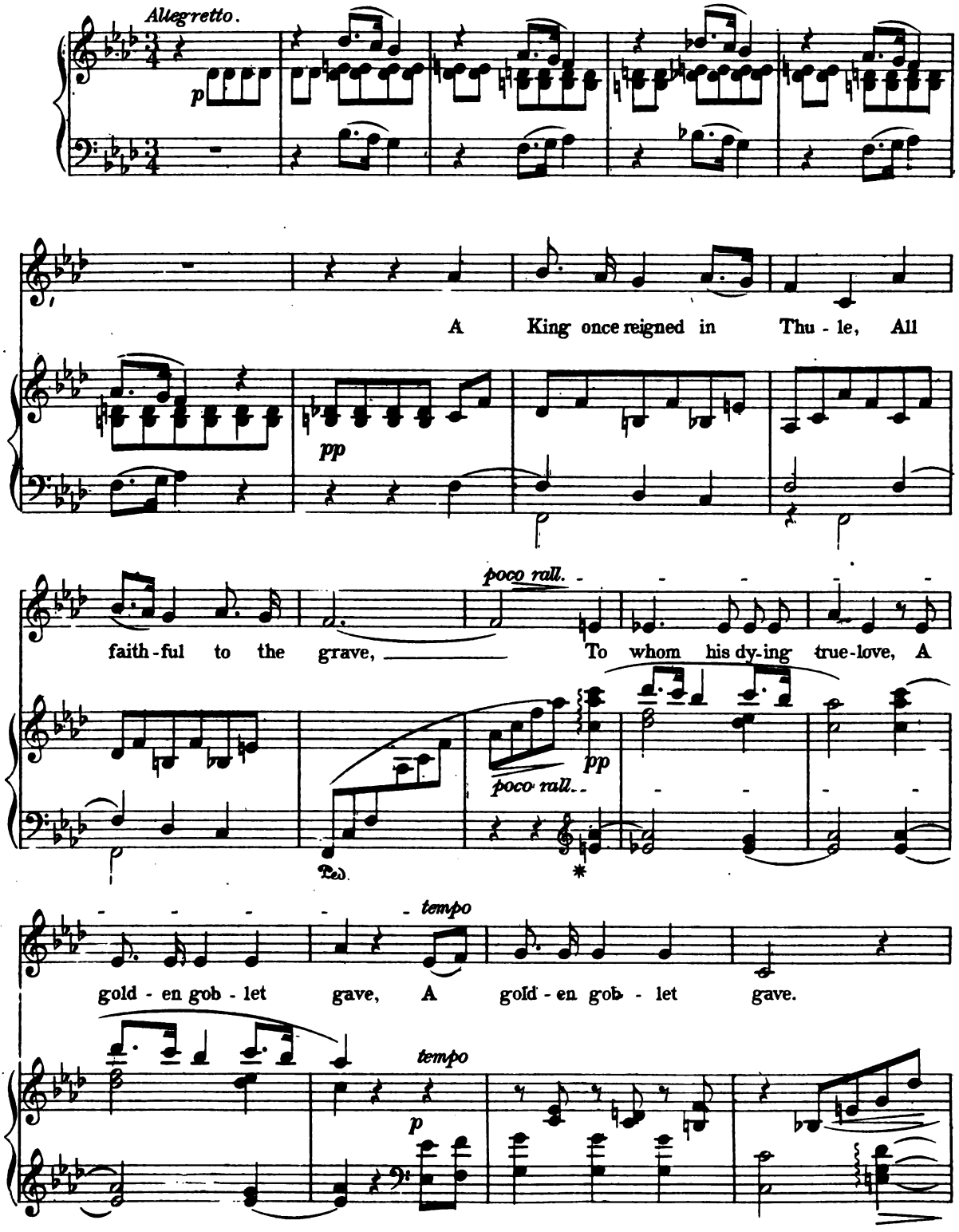
The King of Thule.

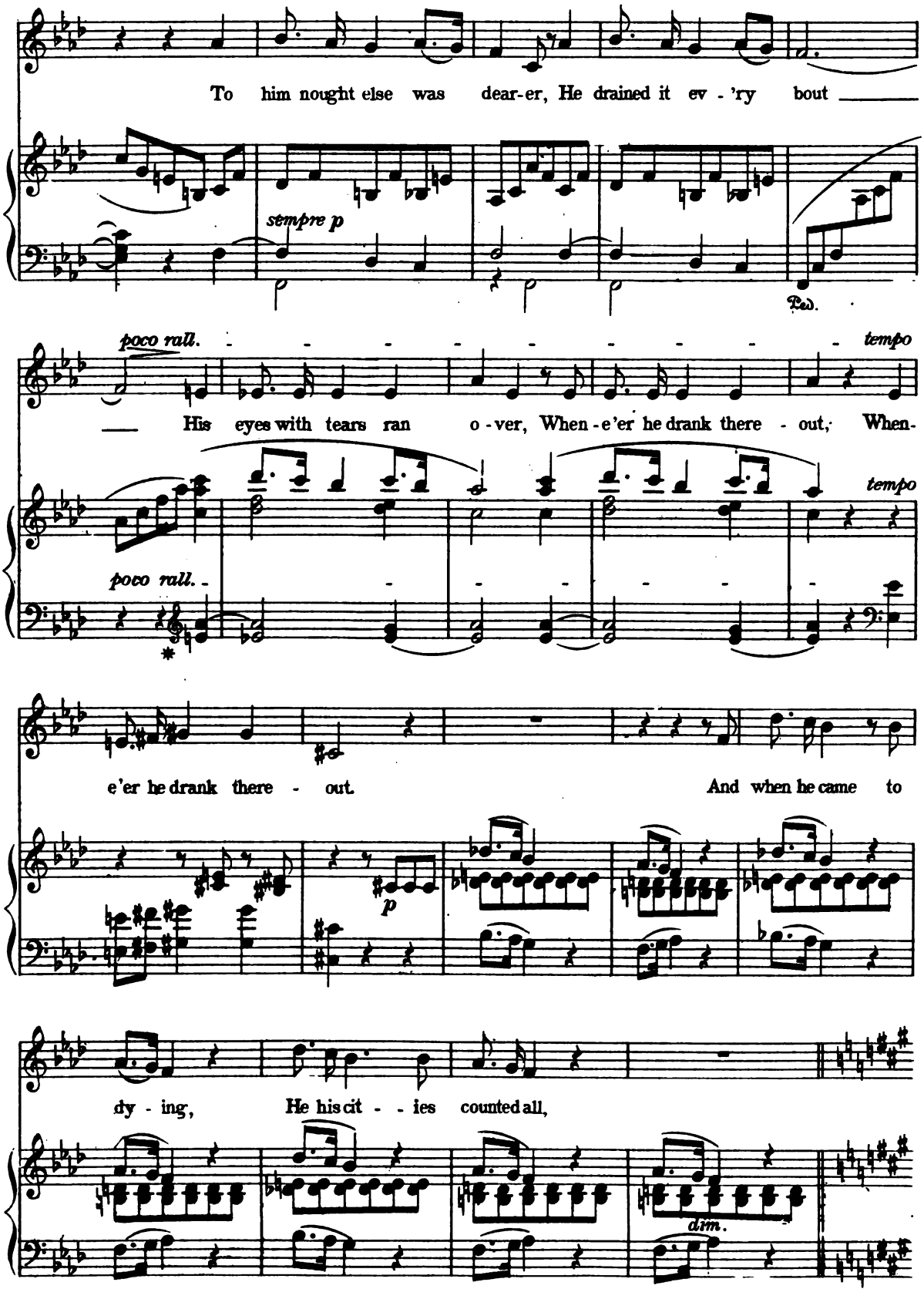
(DER KÖNIG VON THULE.)

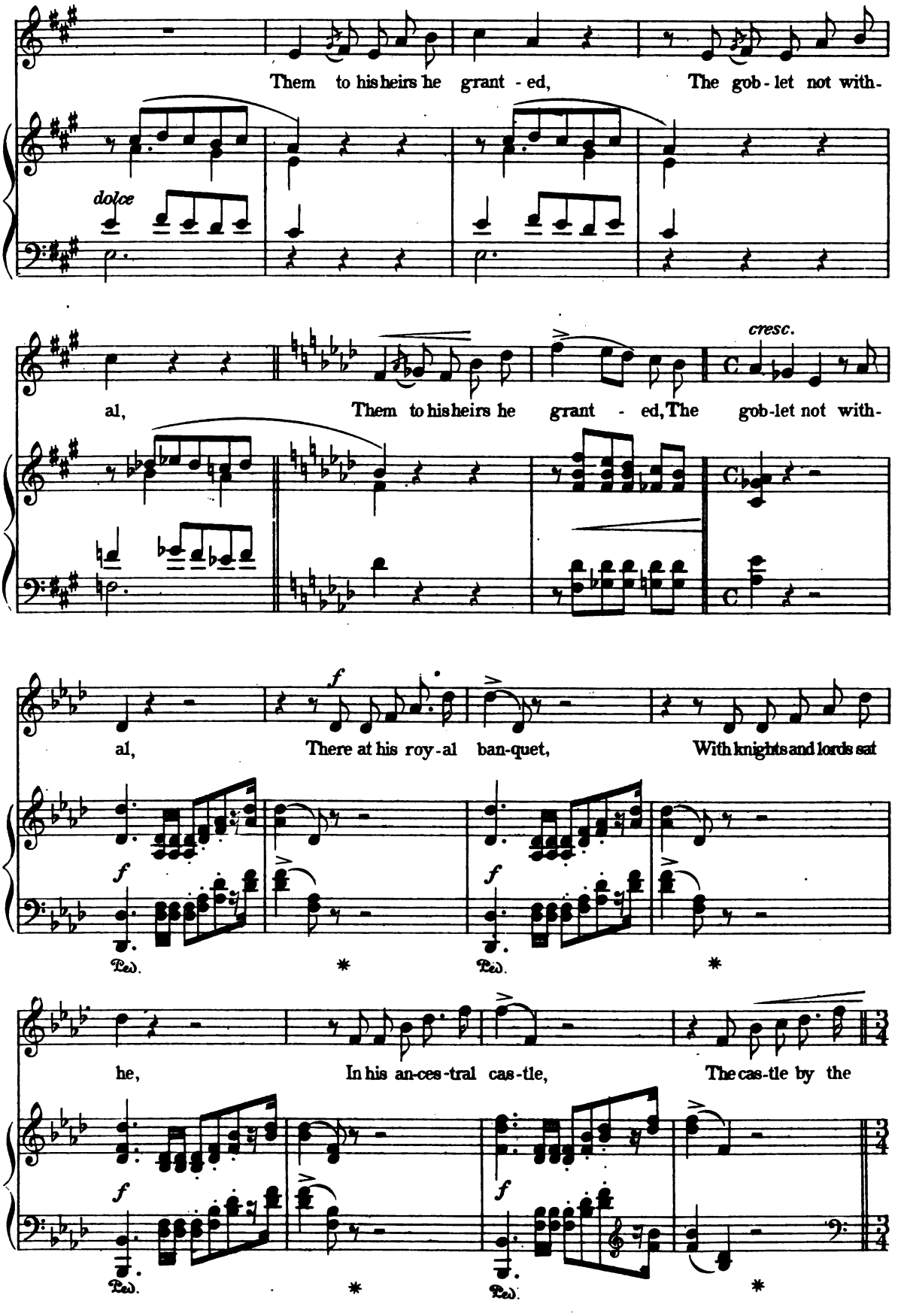
See page 8.

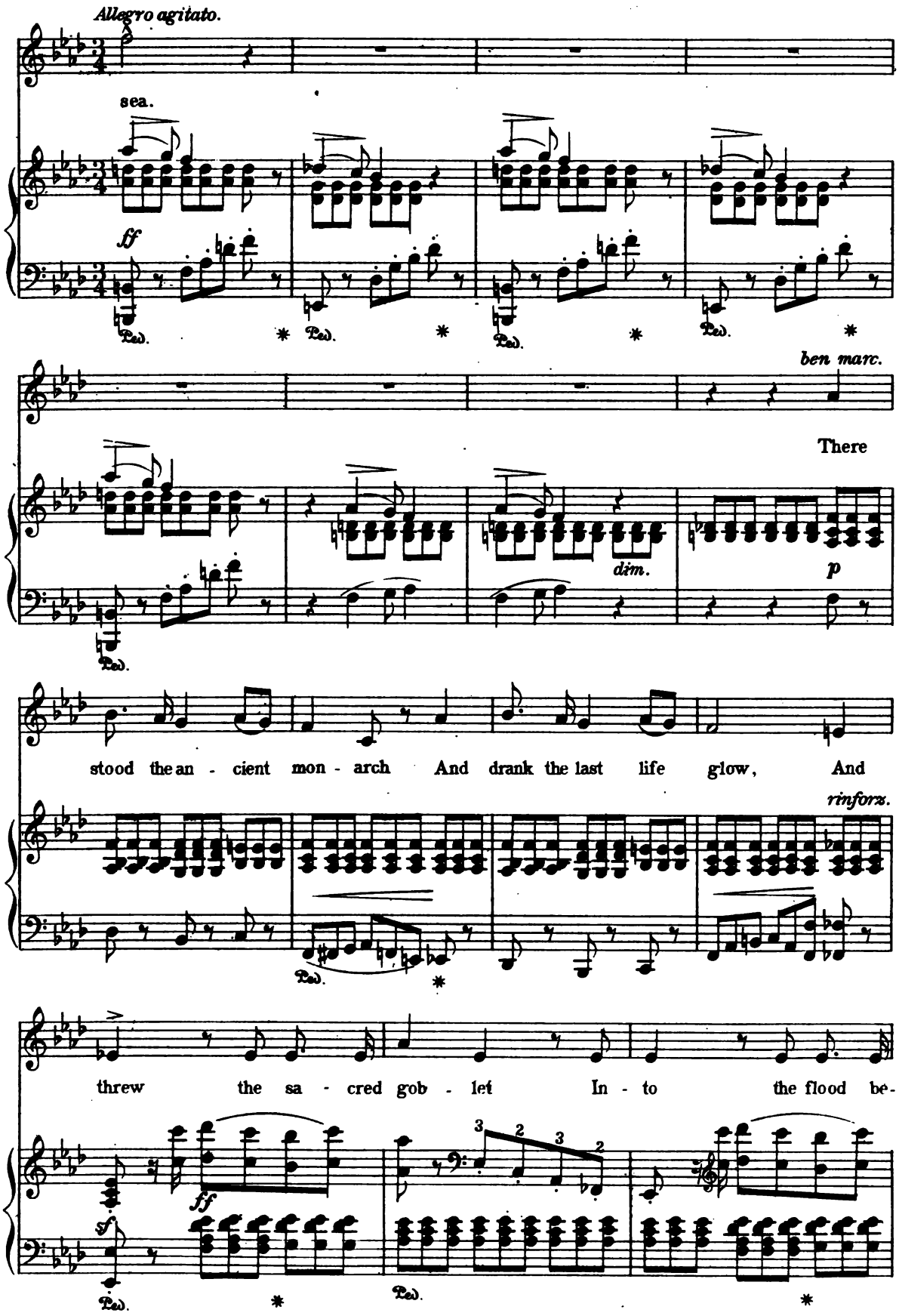
Poem by Goethe.

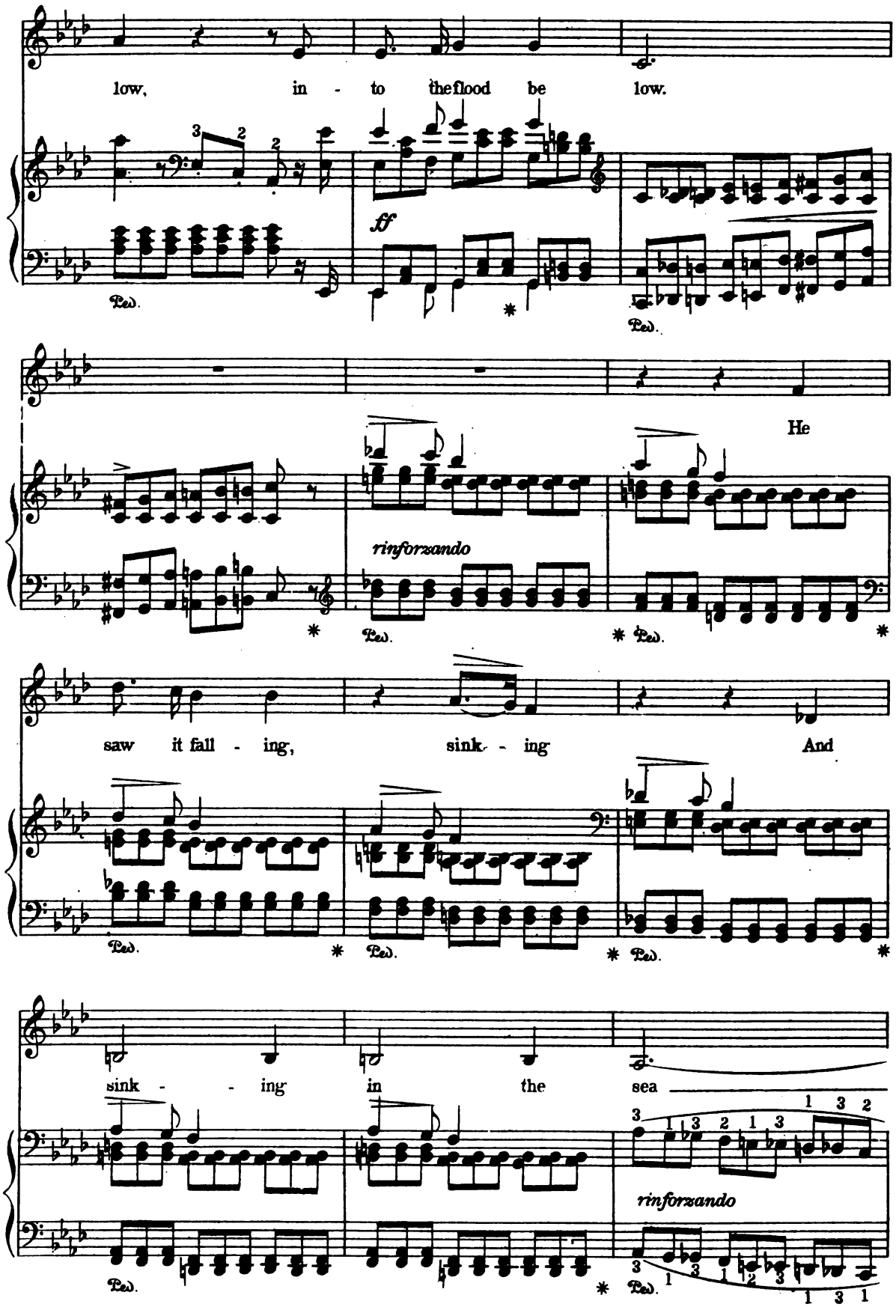
Music by Liszt.
1811—1886.

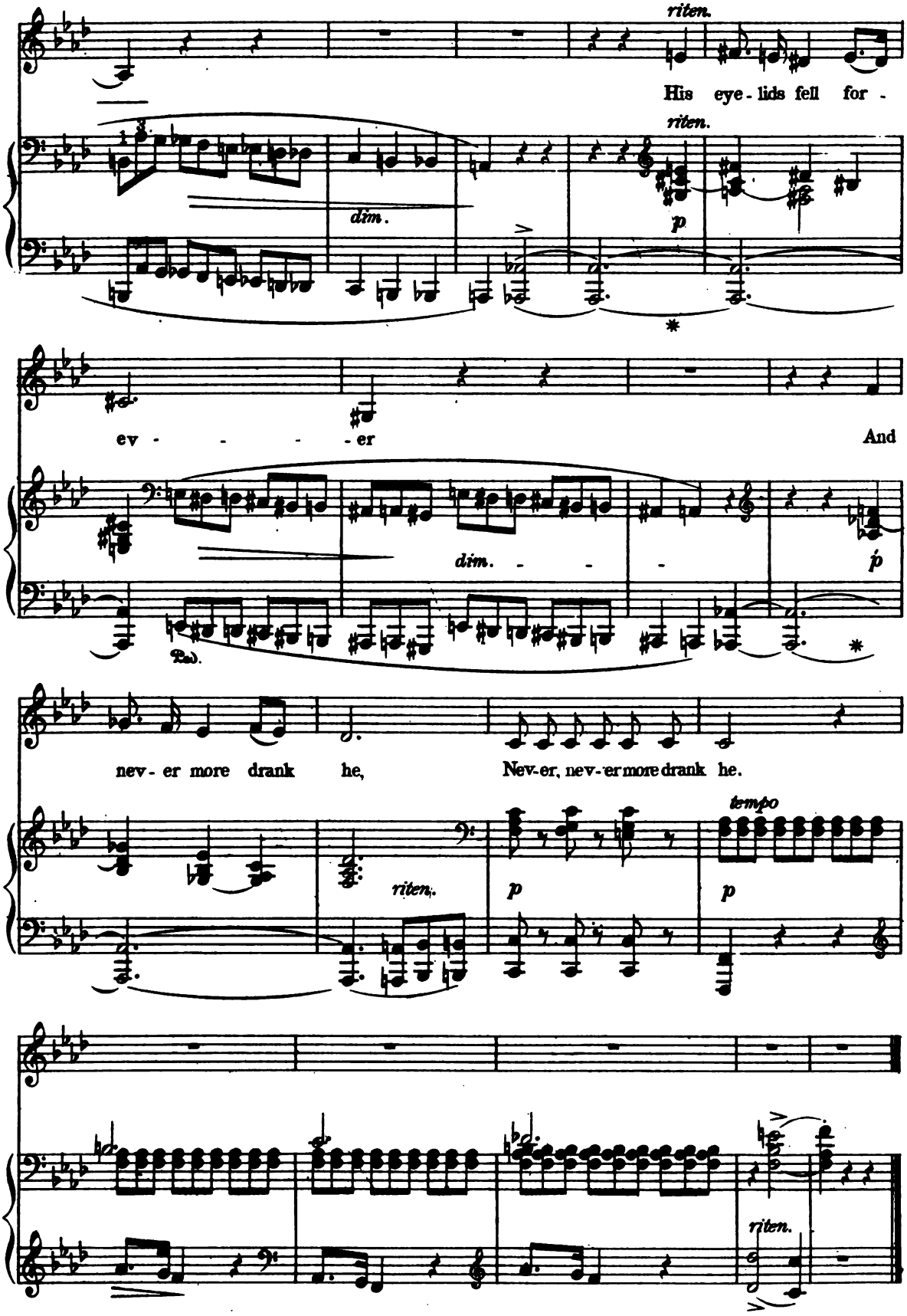



To him nought else was dear-er, He drained it ev - 'ry bout
sempre p
Ped.
poco rall.
tempo
His eyes with tears ran o - ver, When - e'er he drank there - out, When-
poco rall.
tempo
e'er he drank there - out. And when he came to
p
dy - ing, He his cit - - ies counted all,
dim.


Them to his heirs he grant - ed, The gob - let not with-
dolce
al, Them to his heirs he grant - ed, The gob-let not with-
cresc.
al, There at his roy-al ban-quet, With knights and lords sat
f
Ped. * Ped. *
he, In his an-ces-tral cas-tle, The cas-tle by the
Ped. * Ped. *


Allegro agitato.
sea.
ff
Ped.
ben marc.
There
dim.
p
stood the an - cient mon - arch And drank the last life glow, And
rinforz.
threw the sa - cred gob - let In - to the flood be-
ff
sf
3 2 3 2

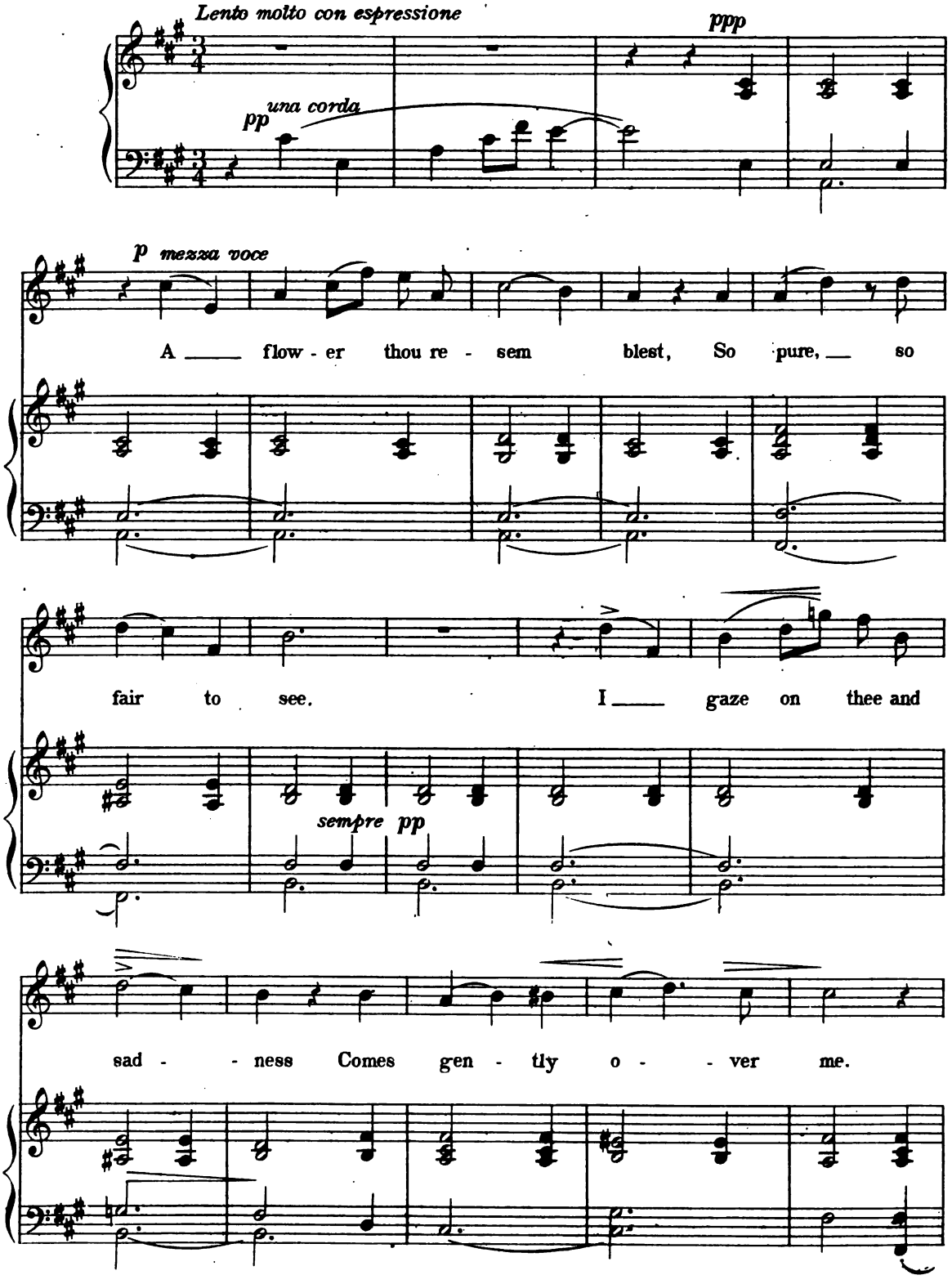

low, in - to the flood be low.
ff
Ped.
He
rinforzando
saw it fall - ing, sink - ing And
sink - - ing in the sea
rinforzando

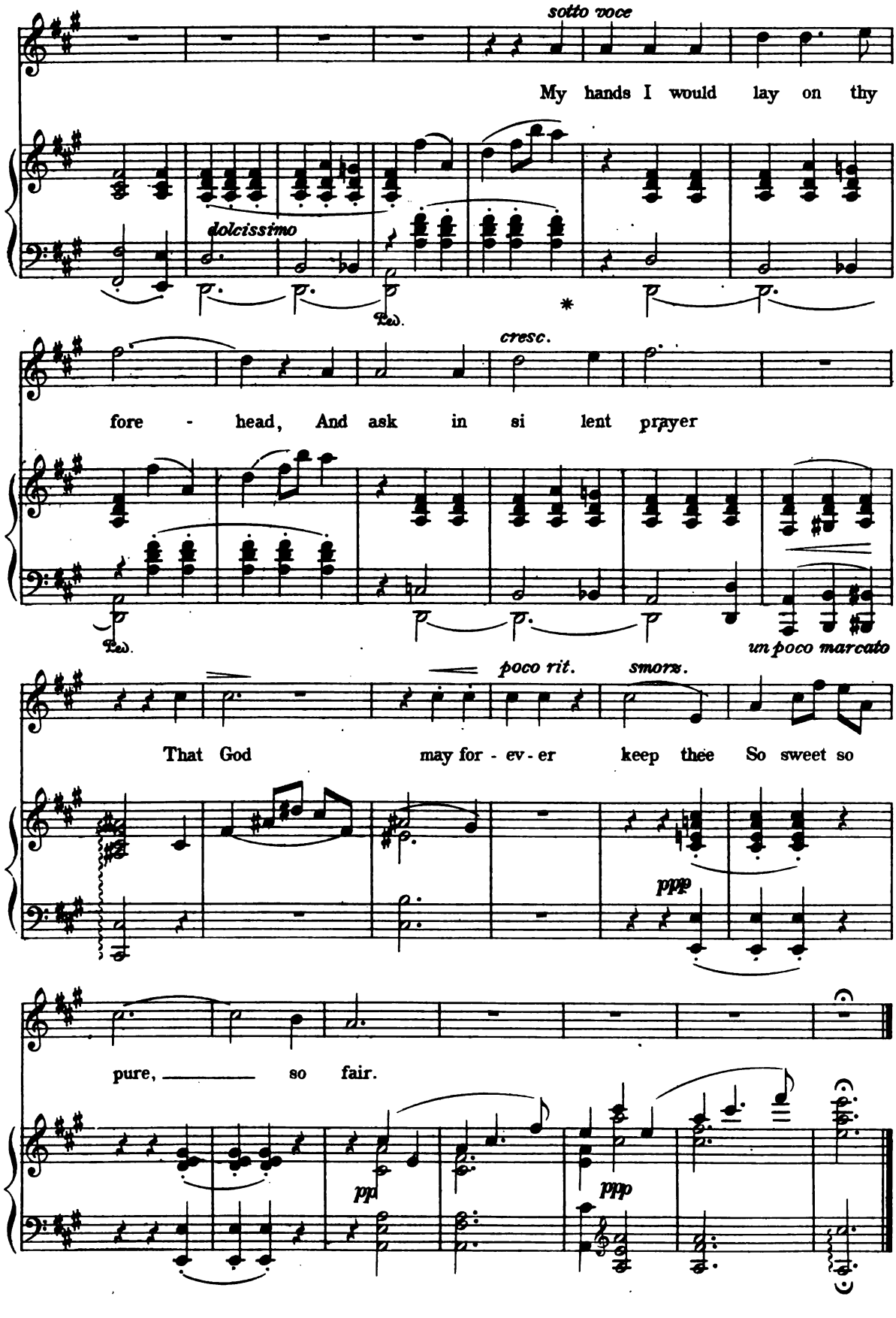

riten.
His eye - lids fell for -
riten.
dim.
p
ev - - - - - er
And
dim. - - -
p
Ped.
nev - er more drank he,
Nev-er, nev-er more drank he.
tempo
riten.
p
p
riten.

A Flower Thou Resemblest.

(DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.)

Poem by Heine. *See page 9.* *Music by Liszt.*

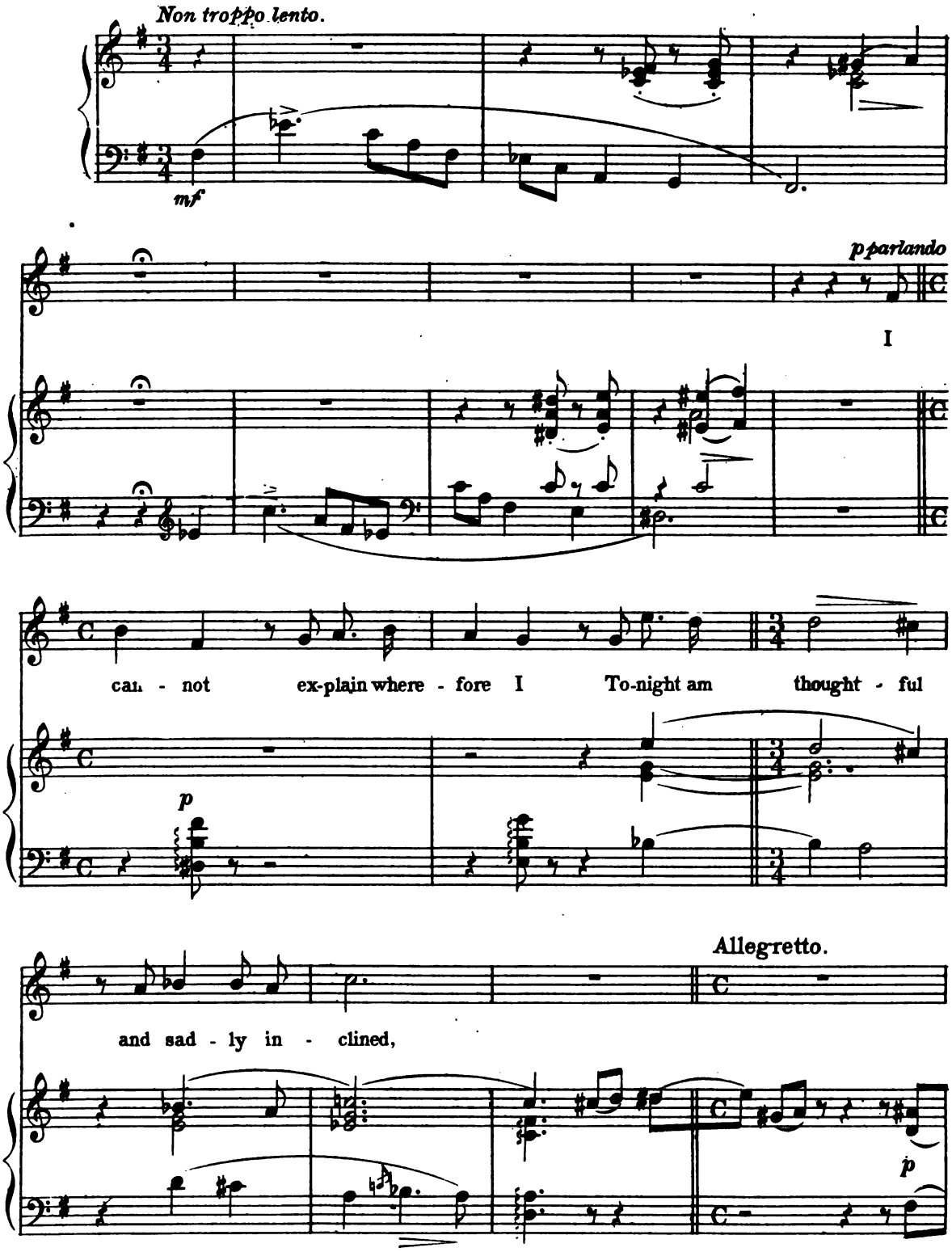


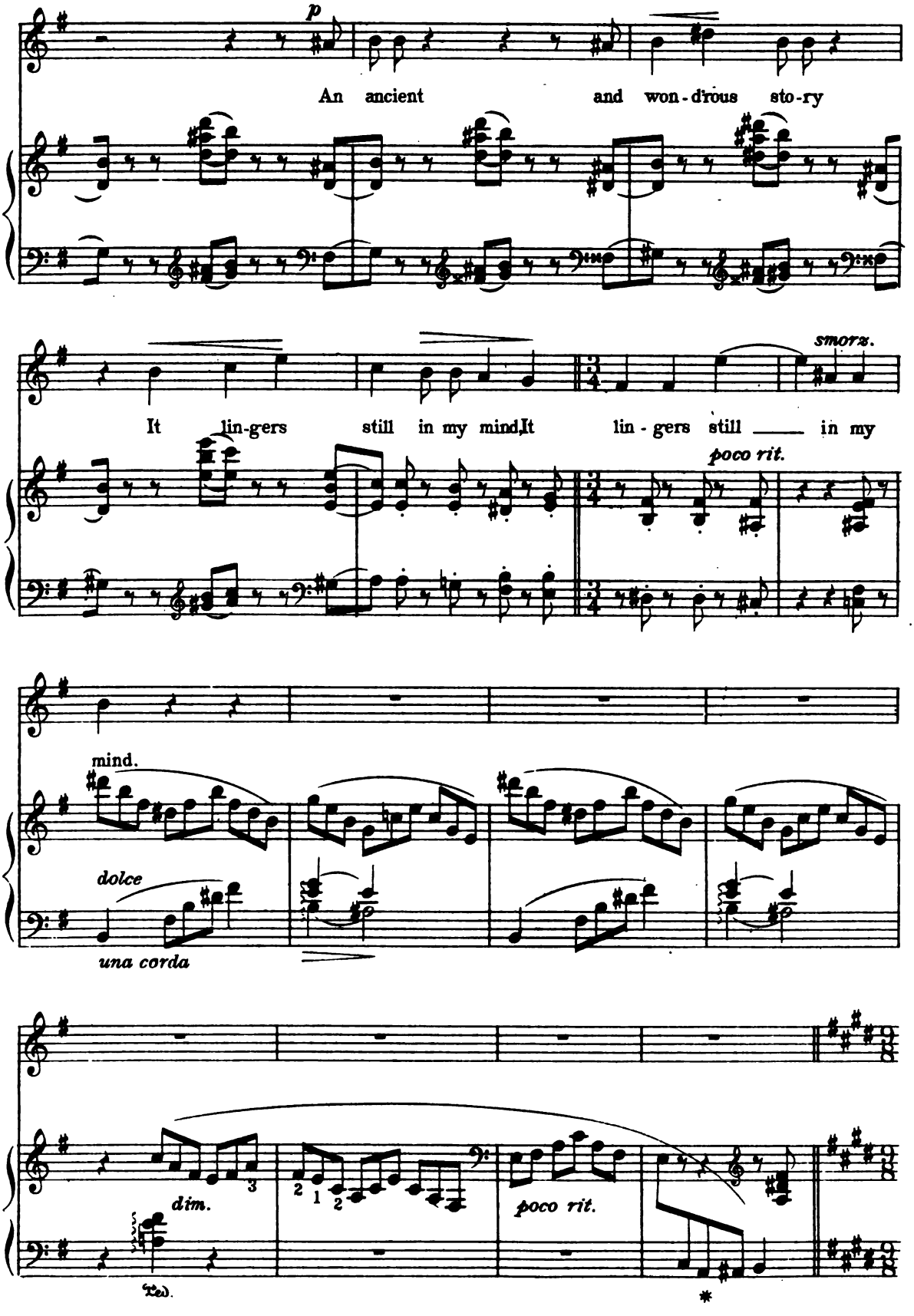

sotto voce
My hands I would lay on thy
dolcissimo
cresc.
fore - head, And ask in si lent prayer
un poco marcato
poco rit.
smorz.
That God may for - ev - er keep thee So sweet so
ppp
pure, so fair.
pp
ppp

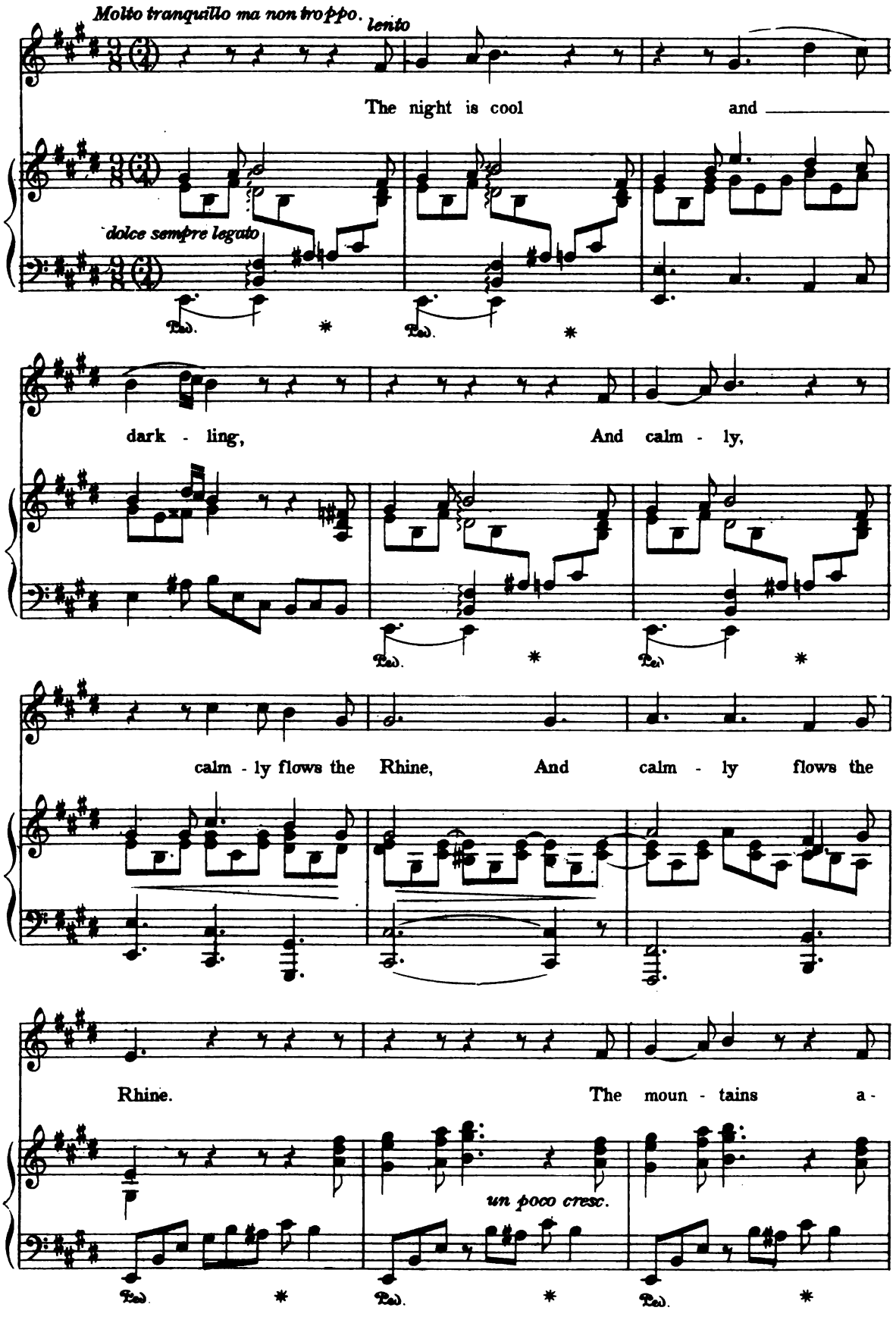
The Loreley.

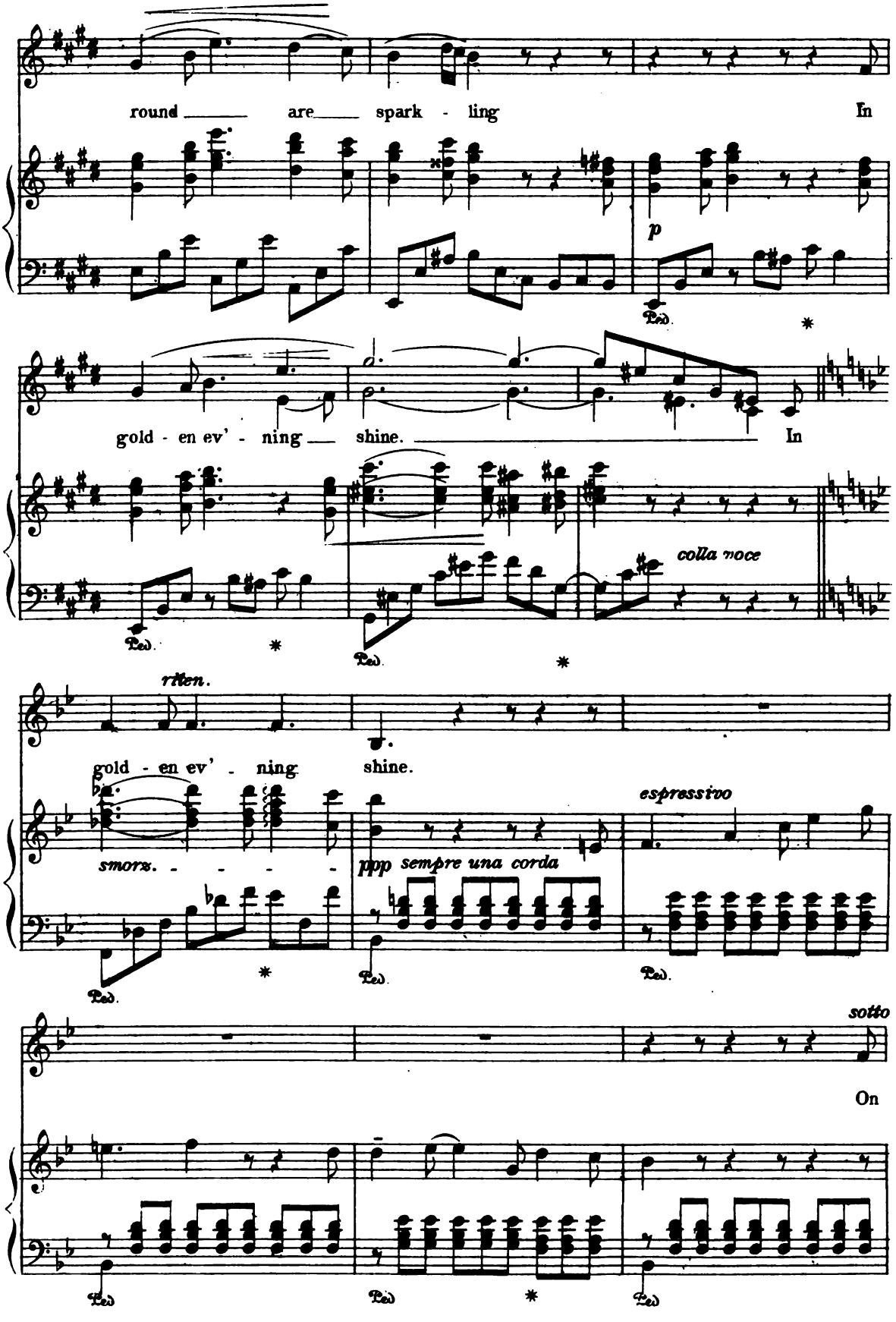
(DIE LORELEY.)

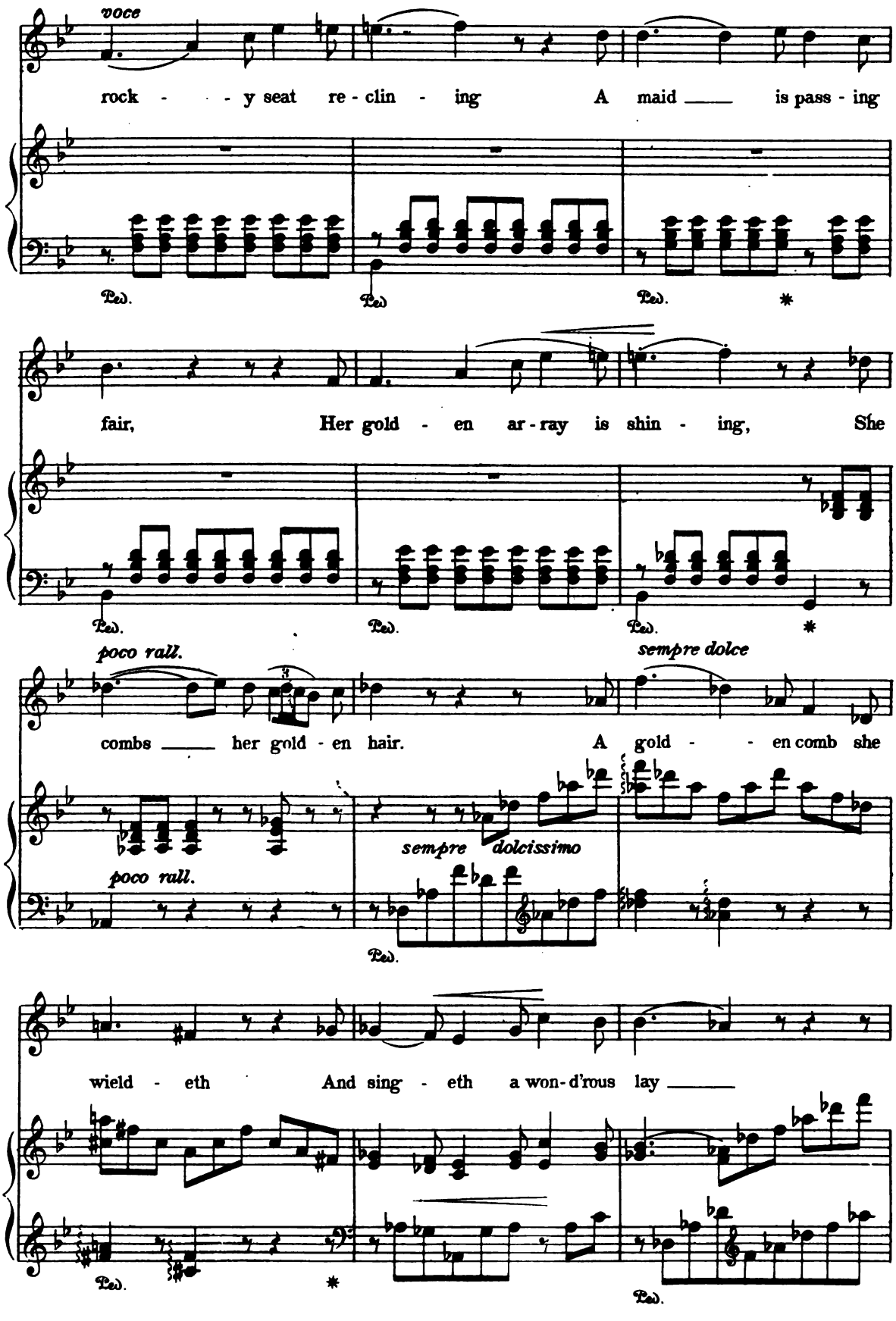
Poem by Heine. *See page 10.* *Music by Lisat.*

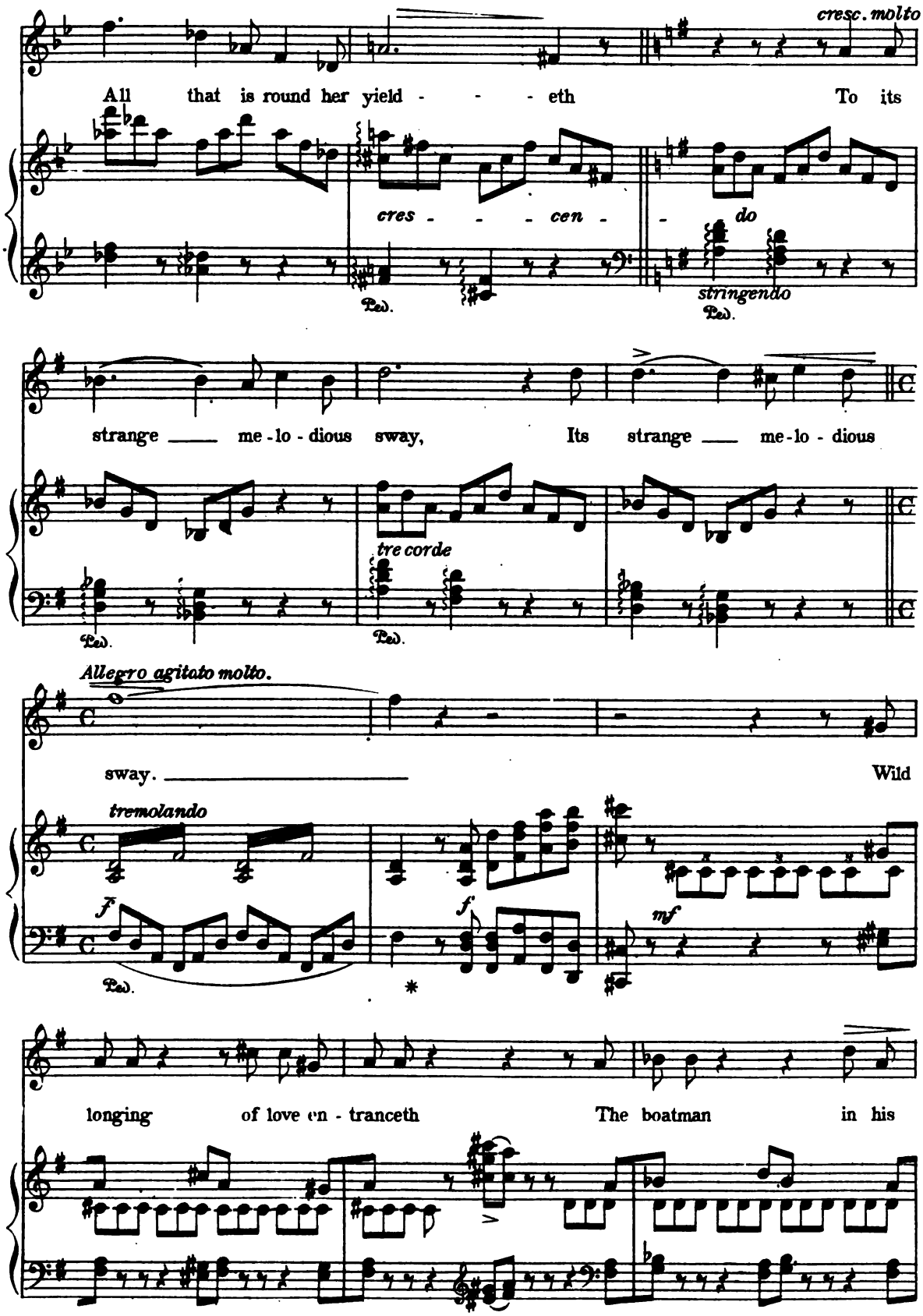


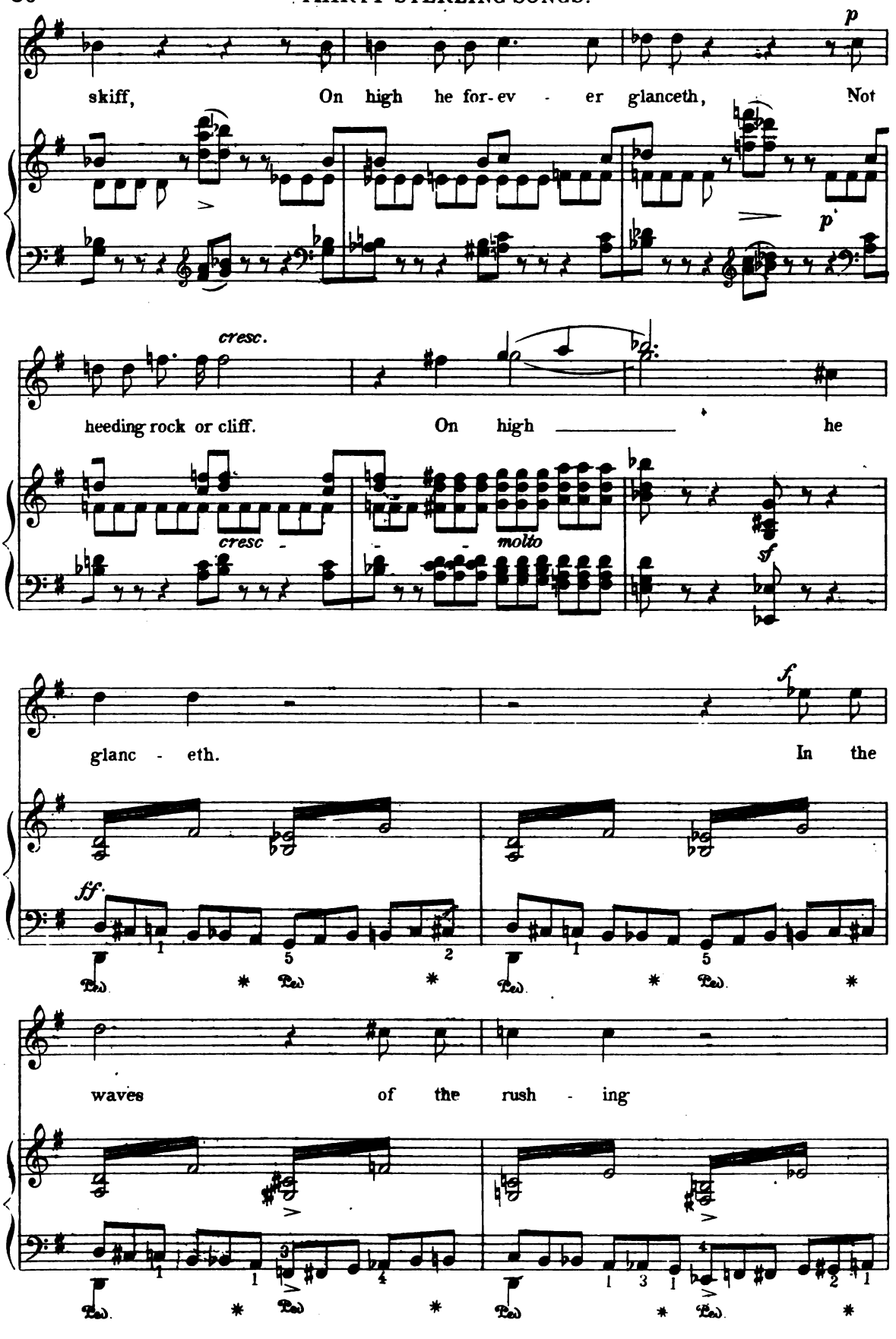

p
An ancient and won-drous sto-ry
It lin-gers still in my mind, It lin-gers still in my
smorz.
poco rit.
mind.
dolce
una corda
dim.
poco rit.
Ped.
*

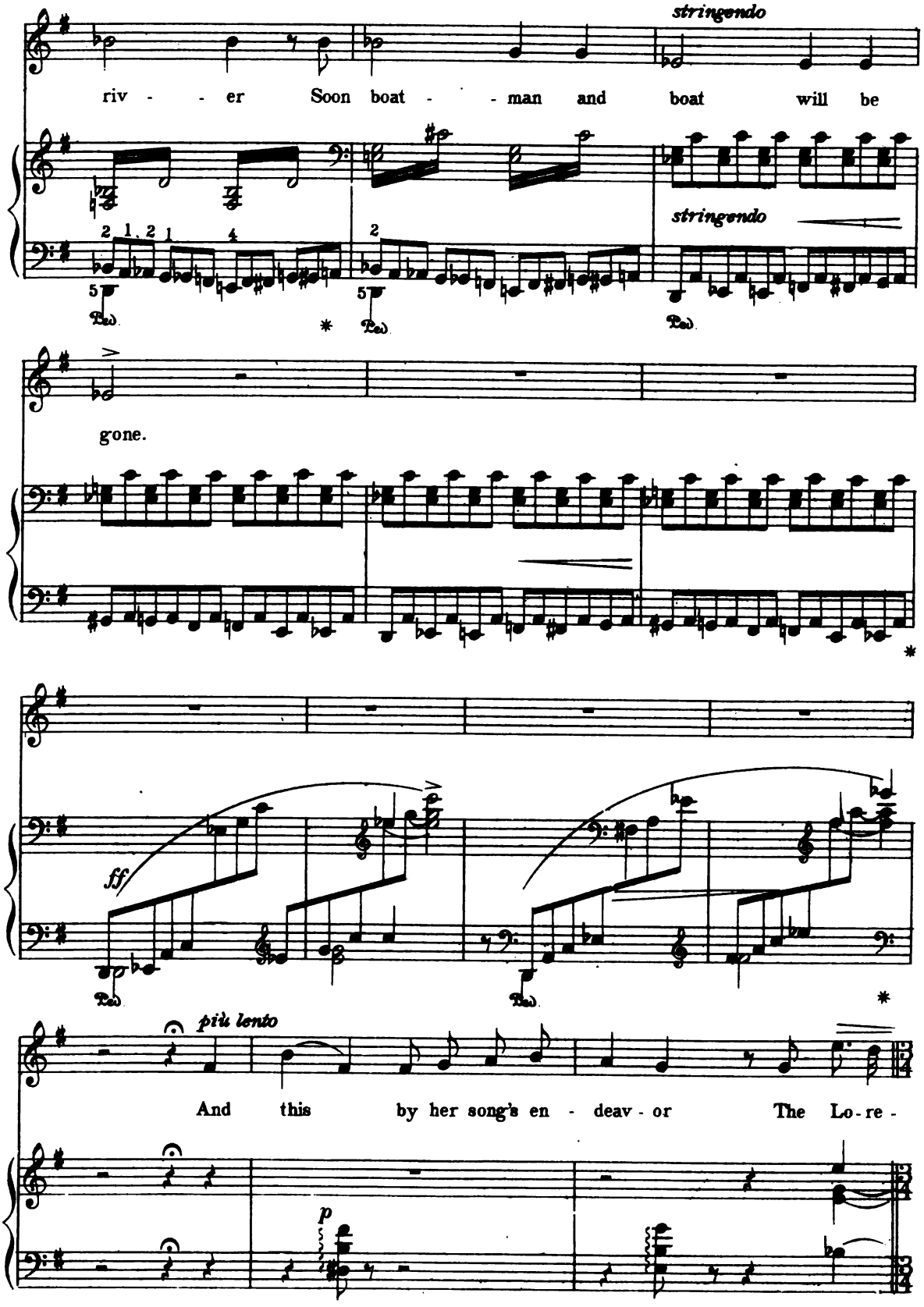

Molto tranquillo ma non troppo.
lento
The night is cool and
dolce sempre legato
dark - ling, And calm - ly,
calm - ly flows the Rhine, And calm - ly flows the
Rhine. The moun - tains a -
un poco cresc.

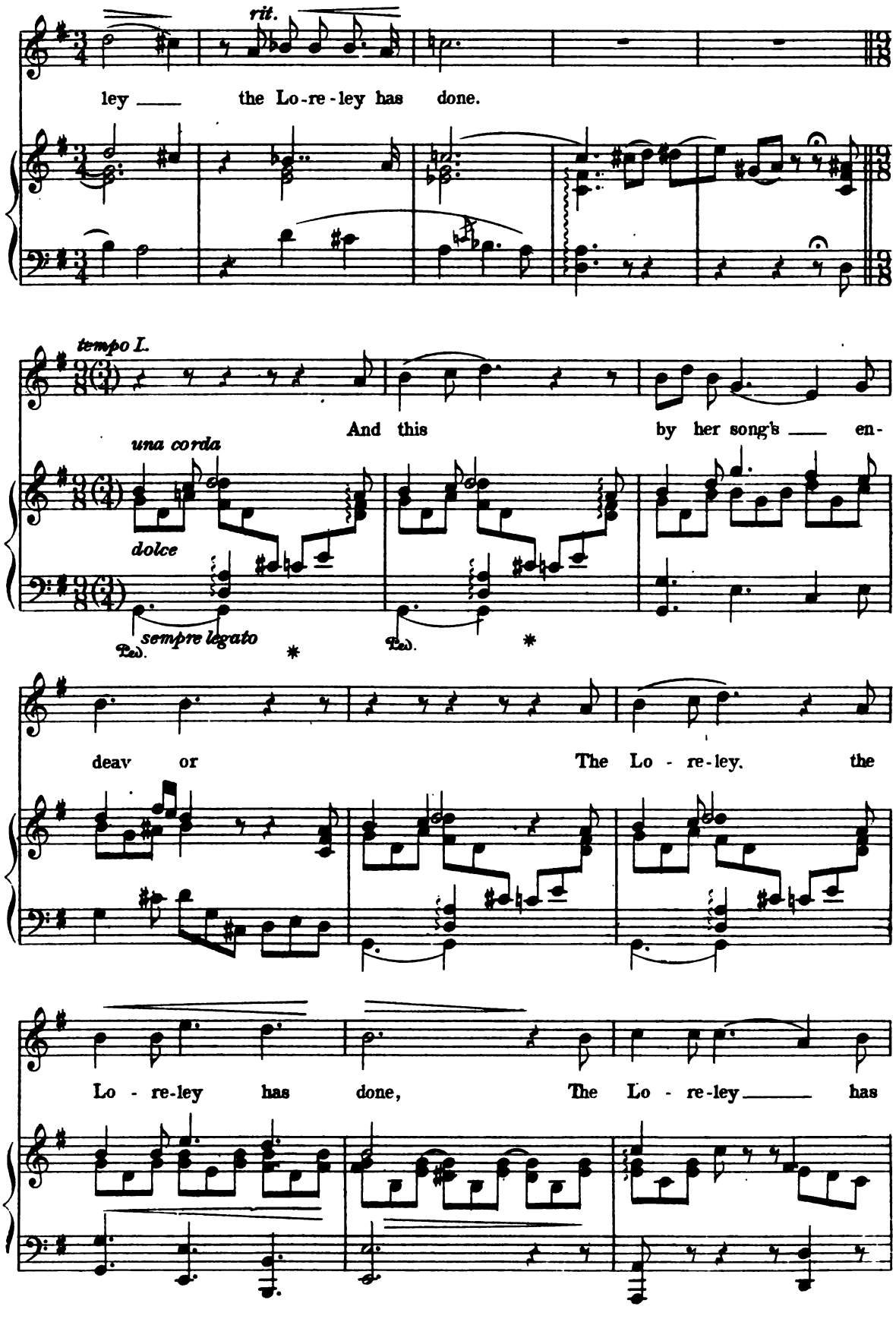

round are spark - ling In
p
Ped.
gold - en ev' - ning shine. In
colla voce
Ped.
rit.ten.
gold - en ev' - ning shine.
espressivo
smorz.
ppp sempre una corda
Ped.
sotto
On
Ped.

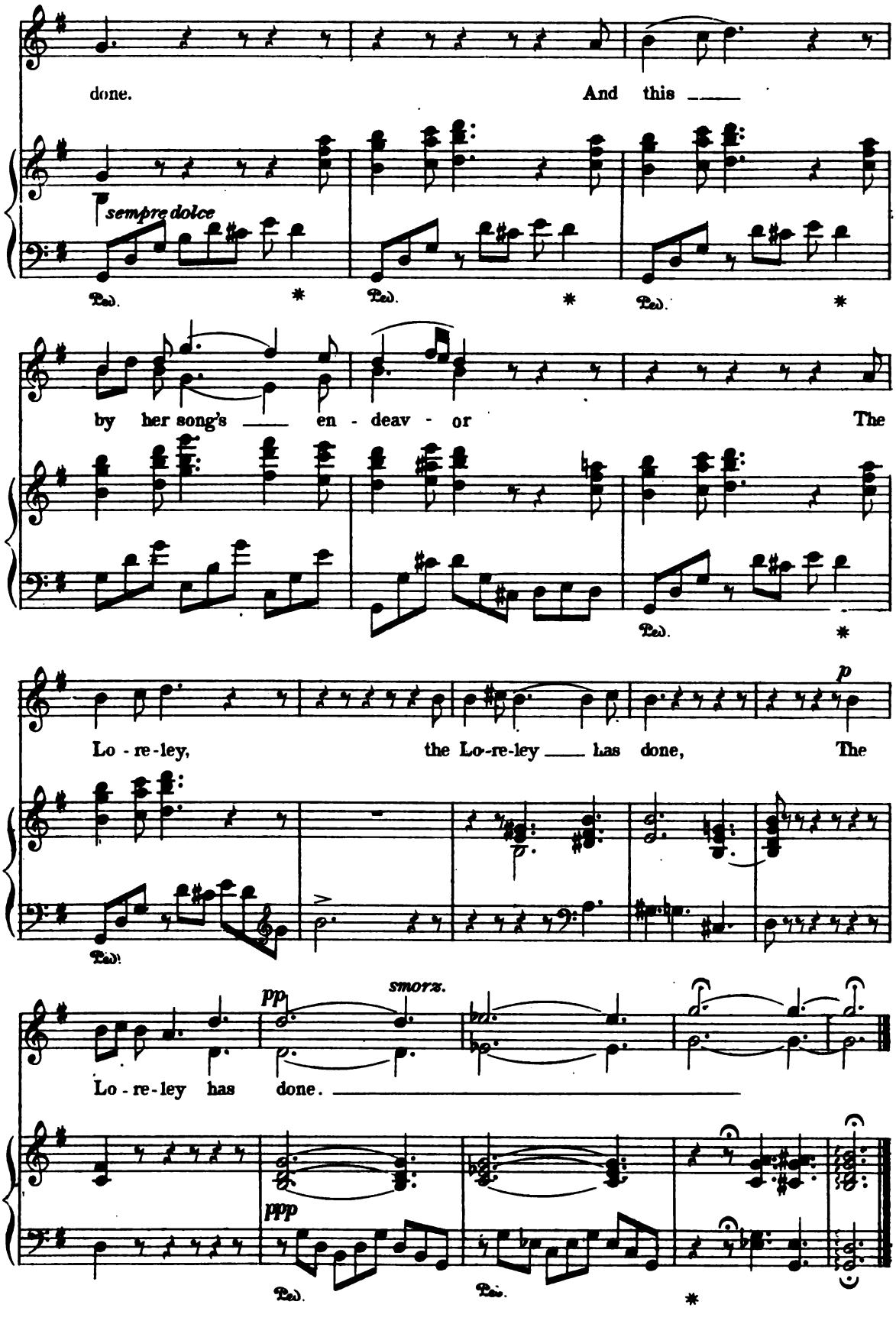

voce
rock - - - y seat re - clin - ing A maid ___ is pass - ing
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
fair, Her gold - en ar - ray is shin - ing, She
Ped. Ped. Ped. *
poco rall.
sempre dolce
combs ___ her gold - en hair. A gold - - en comb she
poco rall.
sempre dolcissimo
Ped.
wield - eth And sing - eth a won - d'rous lay ___
Ped. *
Ped.


cresc. molto
All that is round her yield - - - - eth To its
cres - - - cen - do
stringendo
Ped.
strange me-lo-dious sway, Its strange me-lo-dious
tre corde
Allegro agitato molto.
sway. Wild
tremolando
f
mf
longing of love en-tranceth The boatman in his


p
skiff, On high he for-ev - er glanceth, Not
p
cresc.
heeding rock or cliff. On high he
cresc -
molto
sf
f
glanc - eth. In the
ff.
waves of the rush - ing


stringendo
riv - - er Soon boat - - man and boat will be
stringendo
gone.
ff
più lento
And this by her song's en - deav - or The Lo - re -
p

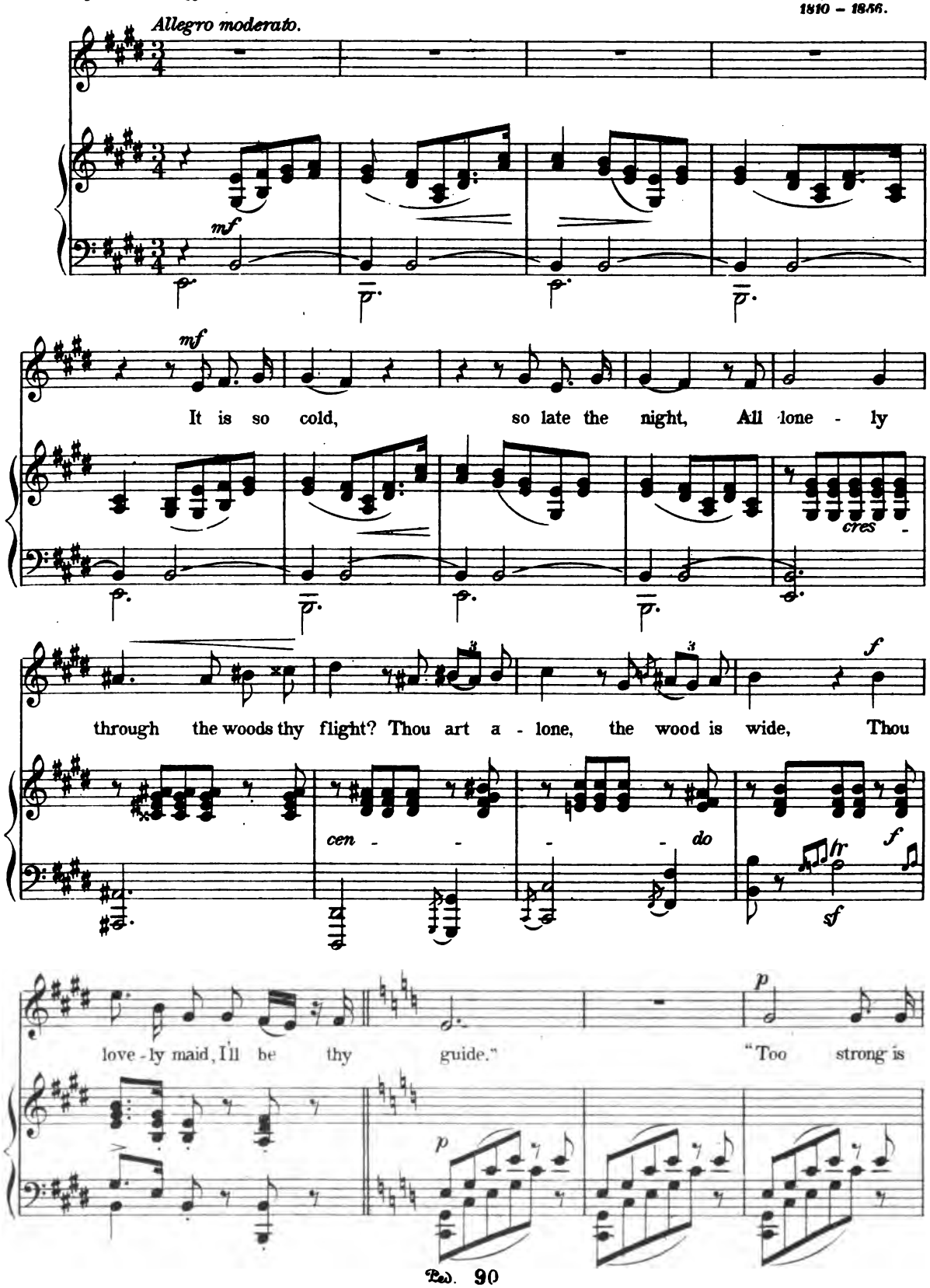

rit.
ley the Lo-re-ley has done.
tempo I.
And this by her song's en-
una corda
dolce
sempre legato
Ped.
Ped.
deav or The Lo - re-ley. the
Lo - re-ley has done, The Lo - re-ley has

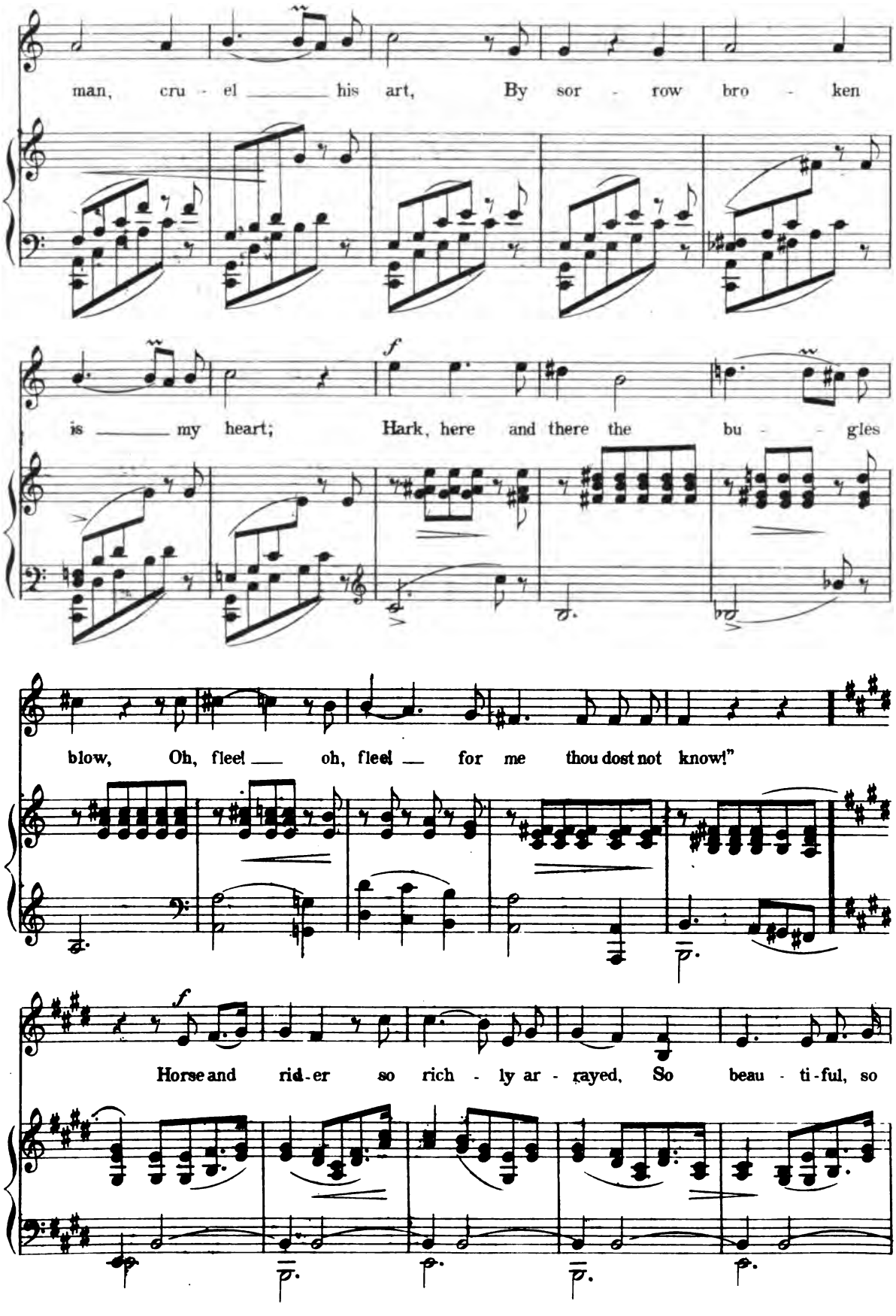

done.
And this
sempre dolce
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
by her song's en - deav - or
The
Ped. *
p
Lo - re - ley,
the Lo-re-ley
has done,
The
Ped.
pp
smorz.
Lo - re - ley has done.
ppp
Ped. Ped. *

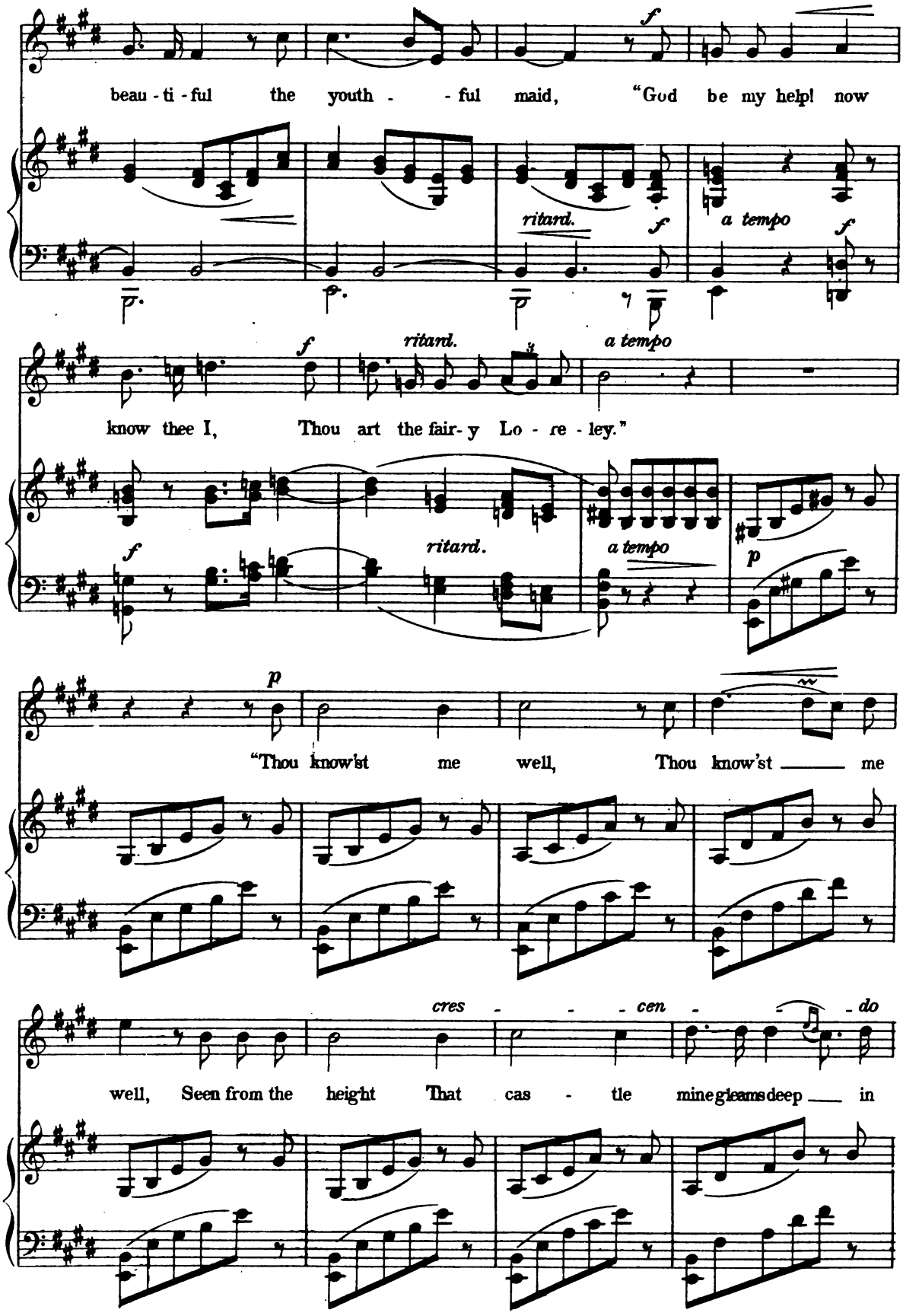
Loreley in the Forest.

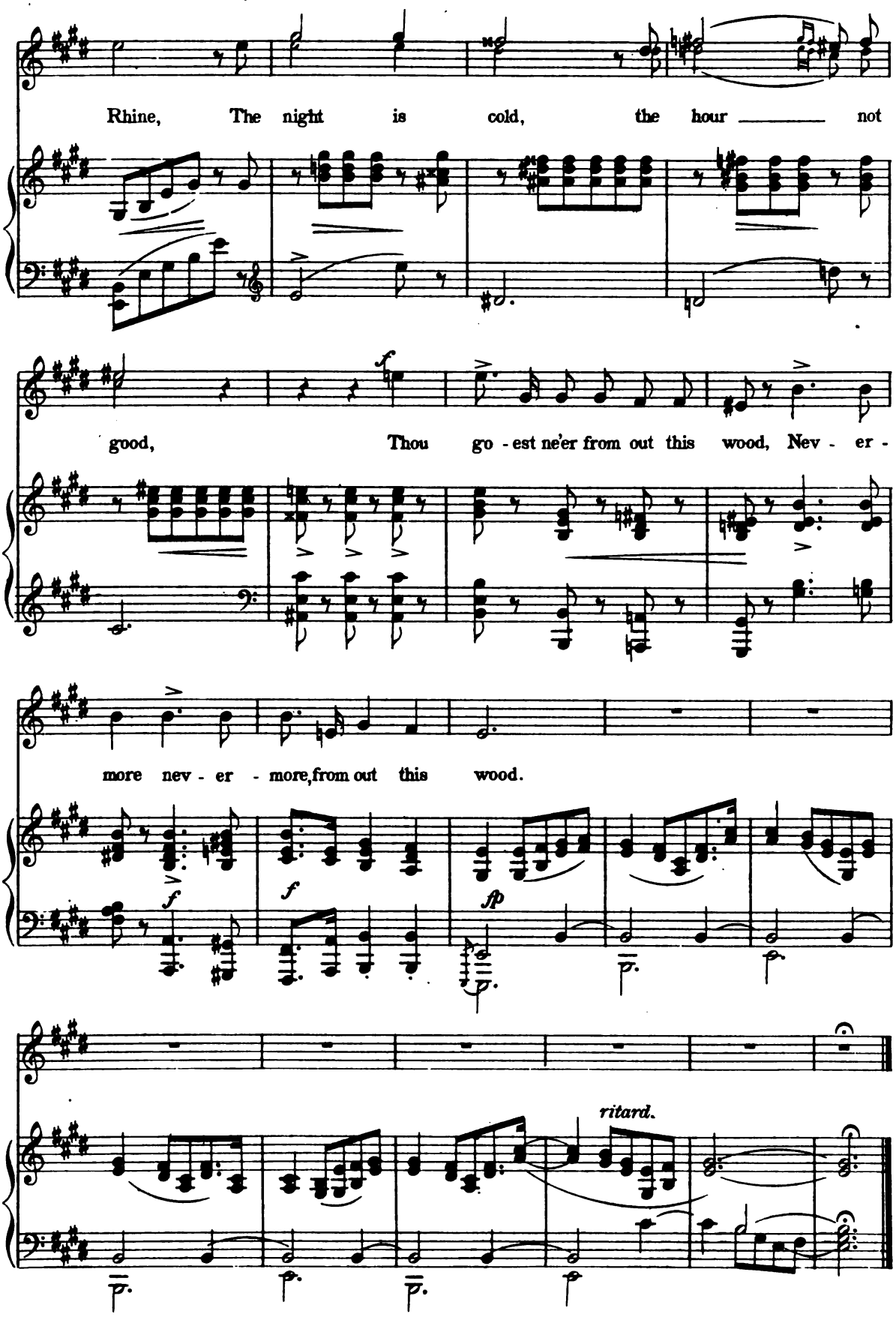
(WALDESGESPRÄCH.)

Poem by Eichendorff. *See page 10* *Music by Schumann.*
1810 – 1856.




man, cru - el his art, By sor - row bro - ken
is my heart; Hark, here and there the bu - gles
blow, Oh, fleet oh, fleet for me thou dost not know!"
Horse and rid-er so rich - ly ar - rayed, So beau - ti-ful, so

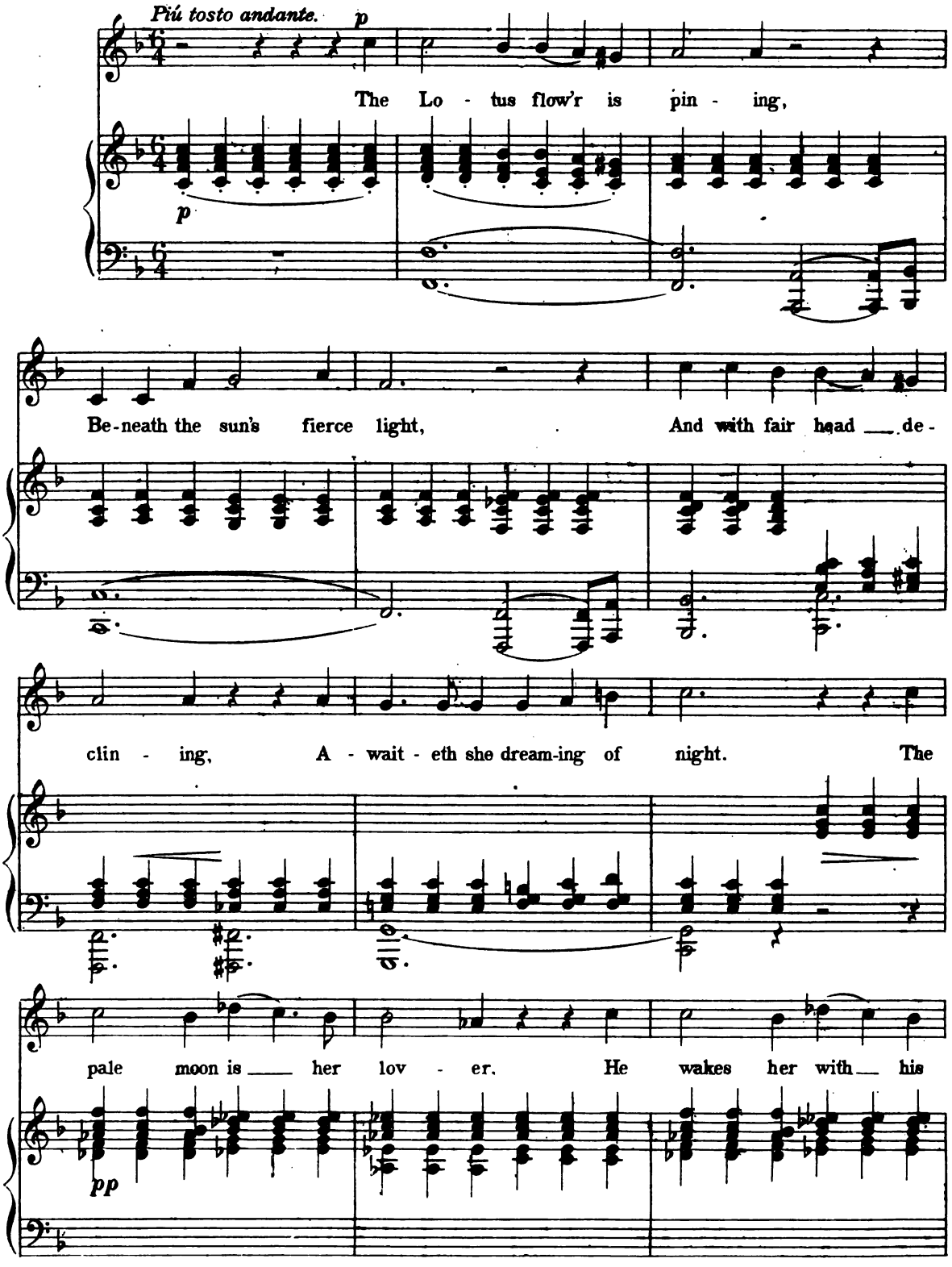

beau - ti - ful the youth - - ful maid, "God be my help! now
ritard.
a tempo
know thee I, Thou art the fair- y Lo - re - ley."
ritard.
a tempo
"Thou know'st me well, Thou know'st me
cres - - - cen - - - do
well, Seen from the height That cas - tle mine gleams deep in

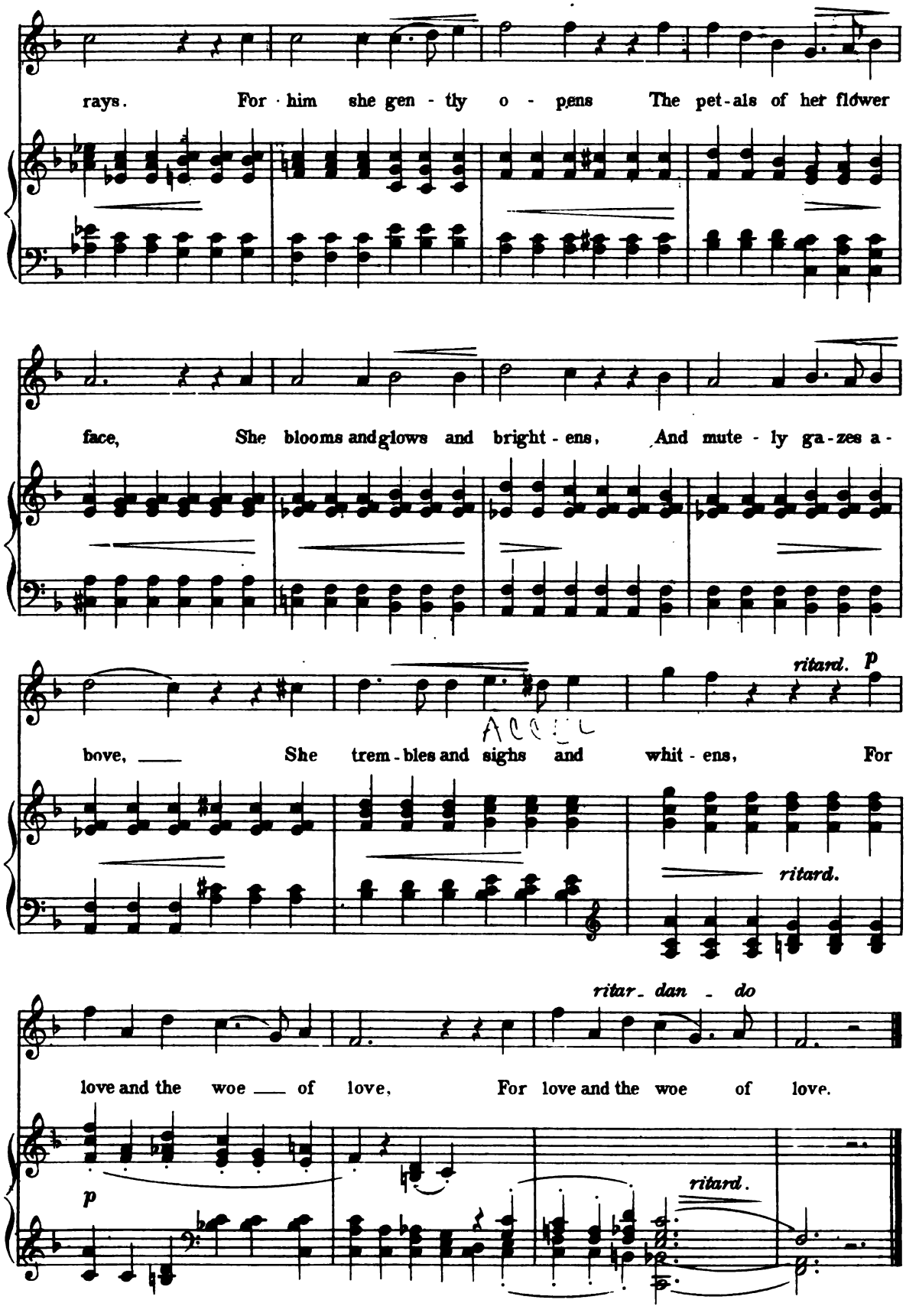

Rhine, The night is cold, the hour not
good, Thou go - est ne'er from out this wood, Nev - er -
more nev - er - more, from out this wood.
f
f
fp
ritard.

The Lotos Flower.

(DIE LOTOSBLUME.)

Poem by Heine. *See page 11.* *Music by Schumann.*



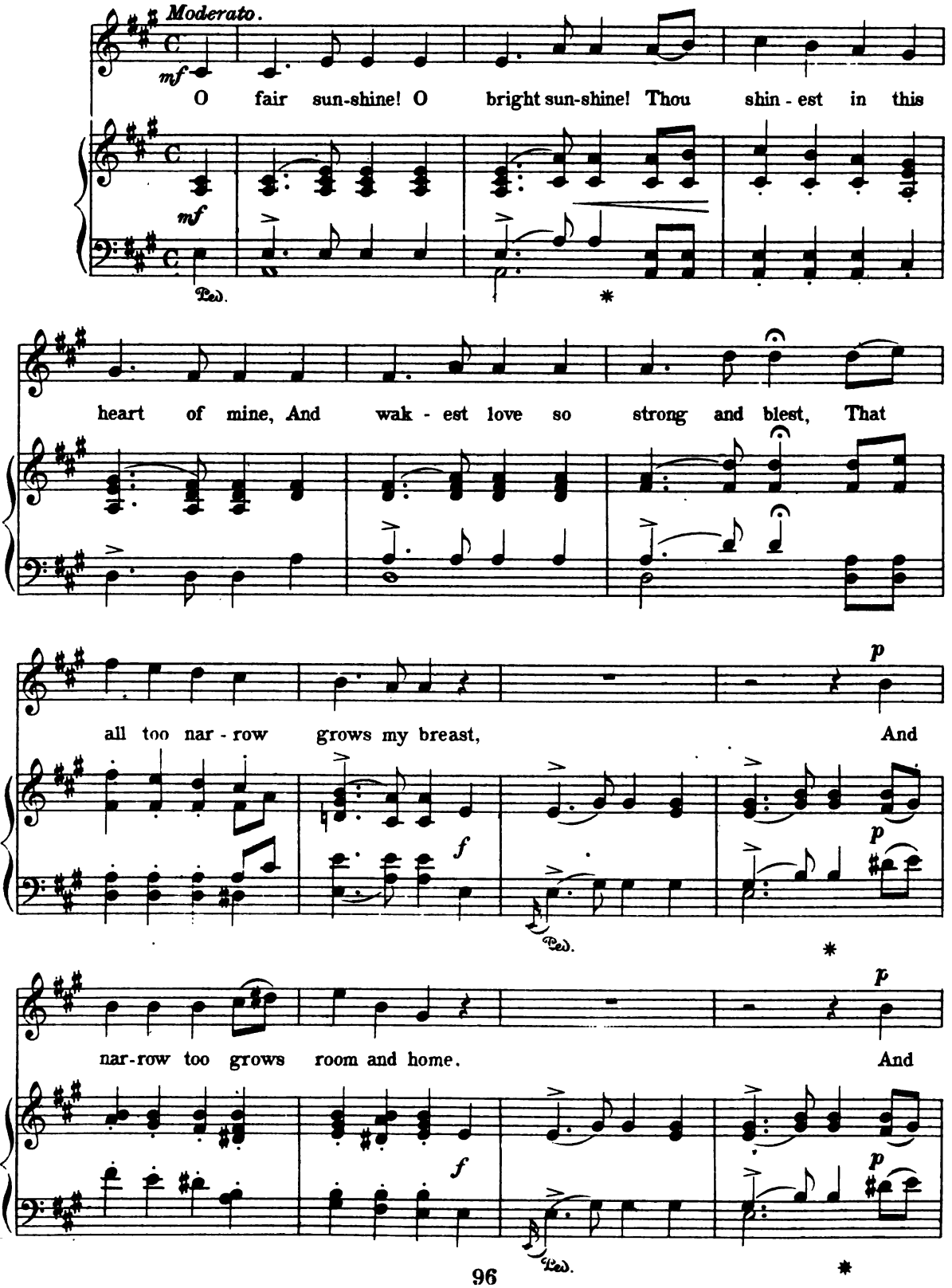

rays. For him she gen - tly o - pens The pet-als of her flower
face, She blooms and glows and bright - ens, And mute - ly ga-zes a-
ritard. p
bove, She trem - bles and sighs and whit - ens, For
ritard.
ritar_dan_do
love and the woe of love, For love and the woe of love.
p
ritard.

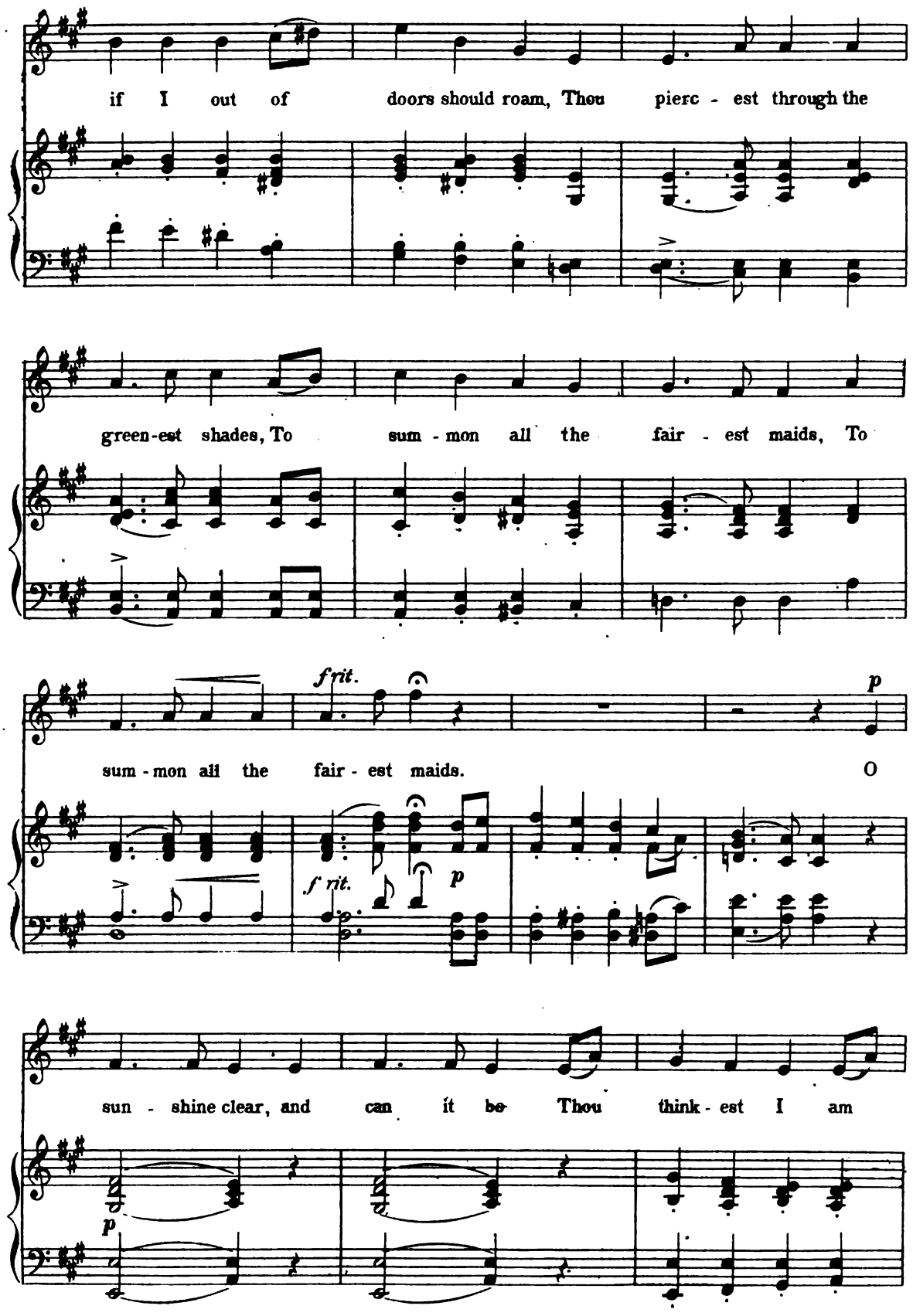
O Sunshine!

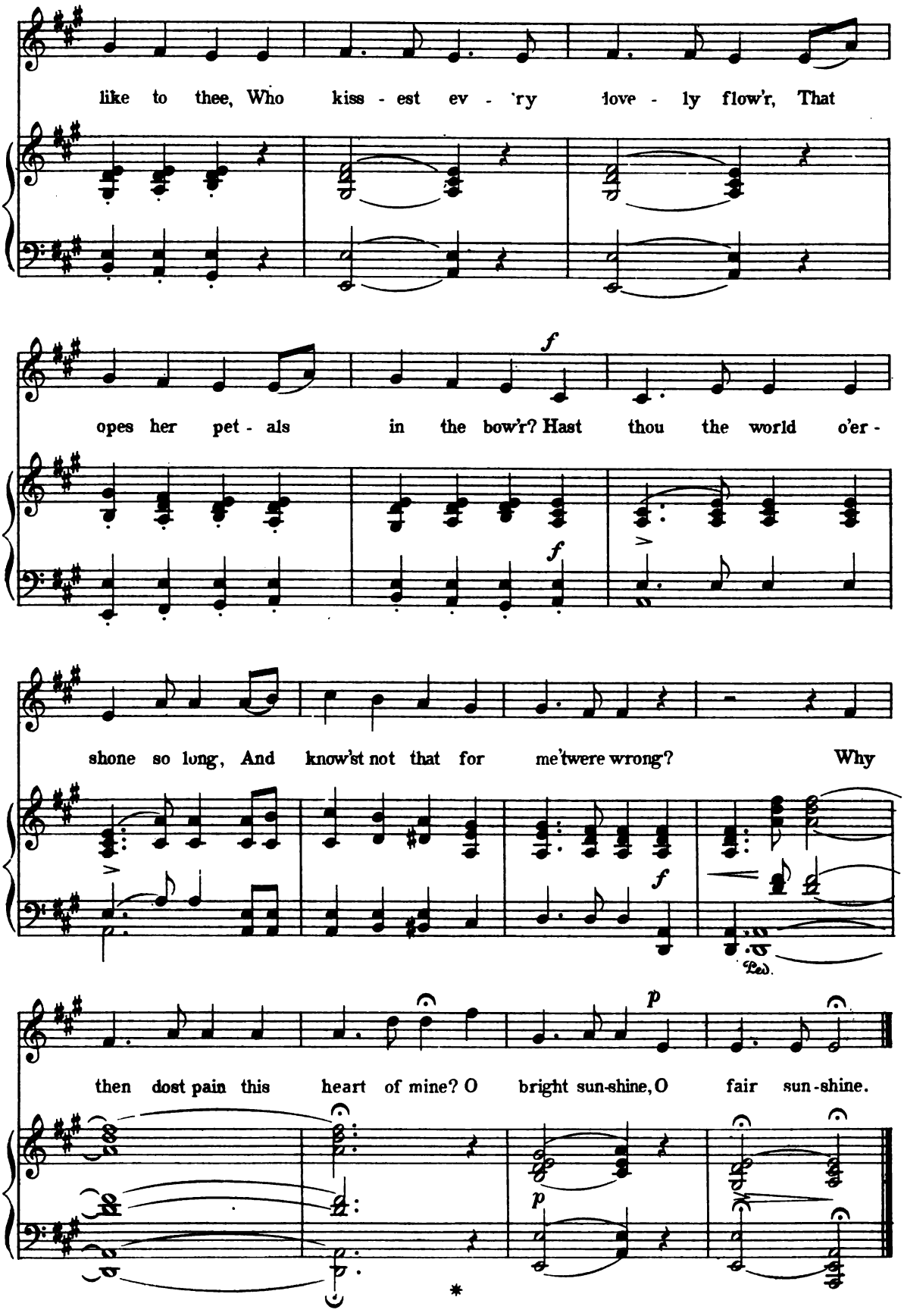
(AN DEN SONNENSCHEIN!)

See page 11.

Poem by R. Reinick. *Music by Schumann.*




if I out of doors should roam, Thou pierc - est through the
green-est shades, To sum - mon all the fair - est maids, To
f rit.
p
sum - mon all the fair - est maids. O
f rit.
p
sun - shine clear, and can it be Thou think - est I am
p

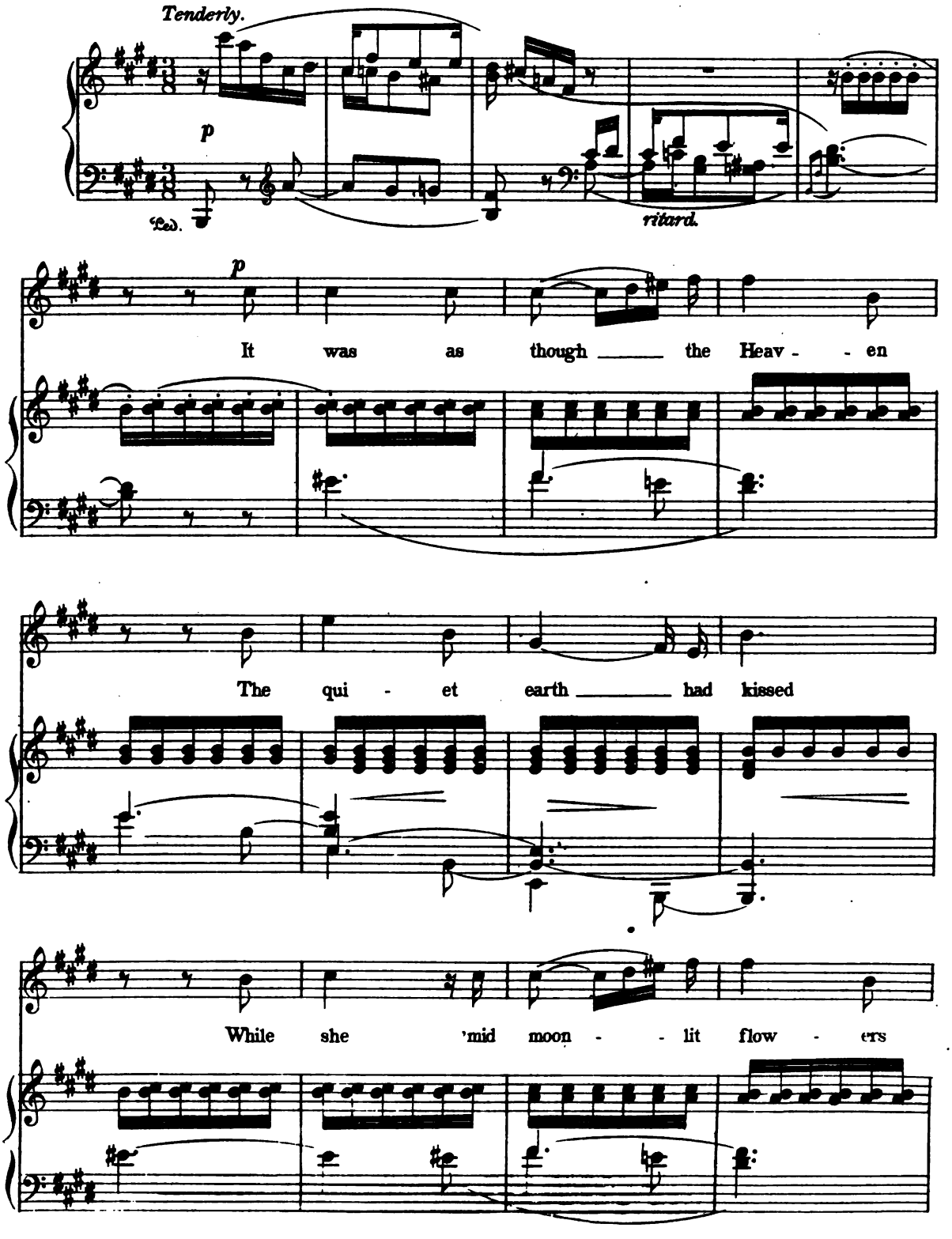

like to thee, Who kiss - est ev - 'ry love - ly flow'r, That
f
opes her pet - als in the bow'r? Hast thou the world o'er -
f
shone so long, And know'st not that for me 'twere wrong? Why
f
Ped.
p
then dost pain this heart of mine? O bright sun-shine, O fair sun-shine.
p
*

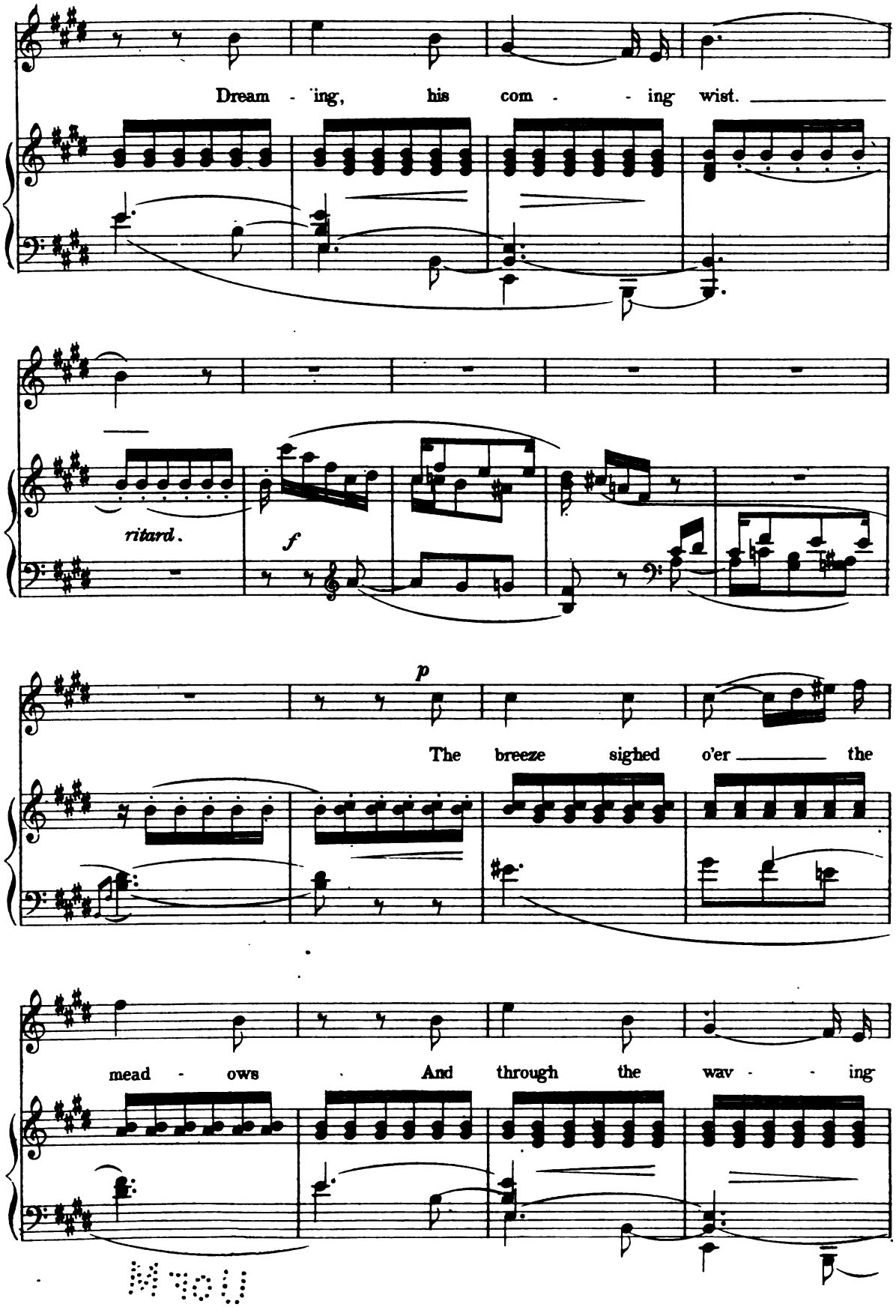
Moonlight.

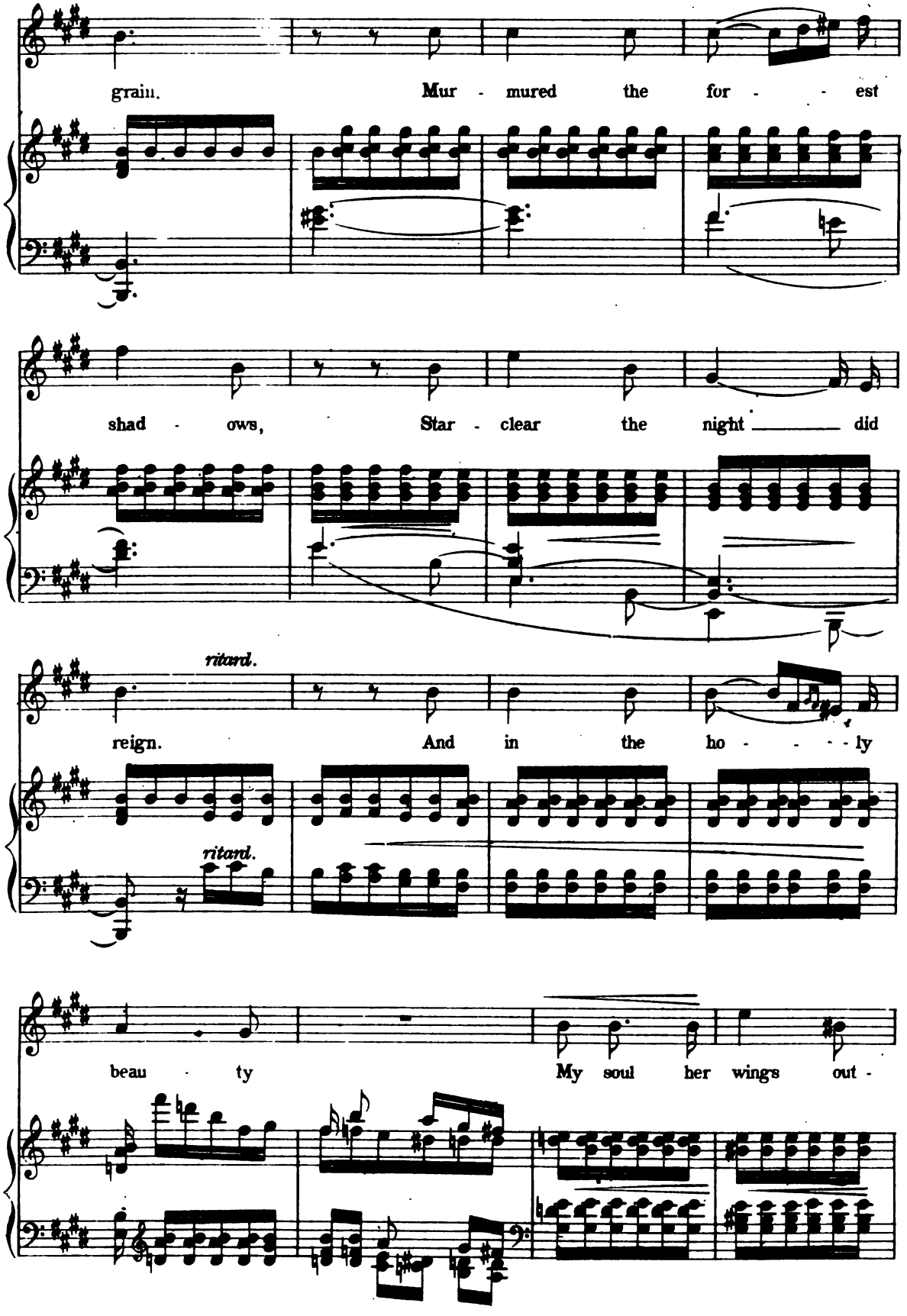
(MONDNACHT.)

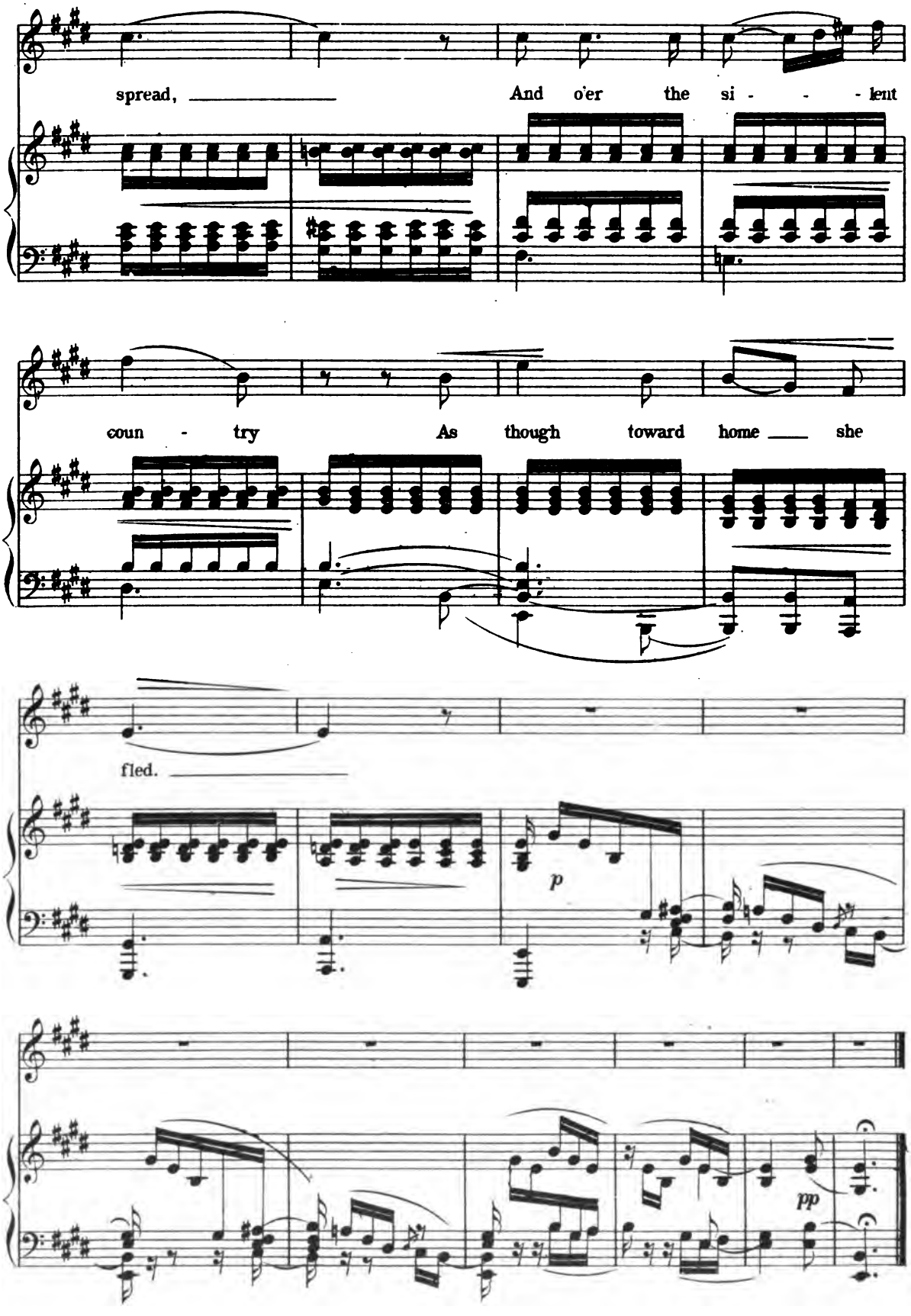
See page 11.

Poem by Eichendorff. *Music by Schumann.*




Dream - ing, his com - - ing wist.
ritard.
f
p
The breeze sighed o'er the
mead - ows And through the wav - - ing


grain. Mur - mured the for - - est
shad - ows, Star - clear the night ____ did
ritard.
reign. And in the ho - - - - ly
ritard.
beau - ty My soul her wings out -


spread, And o'er the si - - - lent
coun - try As though toward home she
fled.
p
pp

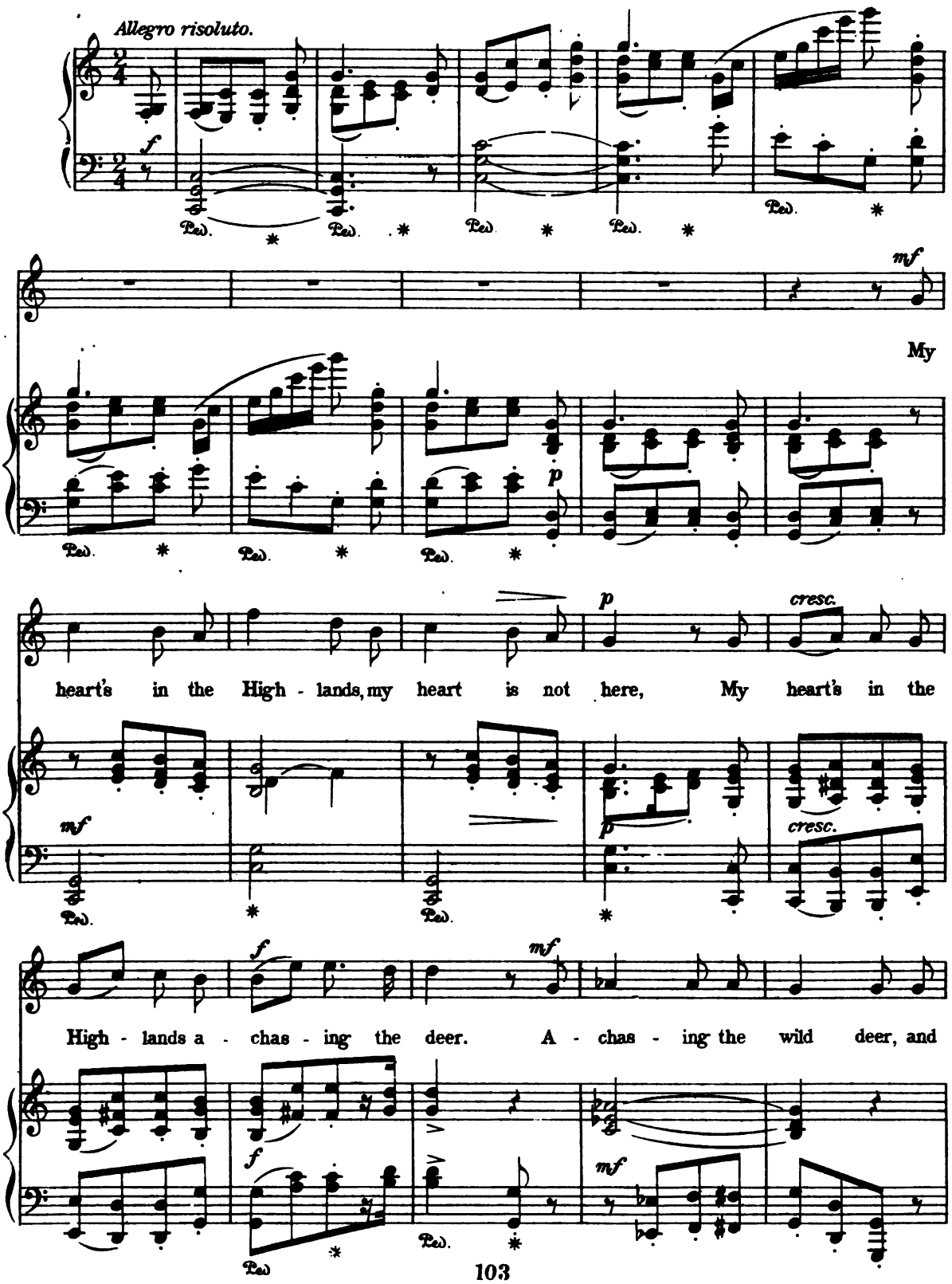
My Heart's in the Highlands.

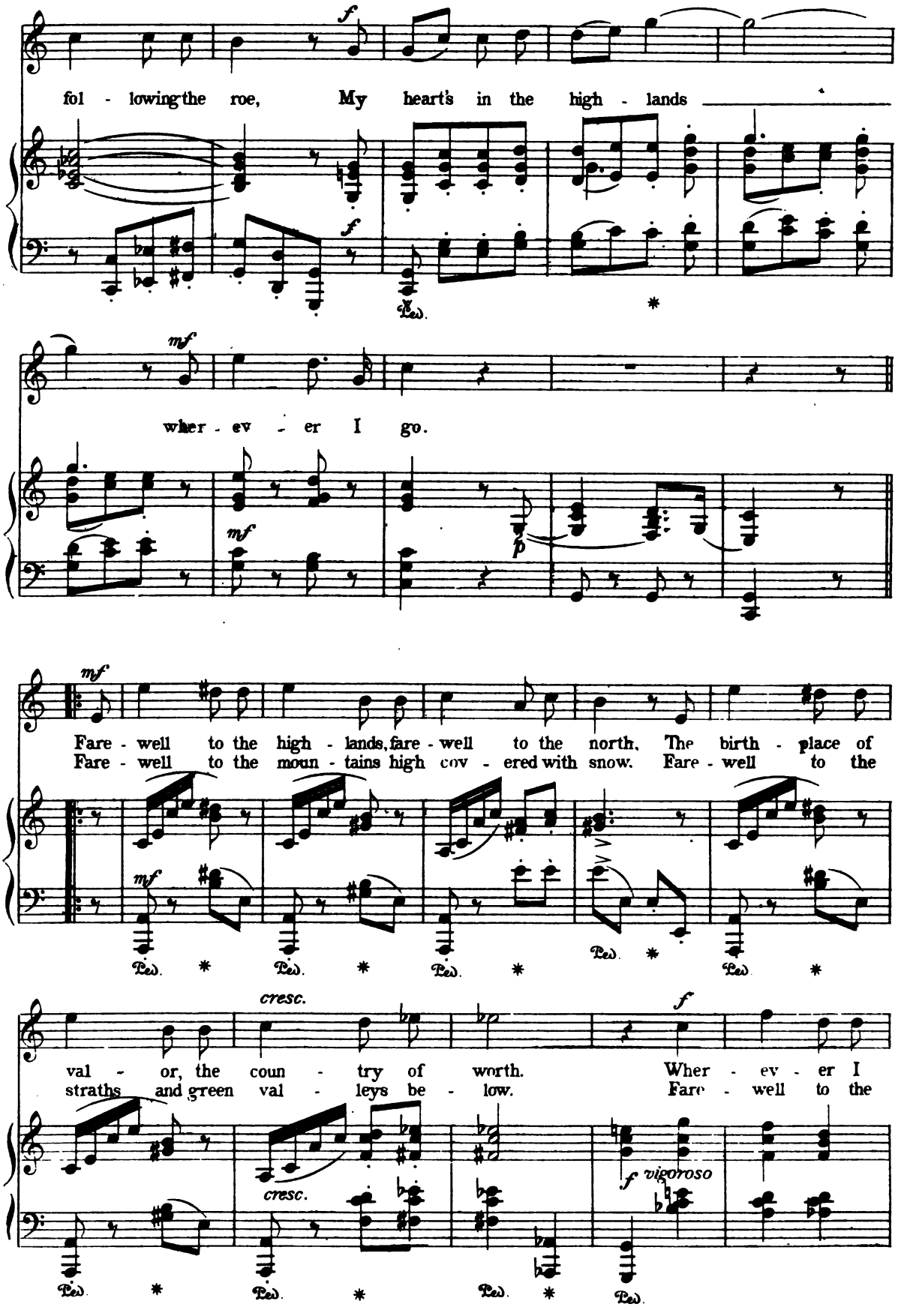
(MEIN HERZ IST IM HOCHLAND.)

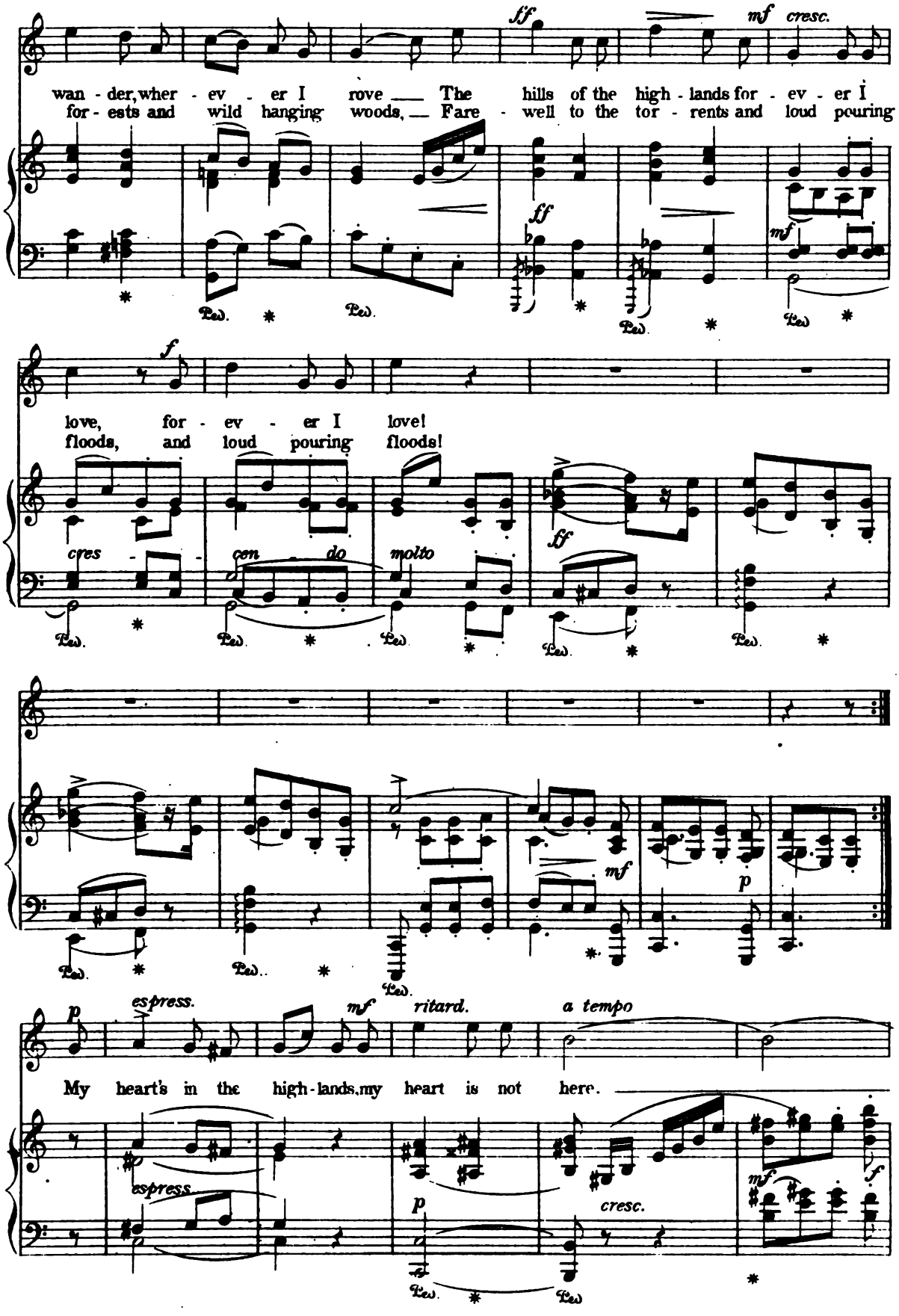
See page 12.

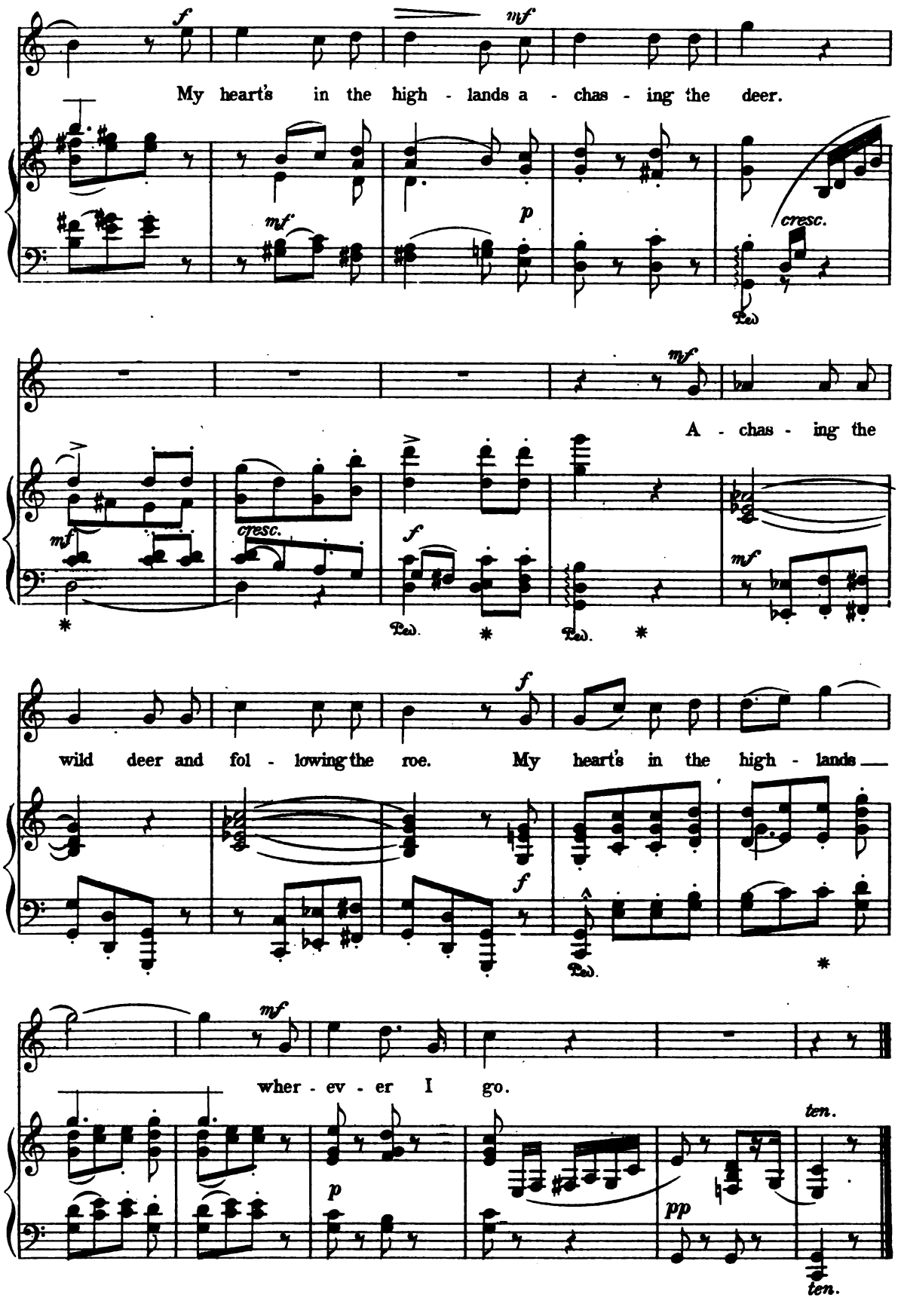
Poem by Robert Burns.

Music by Jensen.
1837 – 1879




f
fol - lowing the roe, My heart's in the high - lands
Ped. *
mf
wher - ev - er I go.
mf
p
mf
Fare - well to the high - lands, fare - well to the north, The birth - place of
Fare - well to the moun - tains high cov - ered with snow. Fare - well to the
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
cresc.
f
val - or, the coun - try of worth. Wher - ev - er I
straths and green val - leys be - low. Fare - well to the
cresc.
f vigoroso
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped.


ff
mf cresc.
wan - der, wher - ev - er I rove The hills of the high - lands for - ev - er I
for - ests and wild hanging woods, Fare - well to the tor - rents and loud pouring
ff
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
f
love, for - ev - er I love!
floods, and loud pouring floods!
cres - cen - do molto
ff
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf
p
Ped. * Ped. * Ped.
p espress. mf ritard. a tempo
My heart's in the high - lands, my heart is not here.
espress.
p
cresc.
mf
f
Ped. * Ped.


My heart's in the high - lands a - chas - ing the deer.
A - chas - ing the
wild deer and fol - lowing the roe. My heart's in the high - lands
wher - ev - er I go.
cresc.
ten.

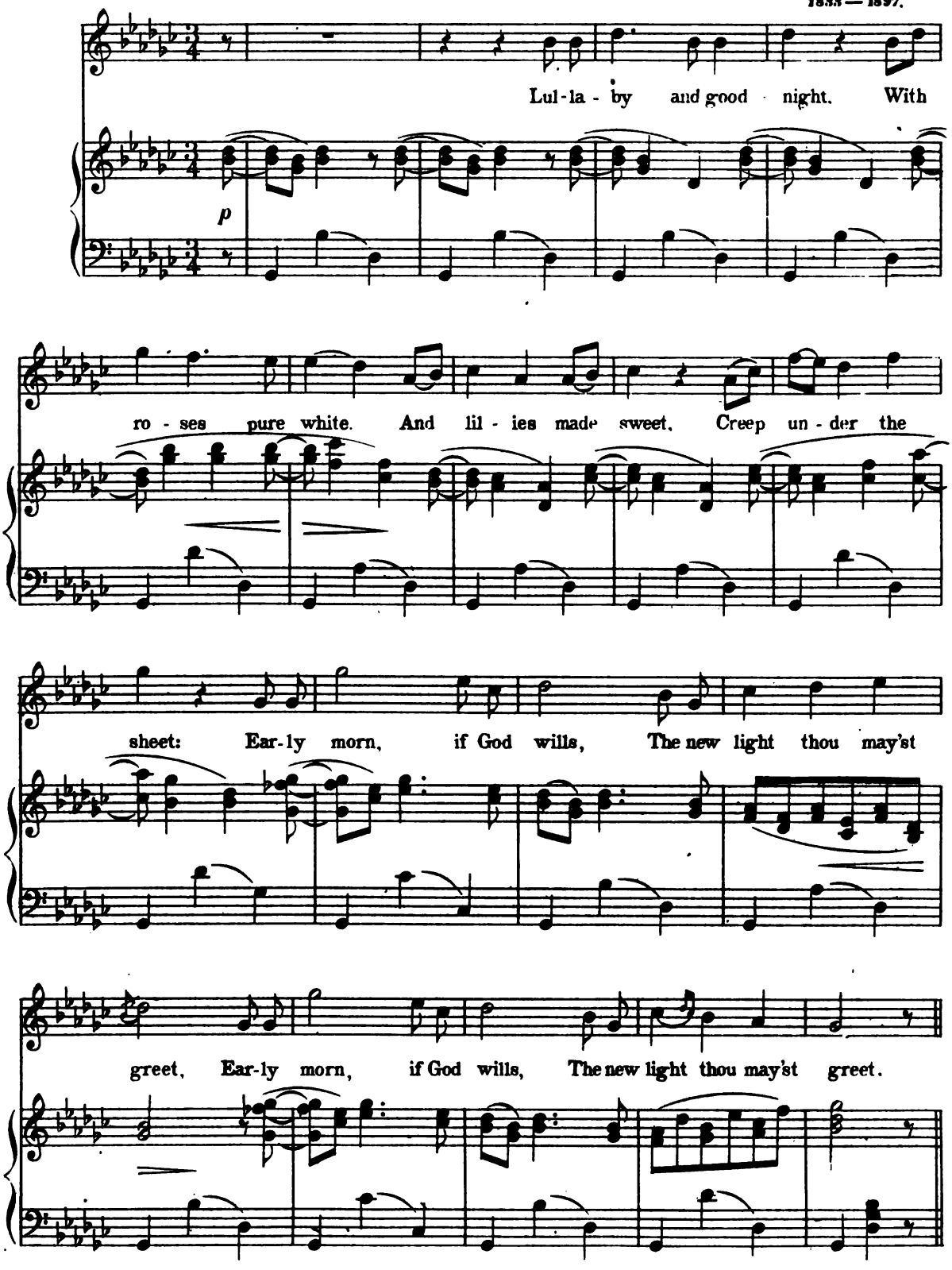
Cradle Song.

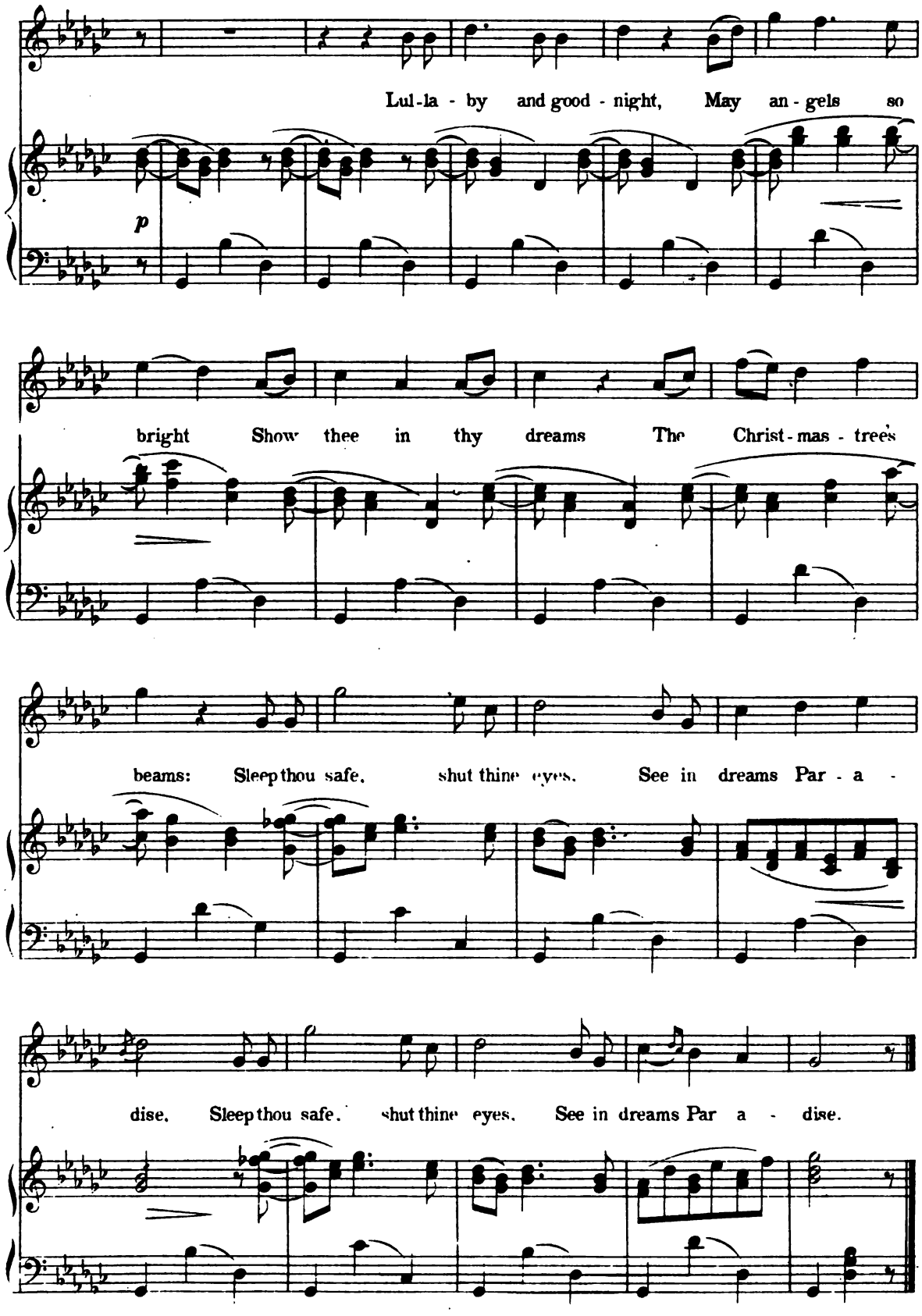
(WIEGENLIED.)

Poem by Karl Simrock.

See page 12.

Music by Brahms.
1833 — 1897.




Lul-la - by and good - night, May an - gels so
p
bright Show thee in thy dreams The Christ - mas - trees
beams: Sleep thou safe, shut thine eyes, See in dreams Par - a -
dise, Sleep thou safe, shut thine eyes, See in dreams Par a - dise.

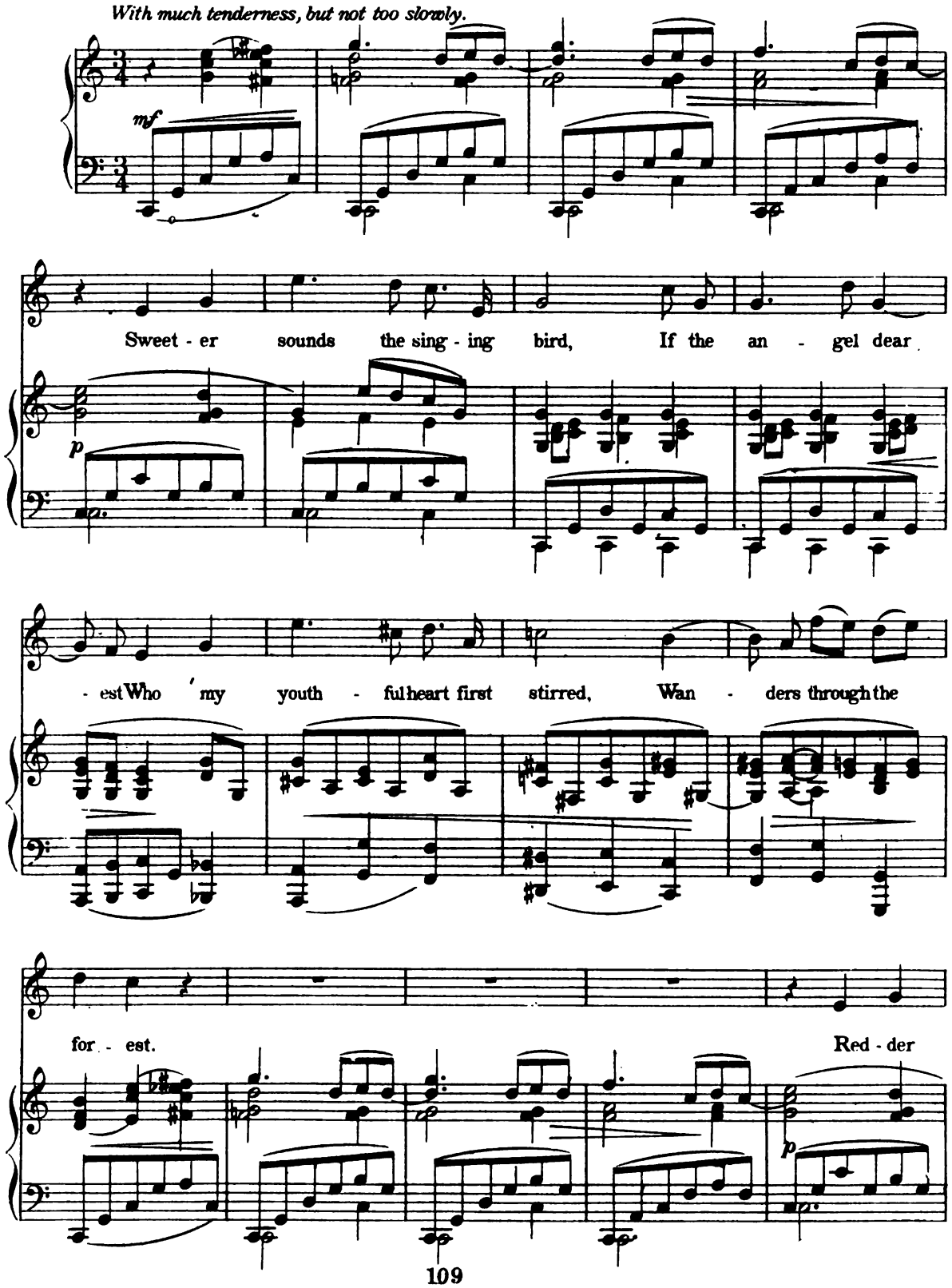
Love Song.

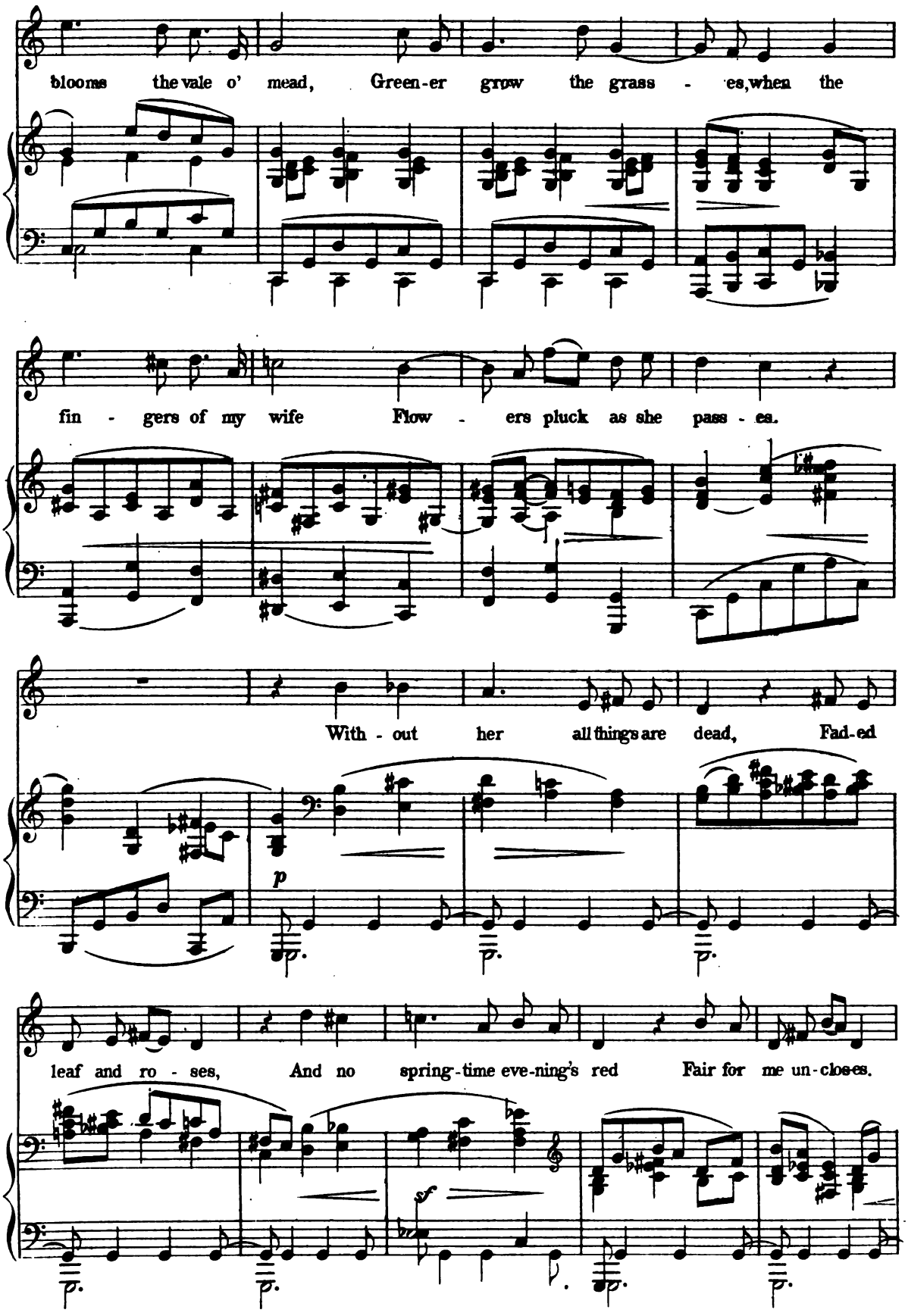
(MINNELIED.)

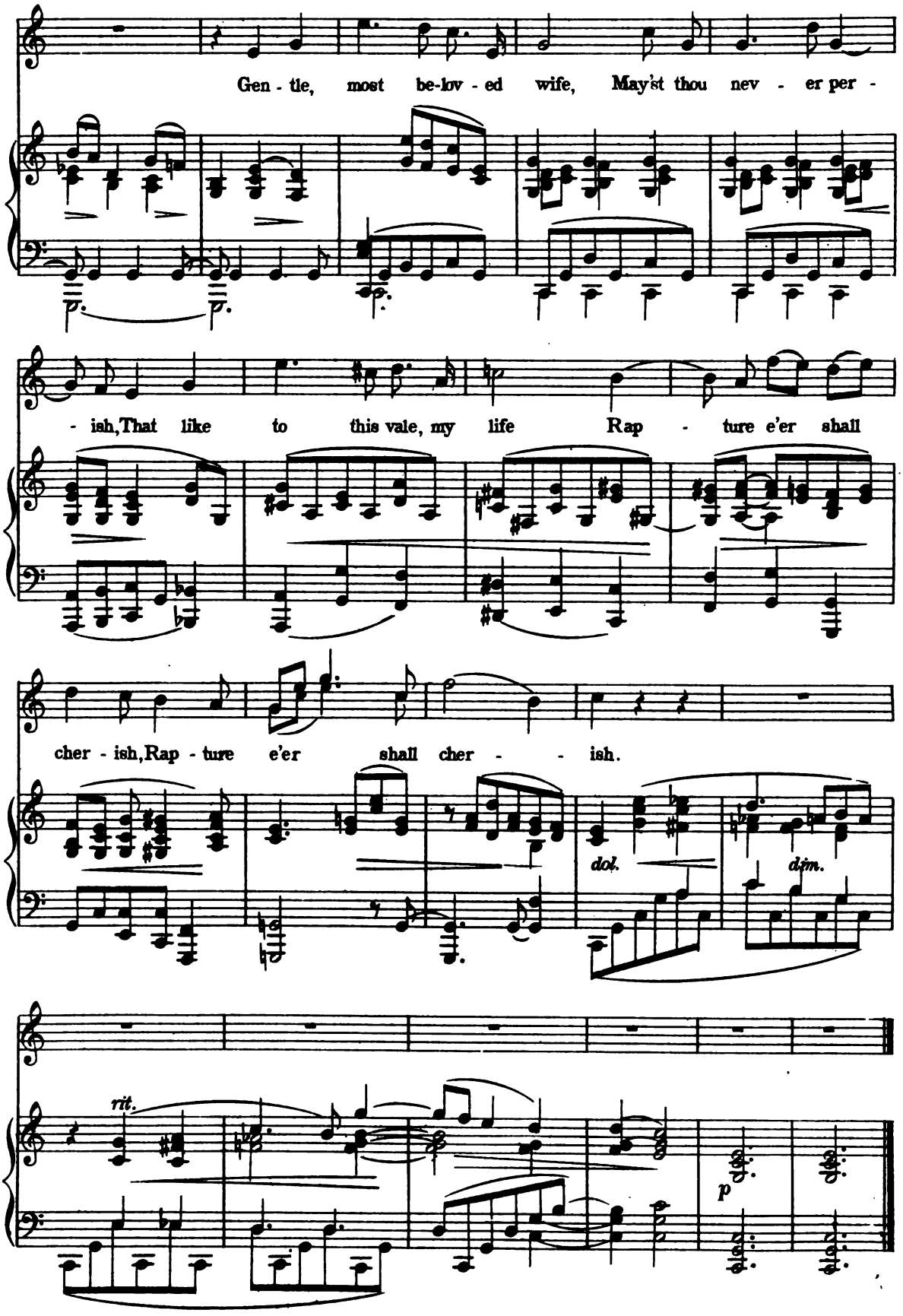
See page 13.

Poem by H. Hölty. *Music by Brahms.*

With much tenderness, but not too slowly.




blooms the vale o' mead, Green-er grow the grass - es, when the
fin - gers of my wife Flow - ers pluck as she pass - es.
With - out her all things are dead, Fad-ed
p
leaf and ro - ses, And no spring-time eve-ning's red Fair for me un-clos-es.
sf


Gen - tle, most be-lov - ed wife, May'st thou nev - er per -
- ish, That like to this vale, my life Rap - ture e'er shall
cher - ish, Rap - ture e'er shall cher - - ish.
dol.
dim.
rit.
p

The Primrose.

(MIT EINER PRIMULA VERIS.)

See page 13.

Poem by J. Paulsen.

Music by Grieg (born 1843).

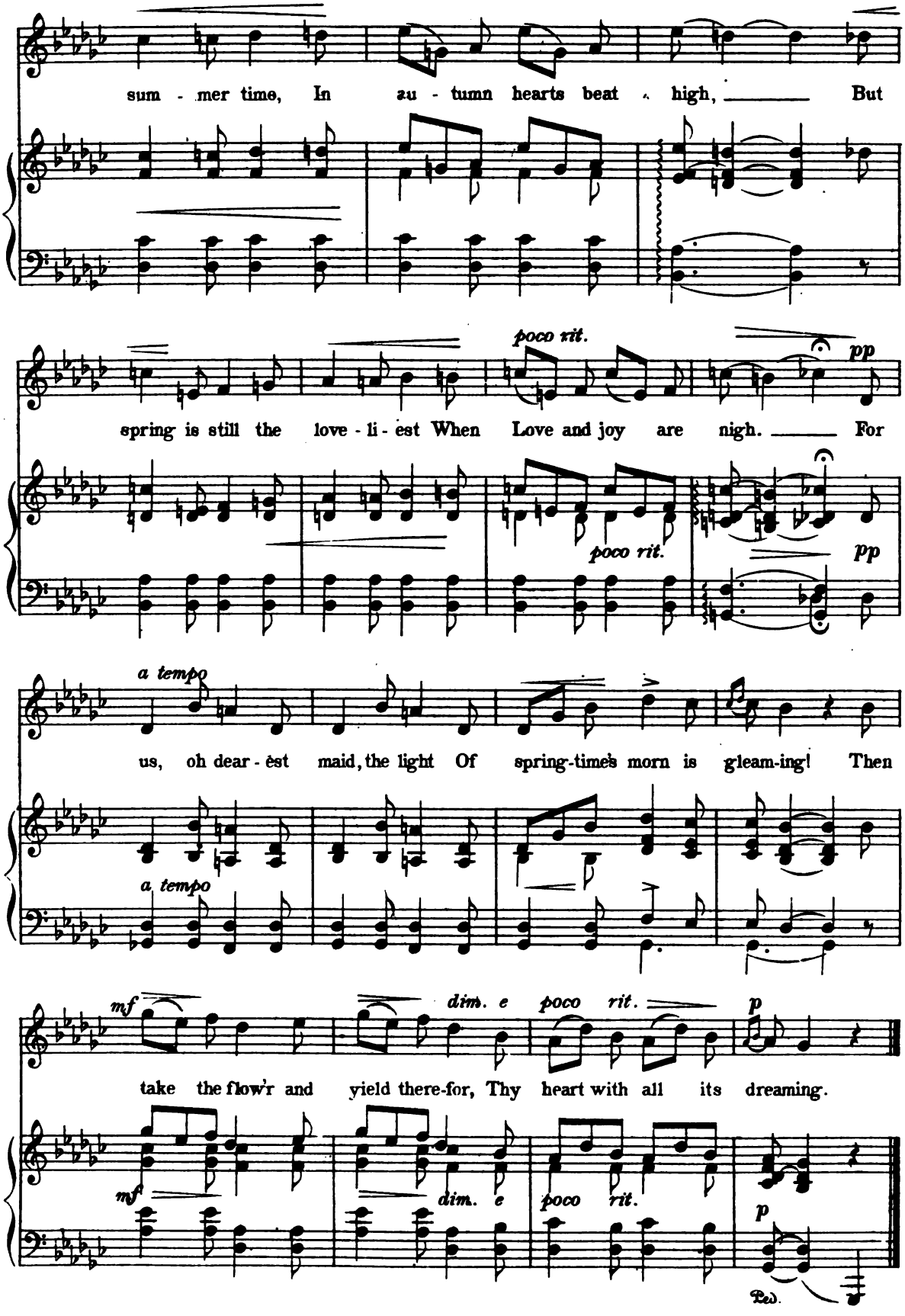
Allegretto dolcissimo.

p

Take here, thou love - ly child of spring, This first and ten - der

flow - er. O hold it dear, de - spise it not, Though

lat - er ro - ses show - er. All gold - en is the

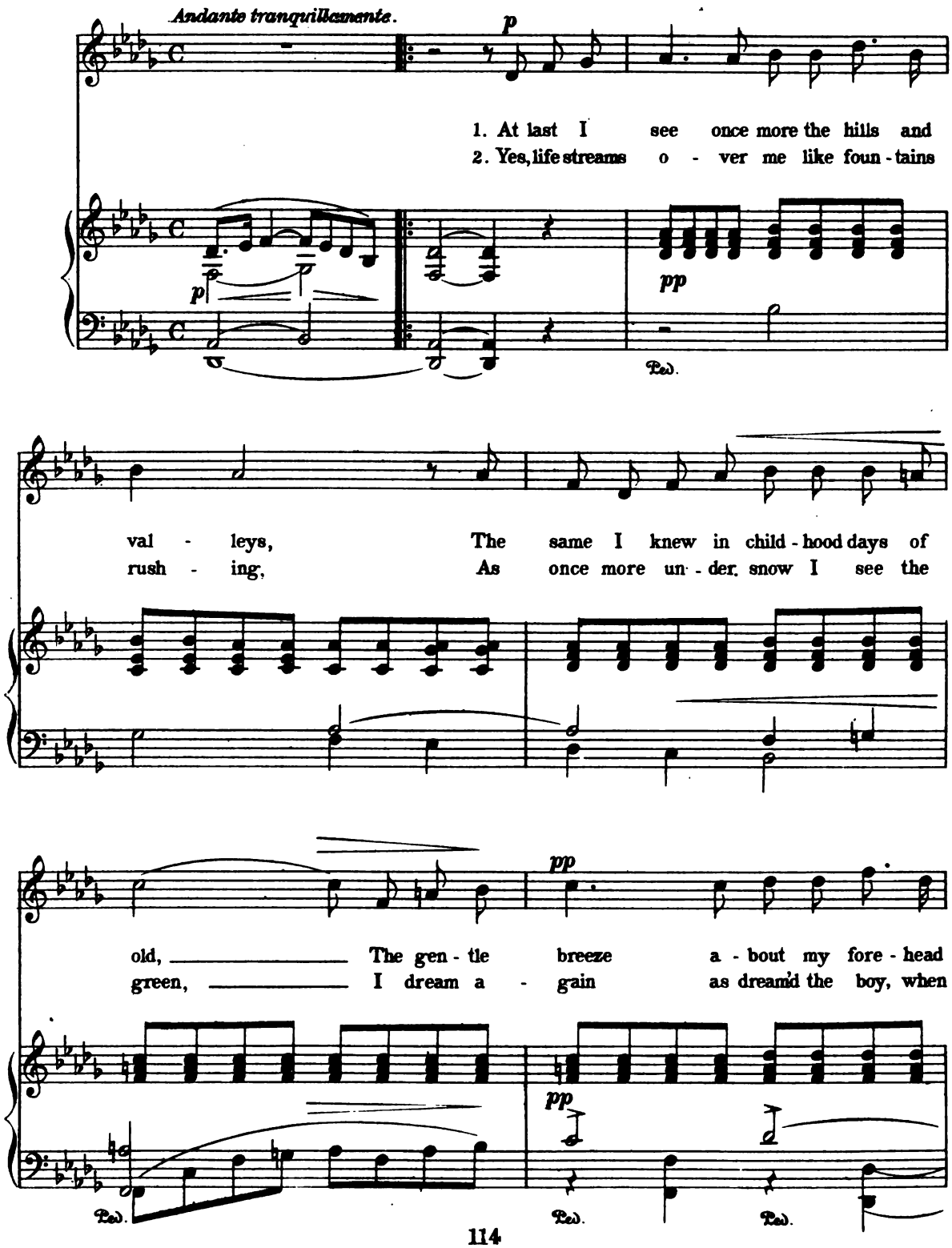

sum - mer time, In au - tumn hearts beat high, But
poco rit.
pp
spring is still the love - li - est When Love and joy are nigh. For
poco rit.
pp
a tempo
us, oh dear - est maid, the light Of spring-time's morn is gleam-ing! Then
a tempo
mf
dim. e poco rit.
p
take the flow'r and yield there-for, Thy heart with all its dreaming.
mf
dim. e poco rit.
p
Ped.

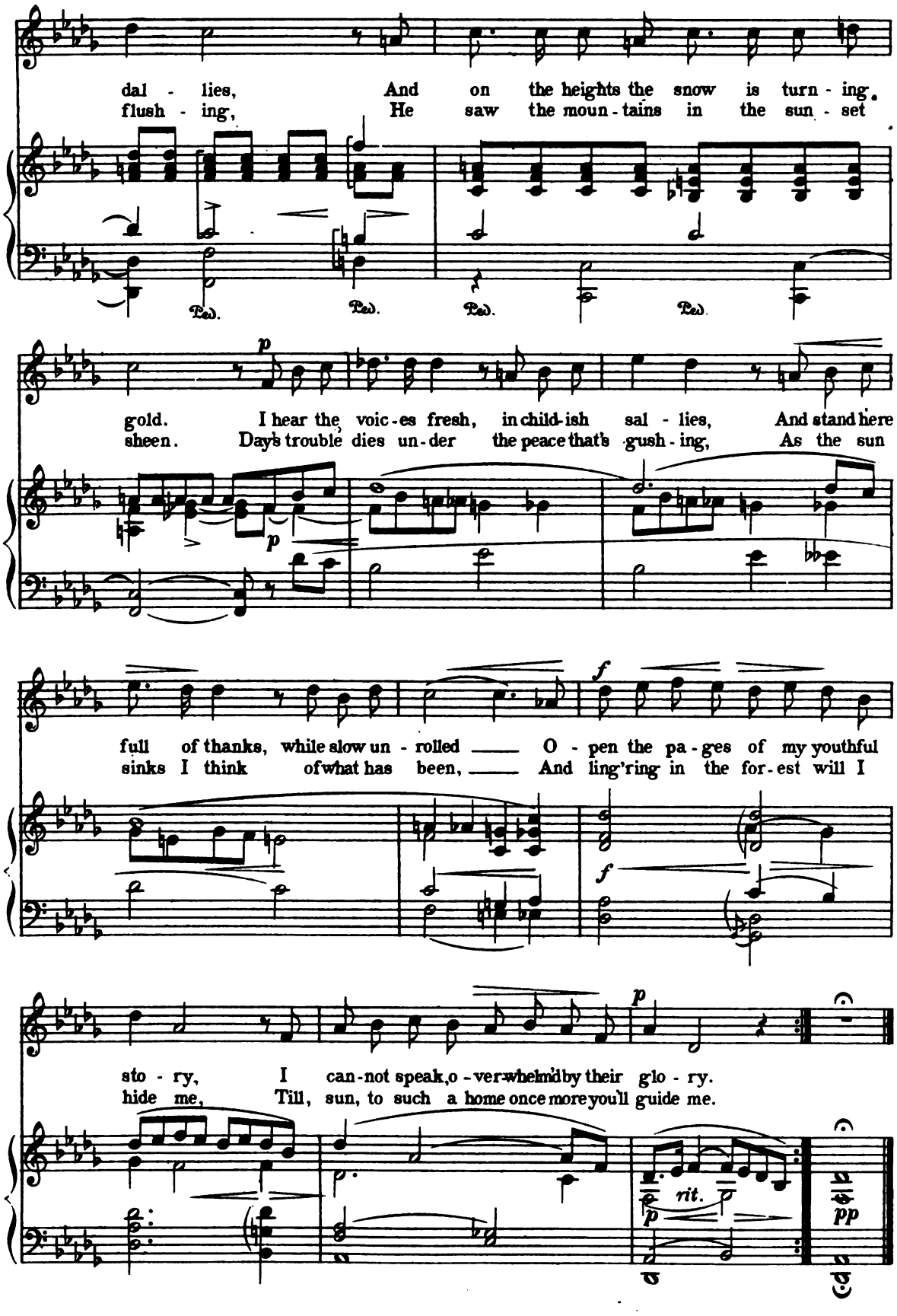
On the Way Home.

(AUF DER REISE ZUR HEIMATH.)

See page 14.

Poem by Vinje. *Music by Grieg.*

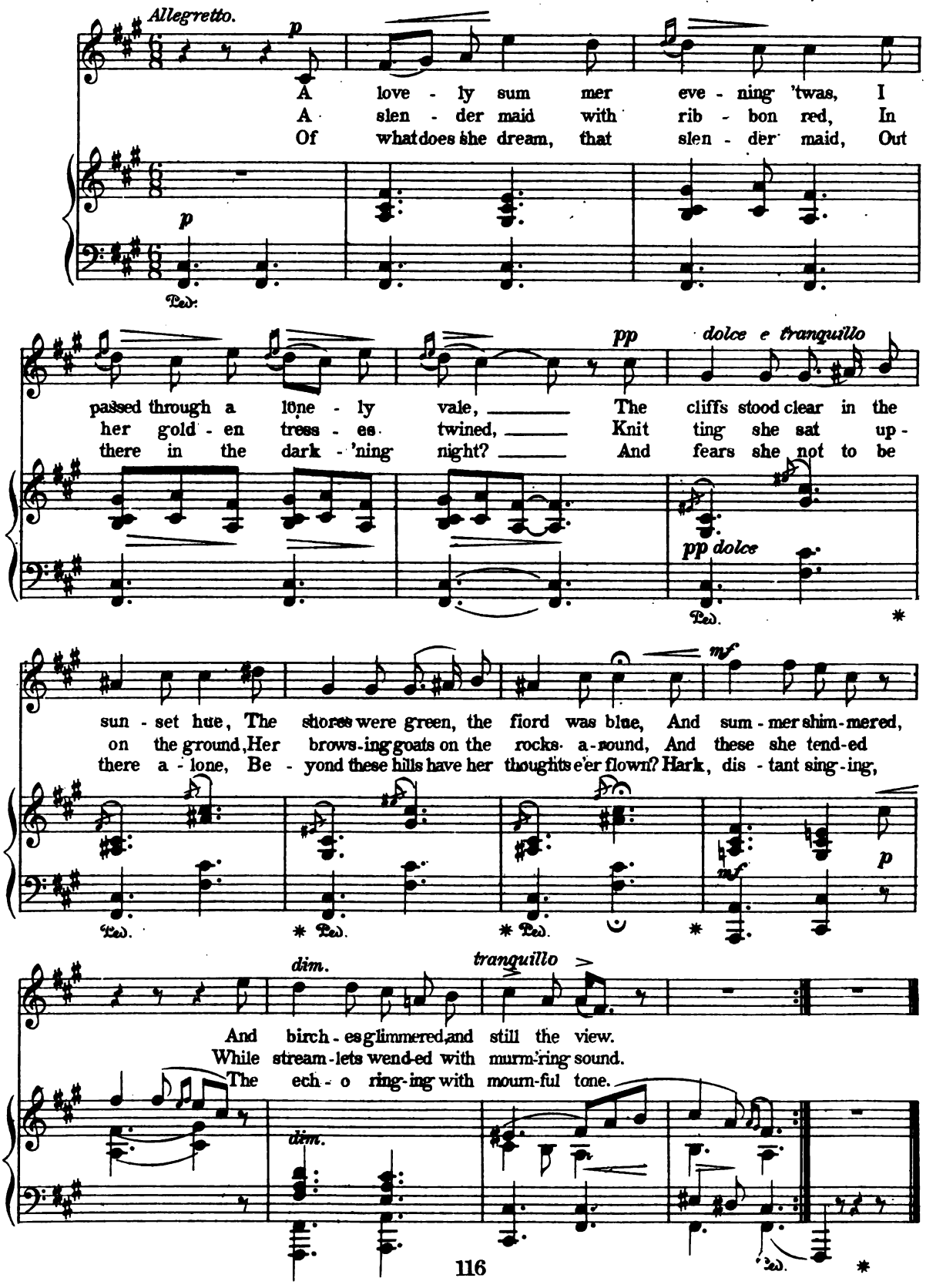



dal - lies, And on the heights the snow is turn - ing.
flush - ing, He saw the moun - tains in the sun - set
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
p
gold. I hear the voic - es fresh, in child-ish sal - lies, And stand here
sheen. Day's trouble dies un - der the peace that's gush - ing, As the sun
p
f
full of thanks, while slow un - rolled O - pen the pa - ges of my youthful
sinks I think of what has been, And ling'ring in the for - est will I
f
p
sto - ry, I can - not speak, o - ver - whelmed by their glo - ry.
hide me, Till, sun, to such a home once more you'll guide me.
rit.
p
pp

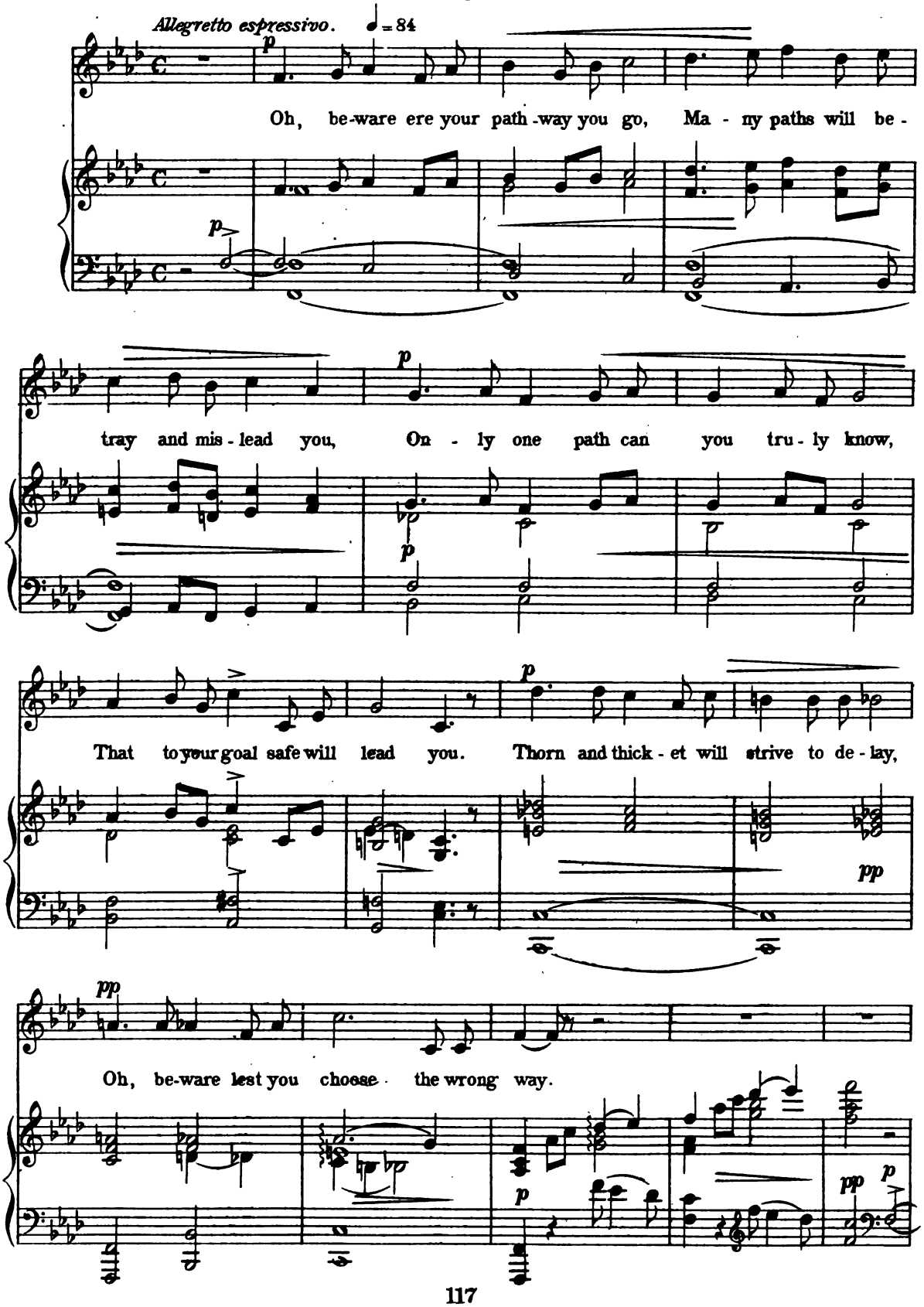
A Summer Evening in Norway.

(AM SCHONSTEN SOMMERABEND WAR'S.)

Poem by J. Paulsen. *See page 14.* *Music by Grieg.*



Oh, Beware.

(SIEH DICH VOR.)

Poem by Otto Benzon. *See page 15.* *Music by Grieg.*